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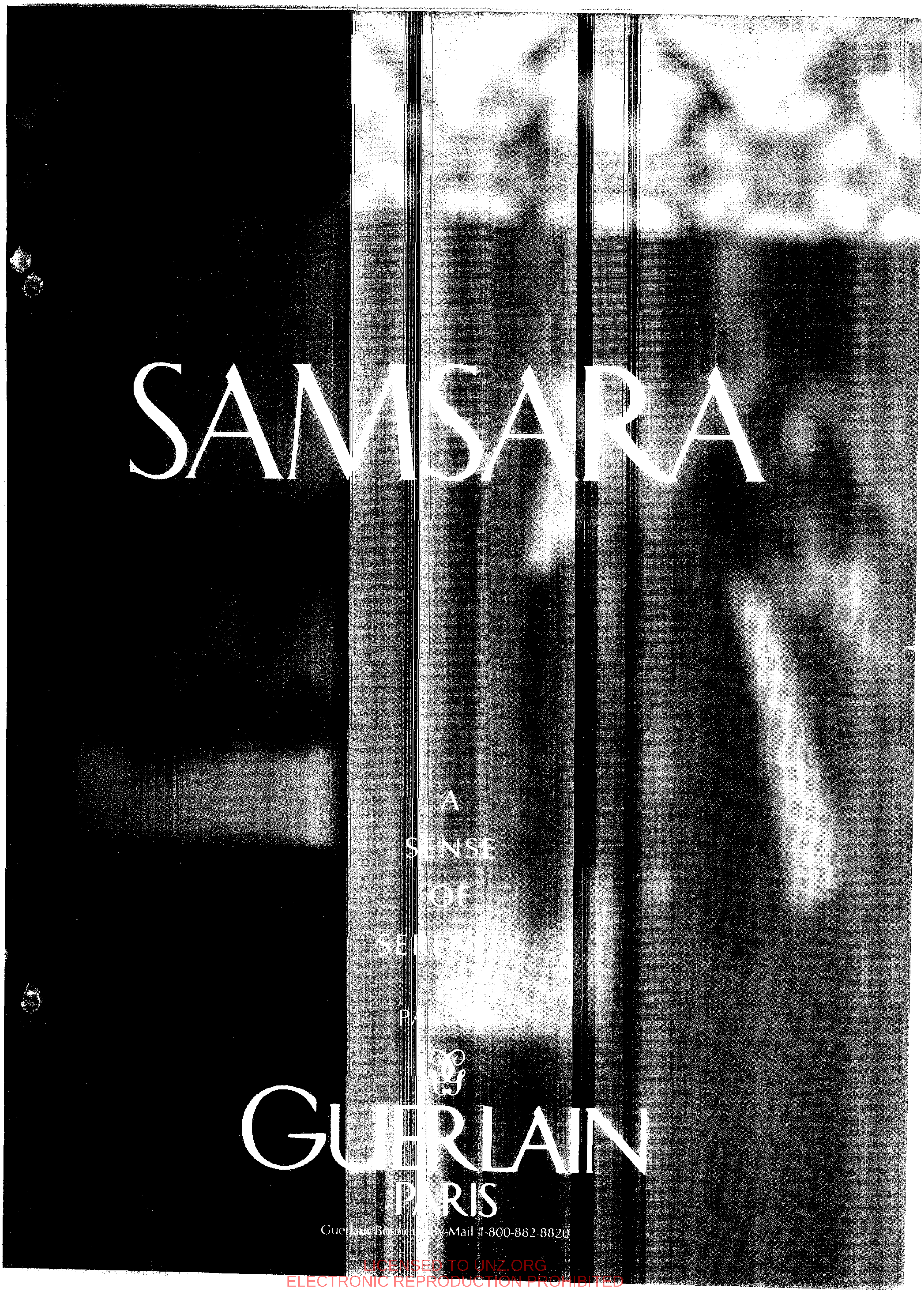
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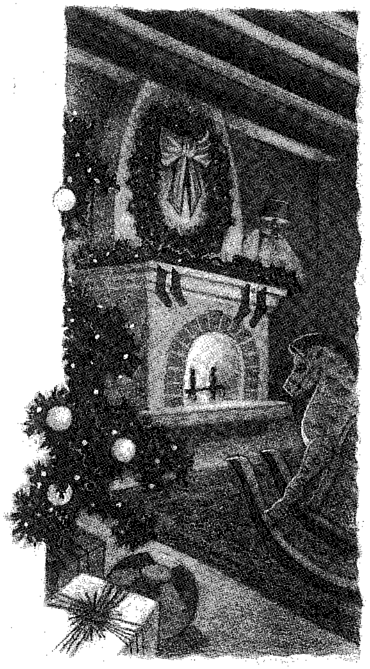

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

NOVEMBER 5, 1990

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 4
THE TALK OF THE TOWN 39
"DIRTY WEDDING" . . . . *Denis Johnson* 44
"OVER DOYLES' DROP-OFF" . . . . *Peter C. Brown* 47
"GRANITE" (POEM) . . . . *John Updike* 48
PROFILES (HIDEKO TAKAMINE) . . . . *Phyllis Birnbaum* 53
"WHITE BEARS: TOLSTOY AT ASTAPOVO" (POEM) . . . . *Linda Bierds* 54
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 113
THE THEATRE . . . . *Edith Oliver, Mimi Kramer* 120
IN FASHION . . . . *Holly Brubach* 122
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 131
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Terrence Rafferty* 138
BOOKS . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 142

COVER: *Benoît van Innis*

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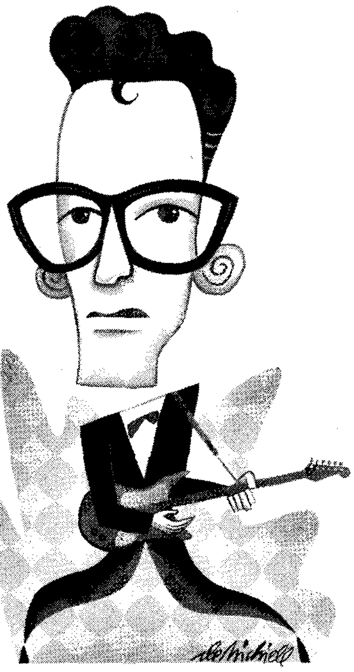
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

IT was one of those days and we were in one of those moods. We'd bought a copy of *Mad* magazine—the special-feature January, 1991, 300th issue, with Alfred E. Neuman on the cover as "The Sexiest Schmuck Alive"—and had settled down for a pleasant read when we turned to page 11, and to our delighted surprise, came upon rap versions of four of the best-loved sequences in Shakespeare. The feature (by Frank Jacobs) includes "The Soliloquy Rap" from "Hamlet" ("So what do I do when life's . . a . . bitch? Should I be or not be—I don't . . know . . which! . . ."), "The Battlefield Rap" from "Richard III" ("A horse! A horse! I need . . one . . bad! And I know it's too late to place . . an . . ad . . ."), and "Marc Antony's Funeral Rap" from "Julius Caesar" ("Hey, friends and Romans, Big Julie's been . . hit, So clean out . . your . . ears while I do my bit . . ."). We're no stranger to spoofs of Shakespeare, but on that day and in that mood we were particularly grateful to Mr. Jacobs for his, which gets—we think—rather cannily at something in the character of each speaker.


Paul Hipp in "Buddy: The Buddy Holly Story"

Another reason to be grateful is that through November 5 the Willow Cabin Theatre will be reviving the charming production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that they produced last season. We looked in on the Willow Cabin recently, and found that their new production of "Tartuffe" hadn't quite gelled yet. (It was only the first performance.) But "Dream," which was directed by Edward Berkeley and offers the same combination of insight, vitality, and mild irreverence as the *Mad* magazine spoof, was grand when we saw it and has been gestating this long while.

Other "little" Shakespeare around includes "Twelfth Night" at the Riverside Shakespeare Company, directed by Stuart Vaughan, who has been responsible for some of the best and worst of recent New York Shakespeare Festival offerings ("Julius Caesar" as well as "The Two Gentlemen of Verona"), and the Pearl Theatre "Measure for Measure," directed by Shepard Sobel. "Twelfth Night," which kicks off the Riverside's first season at Playhouse 91, runs through November 25; "Measure for Measure" runs only through November 3.

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Abundance—Beth Henley's latest work, which is set in nineteenth-century Wyoming. With Tess Harper and Amanda Plummer. Opens Oct. 30 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

Buddy: The Buddy Holly Story—Paul Hipp is the legendary singer in this musical imported from the West End. Directed by Rob Bettinson, the show was written by Alan Janes. The songs are Holly's. Previews through Nov. 3. Opens Nov. 4 at 6:30. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Catch Me If I Fall—A musical by Barbara Schottenfeld. Previews through Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 5 at 6:30. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Topol heads the cast in a revival of the 1964 musical by Joseph Stein (book), Jerry Bock (score), and Sheldon Harnick (lyrics). Direction and choreography are based on Jerome Robbins' original. Previews begin Nov. 3. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510.)

Grotesque Love Songs—A play by Don Nigro, with Felicity Huffman, Sally Kirkland, and Chad Lowe. Directed by Kenneth Elliott. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—David Baily, Betsy Friday, and Jenn Thompson in Neil Simon's 1980 play. Presented by the American Jewish Theatre. In previews. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

King Lear—Hal Holbrook has the title role in this production of Shakespeare's tragedy, which was directed by Gerald Freedman. With Gloria Biegler. In previews. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

Life on the Third Rail—A romantic comedy by Mitchell Uscher, with Jim Walton and Lee Meredith. Previews Oct. 30-31. Opens Nov. 1 at 6:45. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 688-6022.)

Monster in a Box—Spalding Gray's latest autobiographical monologue. Previews begin Nov. 2. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Oh, Kay!—David Merrick's new production of the Gershwins' 1926 musical comedy. The setting has been moved from Long Island to Harlem, and James Racheff has written a new book, based on the original by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Angela Teek and Brian Mitchell lead the large cast; Dan Siretta directed. Previews Oct. 30-31. Opens Nov. 1 at 6:30. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211.)

The Playboy of the Western World—John Millington Synge's play, presented by the Irish Repertory Theatre. With Patrick Fitzgerald, Ciaran O'Reilly, Madeleine Potter, and Stephen Joyce. Opens Oct. 30 at 8. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Shadowlands—William Nicholson's play about C. S. Lewis and Joy Davidman. With Nigel Hawthorne, who was in the original London production, and Jane Alexander. Previews begin Nov. 2. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Shogun: The Musical—June Angela, Philip Casnoff, and Francis Ruivivar: The Leads. John Driver: The Book, The Lyrics. Paul Chihara: The Score. Beginning Nov. 1: The Previews. (The show is based on the novel by James Clavell.) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.)

Spinoza—A play by the Dutch dramatist Dimitri Frenkel. Previews Oct. 30-31. Opens Nov. 1 at 8. (Jewish Repertory Theatre, 344 E. 14th St. 505-2667.)

Subfertile—A play by Tom Mardirosian. Previews through Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 8. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

Those Were the Days—A Yiddish-English musical revue put together by Zalmen Mlotek and Moishe Rosenfeld. Previews through Nov. 6. Opens Nov. 7 at 7. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

The Wash—A play by Philip Kan Gotanda, with Nobu McCarthy, Sab Shimono, and George Takei. Previews through Nov. 4. Opens Nov. 6 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907.)

RECENTLY OPENED

About Time and **Handy Dandy**—James Whitmore and Audra Lindley in two plays in repertory. The first is by Tom Cole and the second is by William Gibson. ("Handy Dandy" is reviewed in this issue; "About Time" was reviewed in our issue of 10/22/90.) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (4/23/90) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Camille, A Tearjerker—Everett Quinton and the late Charles Ludlam are both at their best in this revival of Mr. Ludlam's 1973 spoof, which gives Mr. Quinton a chance to "play the whore" on a grand scale. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Circle Repertory Company—The first production of the season is **THE COLORADO CATECHISM**, a two-character play by Vincent J. Cardinal. With Becky Ann Baker and Kevin James O'Connor; directed by Mark Ramont. (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Closes Nov. 11.)

Falsettoland—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to "In Trousers" and "March of the Falsettos." Mr. Finn's story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

Gonza the Lancer—A play by the eighteenth-century author Chikamatsu Monzaemon. Translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene and directed by David Greenspan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Nov. 4.)

Happy Days—Charlotte Rae and Bill Moor in a revival of Beckett's play. Carey Perloff was the director. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Closes Nov. 11.)

It's Still My Turn—Terry Sweeney portrays Nancy Reagan in this one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226.)

Jackie Mason: Brand New—The comedian brings his act to Broadway again. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory: Shaw's **MISALLIANCE** and

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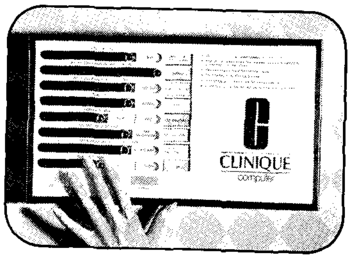
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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

Cocteau's **INFERNAL MACHINE.** (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

THE LADY FROM HAVANA—A play by Luis Santeiro about Cuban exiles in present-day Miami. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

LUCKY COME HAWAII—A play by Jon Shirota opens the season for the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660.)

MACHINAL—A noisy, blinding revival of Sophie Treadwell's dreary 1928 expressionist play, which was based on the Ruth Snyder murder case. (10/29/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

MEASURE FOR MEASURE—The Pearl Theatre Company's production of Shakespeare's play. With Joanne Camp, Frank Geraci, and Stuart Lerch. (Pearl Theatre, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Nov. 3.)

MEN OF MANHATTAN—A play by John Glines with David Baird and Richard Skipper, among others. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 869-3530.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—A production by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company. (TaDa! Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 886-1889. Closes Nov. 5.)

THE MISER—This tiresome, simpleminded, infantile revival of the Molière classic is an almost total washout saved from ignominy only by a dashing comic turn by John Christopher Jones. The director, Stephen Porter, would seem to have found for the divine Philip Bosco a part he can do nothing with. (10/29/90) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

ONCE ON THIS ISLAND—A musical by Lynn Ahrens (book and lyrics) and Stephen Flaherty (score), which is based on Rosa Guy's 1985 novel, "My Love, My Love." Seen last spring at Playwrights Horizons, the show has moved to Broadway. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE PIANO LESSON—August Wilson's newest drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richard's production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

PRELUDE TO A KISS—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Ashley Crow is the bride, and John Dossett is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

REMEMBRANCE—Aideen O'Kelly and Malachy McCourt in the New York première of a play by Graham Reid. Directed by Terry Lamude. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318.)

THE ROTHSCHILDS—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). Mike Burstyn leads a sixteen-member cast. The show was directed by Lonny Price. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

SIX DEGREES OF SEPARATION—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

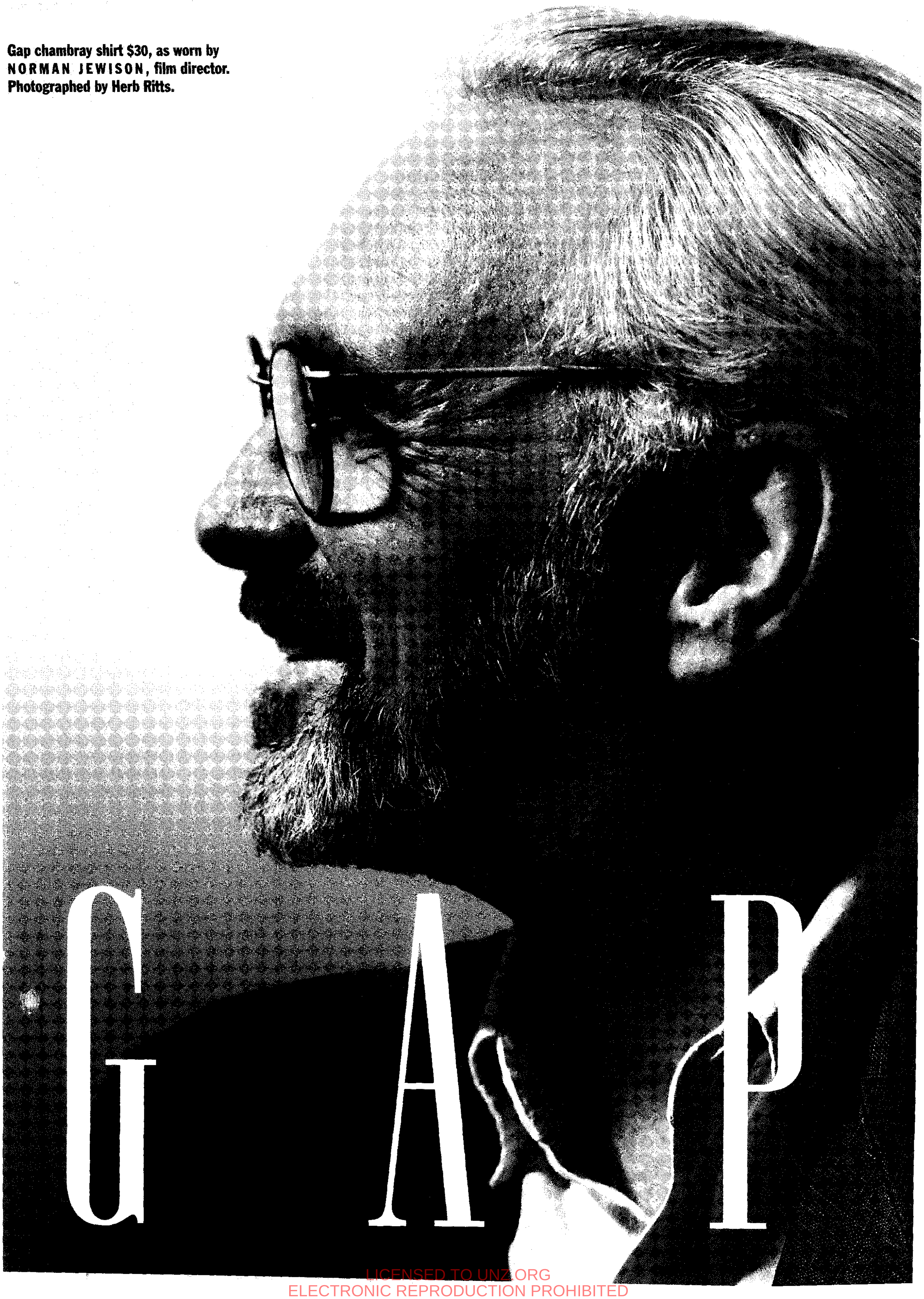
THE SUM OF US—Tony Goldwyn and Richard Venture star in a play by David Stevens. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

TWELFTH NIGHT—Shakespeare's comedy, presented by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 369-2273.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while La Vern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **CITY OF ANGELS:** Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular setting and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run celebrated its thirtieth birthday last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series. Directed by Don Scardino. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **GYPSY:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** This much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Gap chambray shirt $30, as worn by **NORMAN JEWISON**, film director. Photographed by Herb Ritts.



DANCE

"THEY have all been dying/ Out, the classic buck-and-wing men. . . ." James Dickey published those lines in this magazine twenty-five years ago, but he could have written them following the death of Bert Williams in 1922, or of Steve Condos in September, and they would still strike a chord for lovers of indigenous American step dancing. Purveyors of buck dance, and its stepchild, tap, carry their histories with them, and when a leading dancer dies it can feel as if everybody has gone.

The historians Marshall and Jean Stearns identify buck dancing as the precursor of the Time Step. In their unparalleled history, "Jazz Dance: The Story of American Vernacular Dance," they also give a description of a buck-dancing master, King Rastus Brown (who flourished in the nineteen-twenties), as told to them by Willie Covan, a contemporary. "He danced flat-footed," Covan says, "close to the floor, moving from the hips down, and swinging." Swing, or syncopation, or offbeat accenting, especially as derived from African-influenced music, is built into the very idea of buck, and it was one of buck's legacies to tap. So was the idea of the dance as a challenge among individuals, particularly a masculine challenge. And so was the image of the solo dancer as the source of both dancing and music. The authors recall a barefoot dancer one of them saw performing on the sidewalk in front of New York's Astor Hotel in 1961. "His name, he announced, was 'Hot Foot Sam from Alabam.' He played a harmonica strapped around his neck and accompanied himself with thimble-covered fingers on a ridged tin can filled with jingling coins. . . . At each break in the music, he performed something like a buck with feet that looked like pancakes."

Actually, a few buck-and-wing men are still with us, and one of them, the dancer, guitarist, and baritone John Dee Holeman (born 1930), of Durham, North Carolina, has brought the practice of buck dancing to a rather elegant level. In 1988, the N.E.A. recognized his achievement with a National Heritage Fellowship. On November 3, Mr. Holeman will dance at Weill Recital Hall (247-7800) as the "steppin" part of a program called "Black Strings, Steppin', and the Blues." At 1:15 on November 7, Sally Sommer, an historian of vernacular dance, will put the buck-dancing tradition in context in a public lecture called "Feet Talk to Me: A History of Black Jazz and Tap Dance," at Hunter College's West building.

Georgian State Dance Company—Final performances. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Oct. 30 and Nov. 1-2 at 8; Oct. 31 and Nov. 3 at 2 and 8; and Nov. 4 at 3.)

Grupo Corpo Brazilian Dance Theatre—A contemporary ballet company from Belo Horizonte in its New York début. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Program A: Oct. 30, Nov. 3, and Nov. 6 at 8; and Nov. 4 at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ Program B: Oct. 31-Nov. 2 and Nov. 7 at 8. Through Nov. 11.)

NIGHT LIFE

"I'M like an Italian mother with her babies," says Steve Ross, when asked which of the New York Cabaret Nights he has hosted is closest to his heart. "They're *all* wonderful." Of an appearance by Helen Schneider he says, "To be three feet away from that kind of energy! Marvellous!" Of a set by the fifties-style doo-wop outfit J.Q. and the Bandits: "They came in with their motorcycle jackets and *tore* up the Oak Room. I loved the irreverence."

Asking Ross to pick a favorite show, of course, is a bit unfair. Since its début in March, New York Cabaret Nights, which is broadcast live on WNYC (FM 93.9) every Monday at 7 and rebroadcast the following Saturday at 1, has held court at Rainbow & Stars, the Ballroom, and the Algonquin. Its featured performers have included Michael Feinstein, Skitch Henderson, Julie Wilson, and Montgomery, Plant & Stritch. We attended a show a few months back and found it giddy, old-fashioned, and charming—a noble and, as far as we could tell, quite successful experiment. As an interviewer, Ross has a light touch that brings out the singers' best, most anecdotal selves. At the piano, where he spends a portion of each show, he has an even better touch, particularly where the transatlantic chatter of Cole Porter and Noël Coward is concerned.

New York Cabaret Nights, which will be broadcast from Rainbow & Stars this week (on November 5) with performances by Sylvia Syms, Karen Akers, and David Staller, is about to close up shop for the winter. (The show may or may not resume in the spring.) Swan songs may or may not be sung at the Algonquin on November 19. Until then, Ross will continue to brave live radio. "The guests and the audience bring so much good will," he says. "I haven't had any train wrecks yet."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—The vivacious, dishy actress and cabaret singer **ANDREA MARCOVICCI** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. She has a quivering, sexy voice, uses all her theatrical skills to sell a song, and seems to hover around three main themes: how to find a man, how to hang on to him, and what to do when he leaves. At her show here last year, she sang everything from Berlin and Kern to the theme from "Tootsie," and quoted everyone from Dorothy Parker to Nietzsche to Peter Ustinov. Shows at nine-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Apollo, 253 W. 125th St. (864-0372)—On Wednesdays, the theatre presents Amateur Night, a continuation of the legendary show that has launched the careers of such performers as Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, Sammy Davis, Jr., and Billie Holiday. Vocalists, dancers, musicians, and comedians participate. It's a chance to file away a memory for a later "I knew him/her when." Show time is seven-thirty.

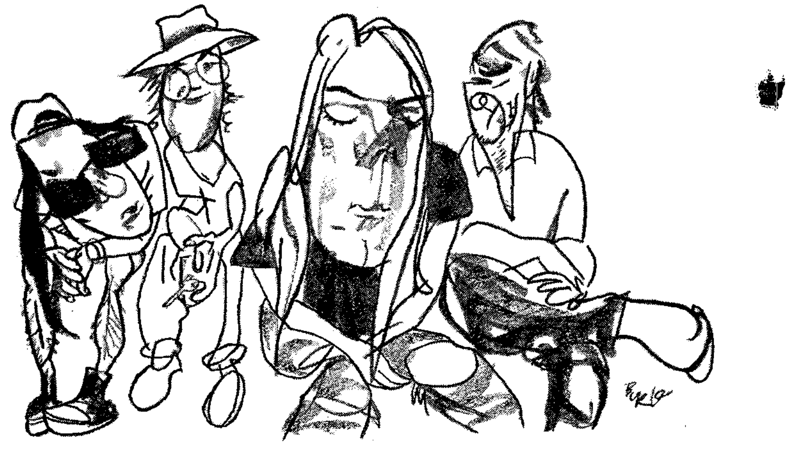
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hangs over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **EARTHA KITT,** who is here through Nov. 4, sings—and occasionally growls—about men and money and slithers about the stage like a lioness looking for dinner. **KAREN AKERS** begins a run on Nov. 6. Show times are Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven, and Sundays at three.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. **LOU RAWLS** is in charge Oct. 30-Nov. 4; on Nov. 1, Mr. Rawls and other guests celebrate the club's ninth anniversary (music from seven). The superb jazz and scat singer **CARMEN MC RAE,** who not long ago released a well-received album of Monk tunes with lyrics set to them, begins a week here on Nov. 6. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. The Kids in the Hall, a Canadian comedy troupe discovered by Lorne Michaels a few years ago, perform on Oct. 31; **LEO KOTTKE** and **PETER ROWAN** claim Nov. 3; jazz-rock guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** heads a trio on Nov. 6; and Nov. 7 belongs to country-songwriting heavyweights **GUY CLARK, TOWNES VAN ZANDT,** and **ROGER EARL KEEN, JR.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. A trio consisting of **GEOFF KEEZER** (piano), **STEVE NELSON** (vibes), and **PETER WASHINGTON** (bass) is in session through Nov. 3. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features dis-



Soul Asylum at the Marquee

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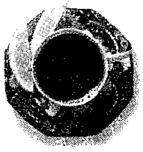

It was a **COLD** *night and I had a hot date with* **Mr Bubble** *and an even hotter cup of tea so I poured a big steaming cup,* **INHALING** *the rich rush of orange as I sauntered to the tub to test it with my toe (Just Right) I sank in and sipped small orange spice sips as the* steam warmed *my face and swirled through the room until there was nothing else but me and a river of* Orange Blossoms *lightly lapping against a spicy slightly* **CINNAMON** *shore the lazy lull of its waves* **SUDDENLY** *broken by a big long* **Slurrrrrrrp?!** *The plug had been pulled.* **Mr Bubble** *made a* **noisy** *exit down the drain.*

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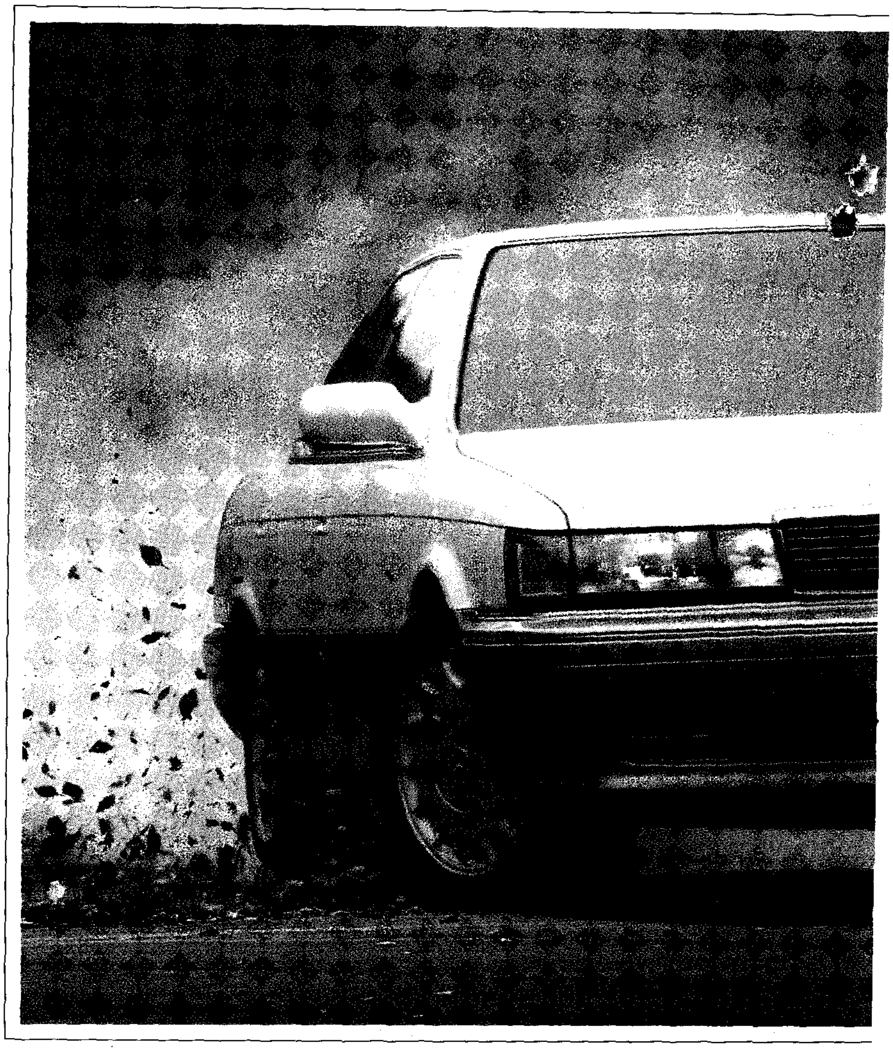

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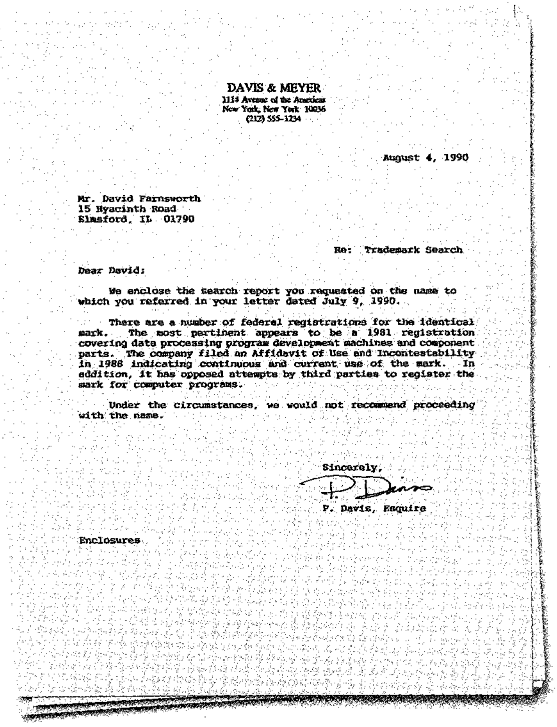

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August 4, 1990

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Dear David:

We enclose the search report you requested on the name to which you referred in your letter dated July 9, 1990.

There are a number of federal registrations for the identical mark. The most pertinent appears to be a 1981 registration covering data processing program development machines and component parts. The company filed an Affidavit of Use and Incontestability in 1988 indicating continuous and current use of the mark. In addition, it has opposed attempts by third parties to register the mark for computer programs.

Under the circumstances, we would not recommend proceeding with the name.

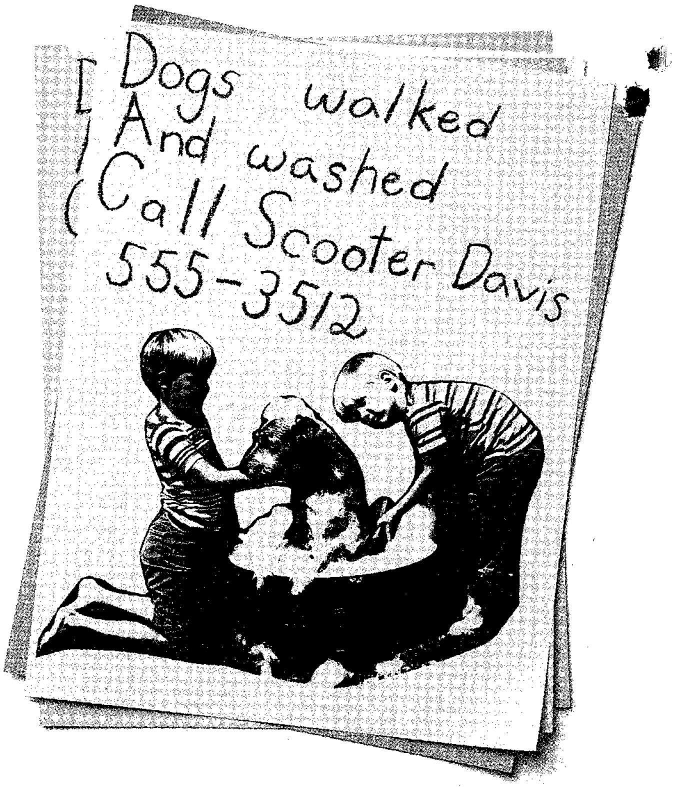
Sincerely,

P. Davis

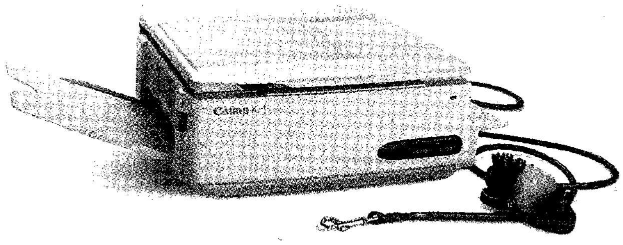
P. Davis, Esquire

Enclosures

Mr. Davis, age 43



Mr. Davis, age 7



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

creet waiters, three walls of Vertès murals, and, beginning Oct. 30, **BOBBY SHORT.** Mr. Short, known to some as His Shortness, first played this room in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans' Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** will preside at the piano beginning Oct. 30. Music from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by metalheads, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. An older couple glides across the floor at an easy pace; an eager young man, his tie loosened, his face perspiring, throws his date around like a crazed cossack. The Widespread Jazz Orchestra does the honors on Nov. 4. Music from eight to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—In the late seventies and early eighties, this dark cave (graffiti-covered walls, a battered pool table, rest rooms for the intrepid only) was the hub of a thriving punk-music scene—Blondie, Talking Heads, the Ramones, and Television were regular attractions. Other clubs of the era have fizzled, but CB's perseveres, and young hopefuls continue to fill the stage nightly. Music from nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** who once told a reporter, "Until I came to New York, I thought free jazz was playing and not getting paid," comes through here Oct. 30-Nov. 4, with Craig Handy and Future Nostalgia. **LOU DONALDSON,** an alto saxophonist and singer who attended the late Art Blakey's jazz finishing school in the fifties, kicks off on Nov. 6, with a quartet. Music after ten.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through the iffy-looking side door, down the famous fun-house tunnel that's lined with mirrors and corrugated tin, and down a short flight of stairs, one finds this softly lit, low-ceilinged, roughly Manhattan-shaped jazz preserve. The explosive tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** leads one of his swaggering quartets here through Nov. 4; singer **ABBEY LINCOLN,** whose recent credits include a role as Denzel Washington's mother in "Mo' Better Blues," starts up on Nov. 6. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—With jazz you get eggroll. At this posh-looking two-floor Chinese restaurant, tucked into a midtown skyscraper, you'll find a lot of business types and a lot of hanging plants. In the middle of the main dining room, you'll also find a Steinway grand, which, Oct. 30-Nov. 4, belongs to **JUNIOR MANCE,** who'll be accompanied by bassist **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. **ROCKAPELLA** can be heard upstairs on Fridays, beginning Nov. 2. In spirit, the group is a sort of latter-day Sha-Na-Na—minus some grease, of course—and their act includes those wonderfully hokey skits that one associates with a cappella. Not long ago, Rockapella turned in a fine performance on an all-a-cappella PBS special, "Spike & Co. Do It A-Capella." Their over-the-top version of "Zombie Jamboree," in fact, is the single from the show's recently released soundtrack. Dining.

LONE STAR ROADHOUSE, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—A Texan hangout where good old boys and Southern sorority girls mix with urban cowboys and those just looking. "Roadhouse" is an accurate description: it's a checked-tablecloth, long-necked-Bud, side-of-beef kind of place. **LOVE TRACTOR** and the **CUCUMBERS** share the bill on Nov. 3. Music after nine. Dining.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—A modest below-stairs room that looks like a slightly spruced-up tenement-building apartment. There's cheap Ecuadoran food, a greater-East Village crowd, and, every Monday night, **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mix of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, the Velvets, and various pop curiosities. Sets at ten.

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WHAT PRICE FAME?

History means something different to the stamp dealers taking part in this week's philatelic show at Madison Square Garden (November 1-4) than it does to the rest of the world. According to Frank J. Buono, one of about two hundred exhibitors who will have booths in the Garden's exposition rotunda (the event also features lectures and free appraisals), this has to do with the unusual nature of the philatelic universe, where all rules of fame are reversed. The Hitlers and Mussolinis come cheap in such a world; here it's the lesser-knowns that elicit serious attention. "Mussolini stamps were lots of propaganda," Mr. Buono told us. "So many were printed that the price kept going down. It's the same with many of the Hitler stamps—they issued so much of the stuff, no one wants it." On the other hand, specimens depicting German Storm Troopers, issued during the fall of Berlin, in 1945, can fetch fifteen dollars. And while it may be too early to estimate the value of more recent German issues, the jury is in on another contemporary figure. "The Saddam Hussein stamp is a three-cent stamp," Mr. Buono said. "And that's if you can find someone to buy one."

MARQUEE, 547 W. 21st St. (929-3257)—A bare-bones rock club just off the West Side Highway (and no relation to the famed London venue) that has lately been cleaning up in the college-radio market. The **ROLLINS BAND** and **LUNACHICKS** hold forth on Nov. 2. **SOUL ASYLUM,** a Minneapolis band whose latest release, "And the Horse They Rode On," is a likable assortment of seventies-inflected rockers propelled by gritty vocals and anthemic, verge-of-heavy-metal guitars, performs on Nov. 3, with **DRIVIN' N' CRYIN'.**

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes—has more of a country-club feel. The jazz and cabaret singer **SYLVIA SYMS,** who recently came out with a Bill Evans tribute album, begins an engagement here on Oct. 30, accompanied by pianist **BUDDY BARNES,** bassist **STEVE LA SPINA,** drummer **AKIRA TANA,** and saxophonist **LOREN SCHOENBERG.** Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. **JULIE WILSON,** who has a wonderfully dark, gravelly voice and a thing for American songwriters, will be here until Nov. 3. On Nov. 5, WNYC will broadcast performances by **SYLVIA SYMS, KAREN AKERS,** and **DAVID STALLER. LEE ROY REAMS** starts up on Nov. 6. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays belong to Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio, Tuesdays to **VINCE GIORDANO AND THE NIGHTHAWKS,** and Wednesdays to Stan Rubin's band. Fridays are the province of Rick Hardeman and His Basin Street Six, and Bob Cantwell and His Stompers claim Saturdays. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays.

SPO-DEE-O-DEE, 565 W. 23rd St., at Eleventh Ave. (206-1990)—A night club in a part of Chelsea the real-estate agents don't show you. It's a modest-sized space, with room to dance, a stage that's occupied most nights, and a décor that includes Victorian-style chandeliers, movie-theatre drapes, and murals of Cotton Club-era dancers. At peak hours (late), you'll get an eyeful of perms, teased and sprayed locks, lip gloss, pumps, fishnets, fringed jackets, leather pants, and designer-outlet New Wave apparel.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. An all-star outfit including **BOBBY HUTCHERSON, STEVE TURRÉ,** and **BILLY HIGGINS** will be here through Nov. 4; flugelhornist **ART FARMER,** who is possessed of the warmest, gentlest tone to be heard anywhere, leads a quintet as of Nov. 6. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—"The secret of our success," Tom Greenhalgh, of the **MEKONS,** told *Musician* recently, "is not being successful." The band, which was formed in Leeds in the late seventies and which is one of the few remaining specimens of the long-gone days of the Sex Pistols and the Clash, has had a long, convoluted history. They began with sloppy, unbridled punk and have come around to such things as fiddles, accordions, and drum machines. The group recently released a four-song EP, entitled "F.U.N. '90," and has a new album due this January. They'll be here Nov. 2. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—An old and reliable jazz all-in-one. One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, the **BILL CARROTHERS** trio can be heard Oct. 31-Nov. 4.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Oct. 30-Nov. 4 belongs to the Pierre Michelot/Christian Escoudé quartet, featuring **HANK JONES** and **KENNY WASHINGTON.** Trumpeter and flugelhornist **CLARK TERRY,** a onetime Ellington-band man, brings in his foursome beginning Nov. 6. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Singer-pianist-accordionist **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE** comes in Oct. 31. Ms. Légère's campy, over-the-top shows are part Jerry Lee Lewis and part Edith Piaf. She puts a tiny, yodelling yelp at the end of most lyrics and flits crazily about the stage like someone dancing alone in the corner of a bar. What's wonderful and surprising about Légère's act, though, is that it's not just for performance-art kicks. When push comes to shove, Légère—whom we last saw wearing a sequinned miniskirt with an American flag sewn into the seat—can really sing and play piano.

WOODY'S, 82 E. 4th St. (982-3686)—Rolling Stones guitarist Ron Wood's club is a black-painted basement with mirrors, rotating spotlights, and enough sofas to rival Jennifer Convertibles. Stones memorabilia, with an emphasis on Ronnie himself, provide the primary decoration. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays from about eleven.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy, awninged eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and always wondered about. **JOE BECK, GENE BERTONCINI,** and **JAY LEONHART** will be performing here through Nov. 3. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

"IS nothing like New York," says our beautiful friend in Barcelona, slinking her way past the oxidized appointments at Nick Havana's, sashaying by the pony-skin bar at Velvet, sliding her retinue through the phalanx of I-could-have-been-in-Franco's-Army doormen that guard the entrance to Otto Zutz, greased by the sheen of the Armand Basi sheath she was born to wear. "Do you see energy?" (Yes!) "But not too much. Do you see sophistication?" (Each young woman is dressed like she could snap a man in two, and they would smile.) "Very little. Barcelona is full of babies."

Full it is, but if these are babies, maybe tourists should start drinking the water in Catalonia, because the only childlike trait these hordes of "the relentless" possess is sleeplessness. "Saturday Night Fever" is how they describe racing from a Miguel Bosé concert ("our New Kid on the Block," gushes one fan) to eating what we call late dinner and they call early supper (at 11) at Club Tic-Tac-Toc. (When asked why it is so named, the hostess replies, "It is because we have three rooms." She never does specify which is tic, which is tac, or what qualifies a space as toc.) Then, at 2:30 (finally, we think), it's on to Otto Zutz (named after an imaginary German doctor). There we have our choice of joining a crowd of insatiable dancers—with no allegiance to either hip-hop or house, equally appreciative of twelve-year-old Bee-Gees and Deee-Lite—or ascending to ever-higher levels of V.I.P. rooms (three of them), until we are thrown out at 7:30.

Good night? Sleep? A trip to the Sagrada Familia? Hah.

"Where are you going? You haven't seen Distrito Distincto, and then we go to Ozono," our still beauteous guide insists, her hair now slicked back, her dress collar stretched around her shoulders. "It is the only good club. Especially at 11. You are going to think we are so dull. No? O.K. We call you for tapas in the afternoon, about 8, and you tell us all about night life in New York. O.K.?" Help.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Next Wave Festival—Carbone 14, a twelve-member group from Montreal, in a dance-theatre work called "Le Dortoir." (Oct. 30 at 7, Oct. 31-Nov. 3 at 8, and Nov. 4 at 3.) . . . ¶ The Brooklyn Philharmonic, conducted by Dennis Russell Davies, performing a world première by Lou Harrison and works by the Polish composer H. M. Gorecki. (Nov. 2-3 at 8 and Nov. 4 at 2.) . . . ¶ The dancers Margie and Christopher Gillis in a program of solos and duets. (Nov. 6 at 7 and Nov. 8-10 at 8.) . . . ¶ Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. in the première of "Last Supper at Uncle Tom's Cabin/The Promised Land." With the Julius Hemphill sextet. (Nov. 7 at 7 and Nov. 8-10 at 8.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 9.)

Big Apple Circus—Performances under the little big top run through Jan. 6 in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park. For ticket and schedule information, call 268-3030.

Spalding Gray—Talking with children about art. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. Nov. 6 at 8. For information about tickets, call 708-9500.)

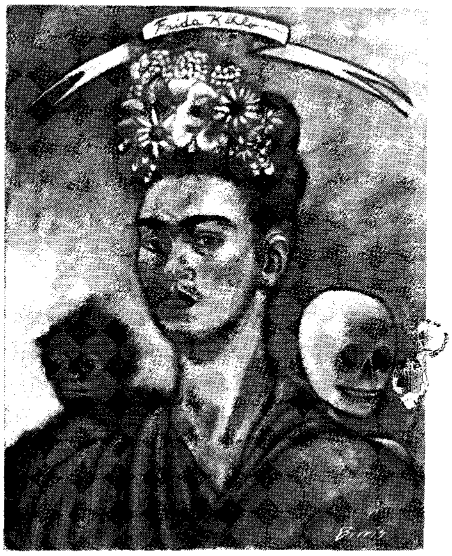
ART

ROBERT GRAHAM's remarkable show of small female bronze nudes on pedestals has been enjoying a rather speedy three-week run at the Robert Miller gallery (41 East 57th Street). It opened on October 9 and will close on Halloween night, but some of the worldlier trick-or-treaters around town might do well to include it in their final rounds. Graham's "Twenty-one Figures," arranged in spare and fluid fashion through the rooms, are breathtakingly beautiful and quite disturbing. Upon entering the gallery the viewer may feel like a newly jaded Gulliver on a return visit to an impeccably regimented Lilliput. Graham's real-life subjects are a trio of ballerina-like graces whom the artist also used as models for his "Duke Ellington Memorial"—a public monument whose projected 1991 installation, at the northeast corner of Central Park, has been a matter of community disagreement, and in which the girls function as caryatids. These figures, whether in miniature or life-size (here, they are present in many isolated poses), are anatomically complete and exacting enough to seem the product of a master jeweller—a latter-day Cellini perhaps. They suggest an unsettling combination of all-knowing intimacy on the part of their maker and a formal coldness that has been very consciously emphasized by the mean little high-tech pedestals that support them; by their subtle and sumptuous painted surfaces; and, in several cases, by the abrupt truncating devices that pinpoint or bracket specific body parts, suggesting that what is missing—a head, for instance, or legs—has yet to be wrought by this inscrutable and omnipotent, as well as omniscient, Pygmalion.

Graham is a master of the mixed message. One thinks immediately of Degas in seeing these works, because of the scale of the figures and their baby-ballerina contours, and of course because of the dispassionate, almost actuarial precision of the scrutiny implied. But we may also think of the hyper-verisimilitude of work by Duane Hanson—what the French aesthetician Jean Baudrillard refers to as the new "obscenity of the hyper-real." The ghostly beauty of the surfaces and delicately rendered physiognomies conjure the attenuated styles of the last fin de siècle—the femmes fatales of Gustav Klimt in particular.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The mega-exhibition of Mexican art titled "Splendors of Thirty Centuries" renews one's faith in the blockbuster. While one could justifiably take issue with reducing the achievements of the Olmecs to a few exquisitely grumpy statues, this is an epic display in the best Hollywood tradition: a drama that encompasses the history of a land and its people. A map of Teotihuacán—a city whose wealth derived from obsidian trade—can transport one simply with its references to the Street of the Dead, the Plaza of the Moon, and the Pyramid of the Sun. Also on view are some of the most haunting figurative sculptures you are likely to see, from the Mayan City of Palenque, and astonishingly abstract sculptures of a shell and a feathered serpent from Tenochtitlán. The devastating impact of the Spanish conquest is clearly demonstrated when the exhibition shifts abruptly to massive stone crosses and heavily embroidered vestments. Room after room in the show is devoted to second-rate liturgical art in a gloppy, morose style; unfortunately, the more compelling folk-art traditions inspired by religious zeal receive little attention. It's not until the exhibition reaches this century that the painting gets interesting. Displays of the extraordinary range of Diego Rivera, and of the equally single-minded vision of his tormented wife, Frida Kahlo—and of many lesser-known figures—leave one hungry for more extensive exhibitions of their work. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ "Wright of Derby," a retrospective of portraits, landscapes, and paintings with scientific themes by Joseph Wright (1734-97). Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Nineteen chalk-and-graphite drawings by John Singleton Copley (1738-1815). They are mostly studies for his enormous paintings, such as "The Ascension," "Siege of Gibraltar," and his portrait of John Adams. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ "Glories of the Past" is an exhibition of bronze and marble sculptures, vases, and jewelry made between 5000 B.C. and A.D. 800 that focusses on works from the Mediterranean and the Near East. Through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian drawings, including works by Francesco Guardi, Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, and others. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen American quilts and coverlets, made between 1803 and 1930, are on view. Through Jan. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

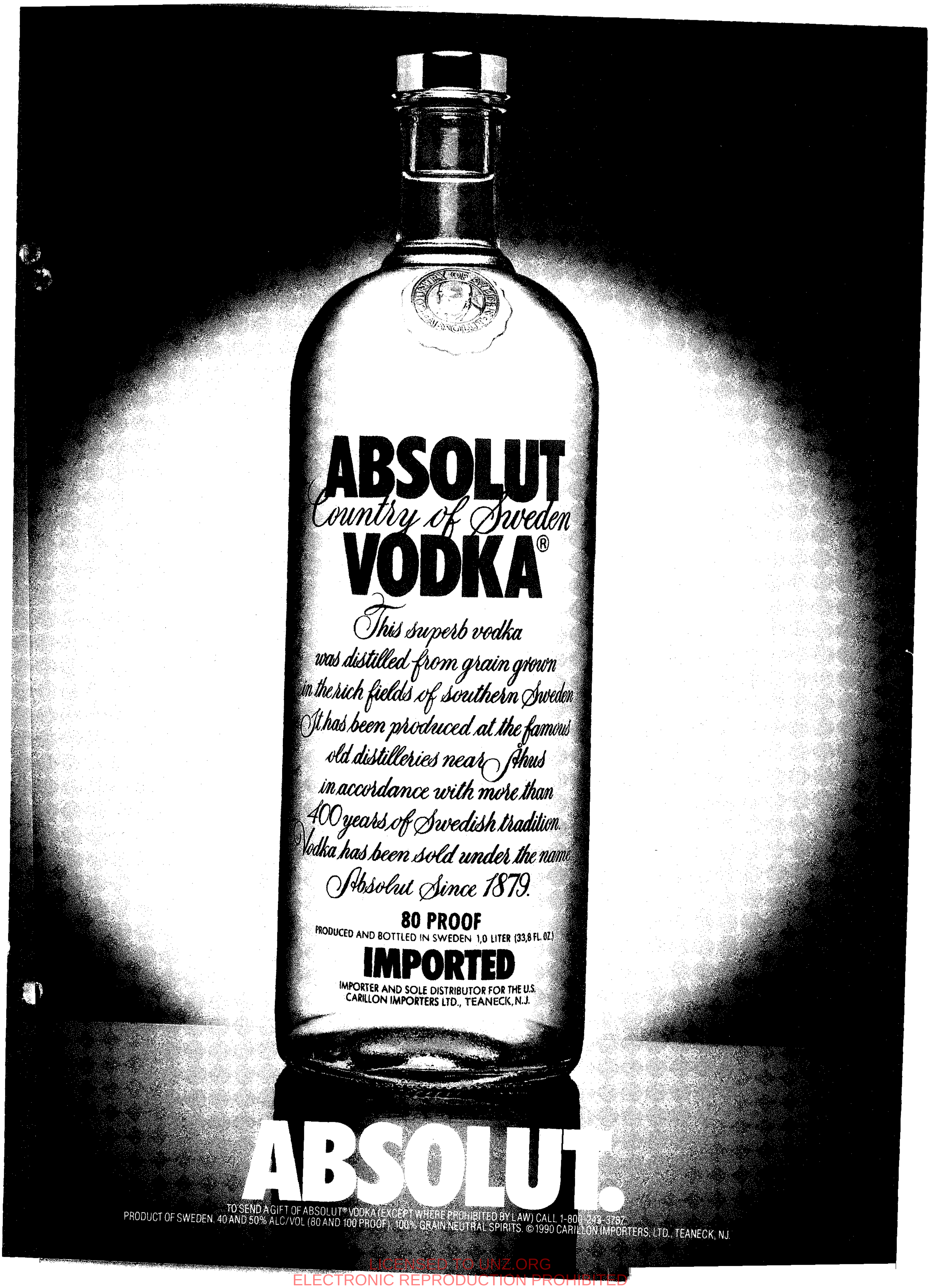


Frida Kahlo

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"High and Low: Modern Art and Popular Culture" is divided into four themes (graffiti, caricature, comics, advertising) and includes more than two hundred and fifty works. Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Twenty-one new photographs by Paul D'Amato, Carl Pope, and JoAnn Verburg that portray urban children, the homeless, and family relationships. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ A video installation by Gary Hill, consisting of body images displayed through several stripped cathode-ray tubes. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ "First Light," a suite of twenty black-and-white etchings by J[illegible]es Turrell. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Mind Over Matter" attempts to delineate a youngish "third generation of idea-oriented" artists—Liz Larner, Ronald Jones, Tishan Hsu, Nayland Blake, Ashley Bickerton, and Annette Lemieux. Their works move away from what in today's climate may seem like the indulgences of commodification to an interest in socially relevant issues. The effort is laudable, the installation exquisite, the selections often quite thoughtful—but the show is a mess. It circles around some potentially interesting thoughts without ever taking off, largely be-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cause of the mediocrity of the work. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Ninety-five paintings, constructions, and drawings by Burgoyne Diller (1906-65). Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Several animal sculptures from the museum's collection are on view in the lobby, including works by Hunt Diederich, Gaston Lachaise, and Alexander Calder. Through *Jan.* 6. (*Open* Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A lobby installation by Joseph Kosuth, who has selected works from the museum's collection that at one time or another may have been deemed offensive. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixty paintings by Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917). Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ "Milton Avery in Black and White" is a display of eighty drawings in pencil, ink, and crayon, made by Avery between 1929 and 1959. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ "Caribbean Festival Arts" presents costumes, masks, videotapes, music, and photographs related to the traditional celebrations of Jonkonnu, Carnival, and the Islamic Hosay. The thirty-six costume ensembles include materials such as mirrors, feathers, sequins, and beads, and range from human scale to sixteen feet tall. Through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Forty works of art from Oceania (mostly from the Sepik and Ramu river basins in New Guinea), including three-inch-long fish hooks, three monumental carved-wood "guardians," and a skull rack made of palm, raffia, and bamboo. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"The Eccentric Painters of Yangzhou" presents thirty works by eleven unorthodox, innovative artists who lived in Southern China in the eighteenth century. Through Dec. 15. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Among the many strong works on paper here by Adolph Menzel (1815-1905) are a stunning, flesh-warm drawing of the Barberini Faun; deep platonic renderings of suits of armor; and a beautiful sketch, titled "Moltke's Binoculars," of leather long caressed and distressed. Through Nov. 18. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures of Eton College Library," a selection, from the five-hundred-and-fifty-year-old institution, of more than two hundred manuscripts, rare books, drawings, and watercolors. Included are the first edition of Thomas Gray's "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College" and the manuscript of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Through maps, paintings, photographs, and prints, "Within Bohemia's Borders" documents the turbulent history of Greenwich Village from 1830 to 1930. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—While the title "Women in Mexico" suggests an enormous and ferociously dramatic tapestry, this show is in essence a sampler. This is not a complaint: it's fast-paced and a lot of fun. We begin with the unfettered and varied Surrealism of the astonishing Frida Kahlo, and of Leonora Carrington and Remedios Varo. And we're brought up to the present with work by artists now in their thirties, for example the spooked still-lifes and gritty ex-voto mythologies of a wonderful photographer named Flor Garduño. Through Dec. 2. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

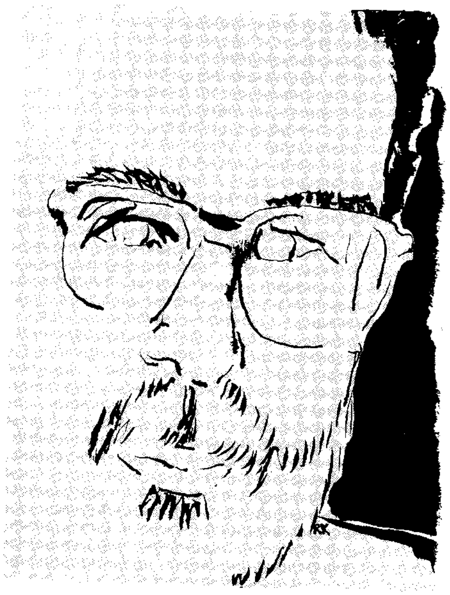
The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"From Receiver to Remote Control: The TV Set" features serpentine banks of virtually every TV model and meticulously reconstructed period rooms that attempt to define a sociology of family life as it has revolved around the set. Through Nov. 25. (Open Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Manuscript fragments, letters, first editions, photographs, and illustrations are all part of "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work." (Berg Collection. Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"Keith Haring: Future Primeval." The operative word in this survey of works from the first half of Haring's brief but loaded career is diversity. Even his earliest student works (1979) display a simultaneous interest in Expressionism and illustration, abstraction and representation, shock and fine design. In the mid-eighties, when he was a rising world-wide media star, Haring experimented with color, asymmetrical compositions, a more scenelike narrative. These post-pictographic works are generally considered inferior, but the few included here are gems and suggest, as a show like this should but rarely does, that further study is in order. Through Nov. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Arthur Dove (1880-1946) / **Joseph Stella** (1877-1946)—*Eight fine paintings that emphasize the point that Dove's abstraction was always based on an intensely personal relationship* with nature. Two of the works depict machinery, but even they seem to be more concerned with landscape than with technology. / Many of the one hundred drawings in this show are of flowers. They remind us that after the young Mondrian, nobody in this century could make a flower look as awkward, beautiful, and "primordial" as Stella did. Both shows through Nov. 17. (York, 21 E. 65th St.)



Self-portrait by Robert Kushner

Carlo Maria Mariani—Recent paintings that depict the destruction of the ancient ideal of beauty by using modernist conceits—classical heads impaled on Duchamp's bottle rack, for example. The works are very clever, too clever, it seems, to transcend a momentary joke. Through Nov. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**CHRISTO,** Magidson, 1070 Madison Ave., at *81st St. (through Nov. 5);* **ADOLPH GOTTLIEB,** Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (through Nov. 3); **BUNNY HARVEY,** Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 17); **FRANTIŠEK KUPKA,** Bernard, 33 E. 74th St. (through Nov. 10); **JOAN MITCHELL,** Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. (through Dec. 15); **JULES OLITSKI,** Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (open Mondays, through Dec. 1); **RHONDA ROLAND SHEARER,** Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. (open Mondays, closed Saturdays, through Nov. 9); **JOAN THORNE,** Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. (through Nov. 24).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Theophilus Brown—New acrylic paintings on paper that are, for the most part, small, charming, and oddly muted. Brown is a Bay Area artist, which in formal terms tends to mean eccentric, ecstatic, mythologically minded representation. The oldest work in this show (1984), which is also one of the most beautiful, is an untitled painting of an ambiguous five-figure group enacting some comically intense, post-Esalen version of Matisse's "La Danse." Brown's newer work is more genteelly quirky. He seems to be an artist who rises to his subjects' level of interest. Some of the "primitive" or fairy-tale-like nudes and animal pieces, for instance, suggest a politer and subtler Munch. One peculiarly raked, semi-desolate suburban perspective suggests Dashiell Hammett et al. We zero in, gumshoe-style, on a neighborly conversation and are left to wonder whether we have uncovered an adulterous couple or just a lonely, hill-town chat. Through Nov. 14. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lovis Corinth (1858-1925)—An interesting and at times very affecting retrospective of work by an artist, relatively unfamiliar in this country, who was a key transitional figure between nineteenth-century German naturalism and such early-twentieth-century Expressionist figures as Kokoschka. Corinth's talent was primarily interpretive. He had a truly dreary sense of color—meaning there's virtually none. His most personal works, however, are very rich in feeling. There's a startlingly plangent self-portrait, for instance—a small drawing of himself as a grotesque, agonized Christ—as well as a beautifully sombre portrait of his children. Through Nov. 3. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kushner / Nam June Paik—Large paintings of flowers viewed close up. Kushner is putting his highly sophisticated sense of color to fuller use now with some improbable juxtapositions, and the result is an intense, *internal light. These flowers are big but* they're not showy, and they're gestural without giving too much away. They are reflective, perhaps even a little too circumspect; a dash of the artist's cheeky flamboyance would be welcome here. But, all in all, these are some of the most interesting flower paintings to come around in a long time. / This master video artist's work has always varied wildly in quality, and it continues to do so in this small, jam-packed display of new pieces. The best work is the simplest: an enigmatic tableau consisting of two monitors showing a burning candle, the candle itself burning atop one of the monitors, and the mindful video camera that captures the image. But some of the pieces suffer from self-conscious sculptural or painterly flourishes. Also in the show are several cute little robot toys made of electrical sockets and other potentially dangerous material. Through Nov. 10. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

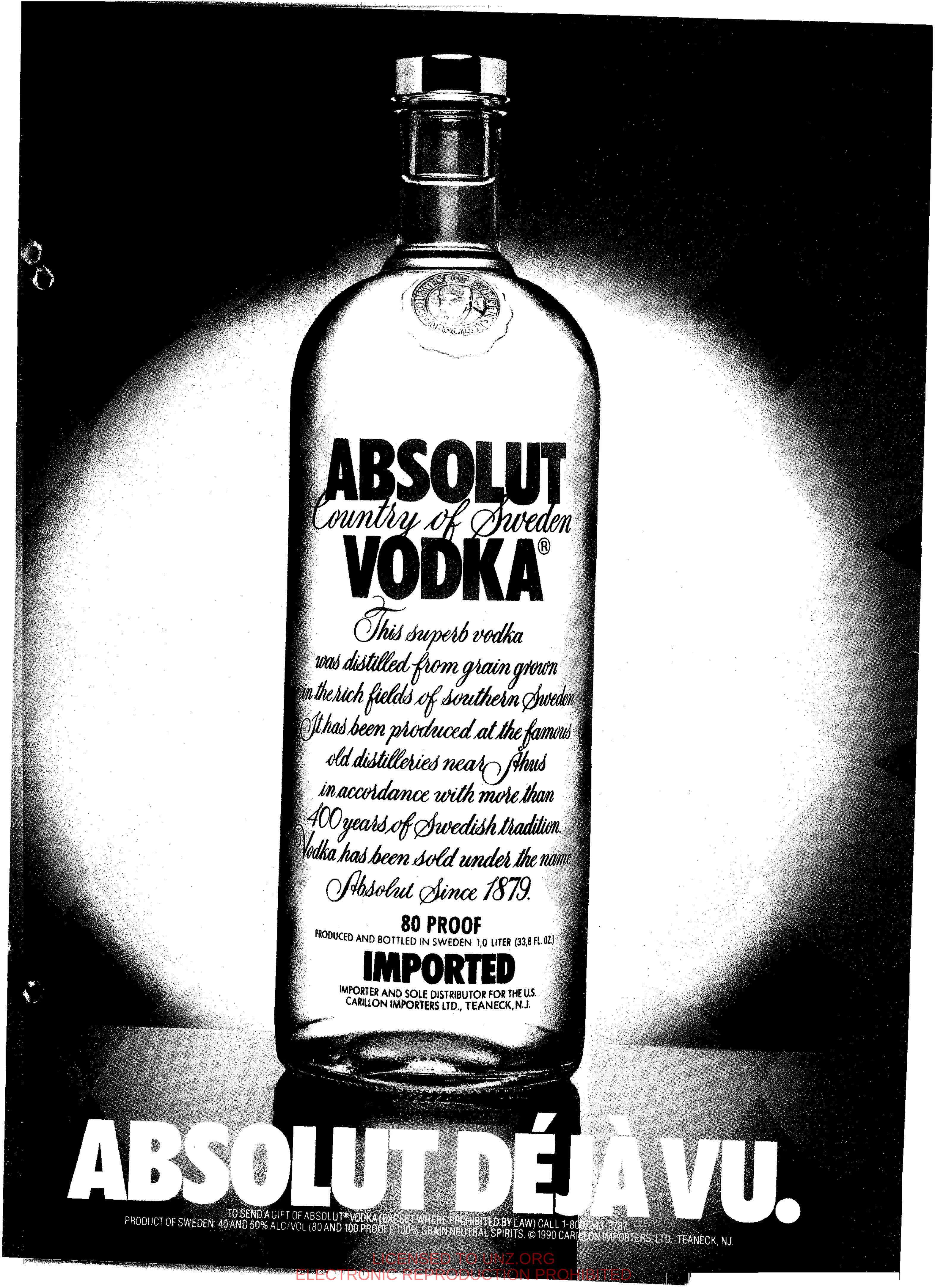
Ann McCoy—The artist's desire "to make sacred tubs dedicated to Aphrodite which could be used in a private sanctuary as a temple object by both men and women" has resulted in this theatrically stunning group of new "Roman Works." Most are, indeed, life-size cast-copper winged bathtubs that have an impersonal, imposing, rather Napoleonic allure. Through Nov. 3. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Short List—**JEAN ARP,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 10); **GEORG BASELITZ,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 24) and 142 Greene St. (through Dec. 1); **HYMAN BLOOM,** Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 8); **FERNANDO BOTERO,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 24); **DEBORAH BROWN,** De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 17); **SAM FRANCIS** (through Nov. 10) and **FRIEDEL DZUBAS** (through Nov. 3), Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.; **SPENCER FREDERICK GORE,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Nov. 10); **STEVE JOY,** Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 10); **GABRIEL LADERMAN,** Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St. (through Nov. 14); **JACK LEVINE,** Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through Nov. 24); **RICHARD POUSETTE-DART,** ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 1); **PETER SAUL** (through Nov. 15) and **MATTA** (through Nov. [illegible]), Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.; **M[illegible]ON STOUT,** Kent, 41 E. 57th St. (through Nov. 17), and Flynn, 113 Crosby St. (through Dec. 15).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Wallace Berman (1926-76)—Berman was a key player in defining the Southern California assemblage aesthetic. In this somewhat redundant, somewhat dated, but nonetheless interesting miniretrospective of photo-collages and a few sculptures, the artist reveals himself to be part soothsayer, part prankster, part proto-Baldessari. Through Nov. 10. (Louver, 130 Prince St.)

Francesco Clemente—This show includes three series of exquisite watercolors—two groups of dancers and one of various sexual couplings. There's a boneless agility to the figures, like that of Indonesian shadow puppets. In fact, all of Clemente's work has a certain exoti-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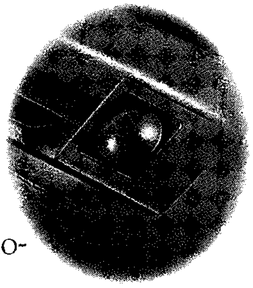

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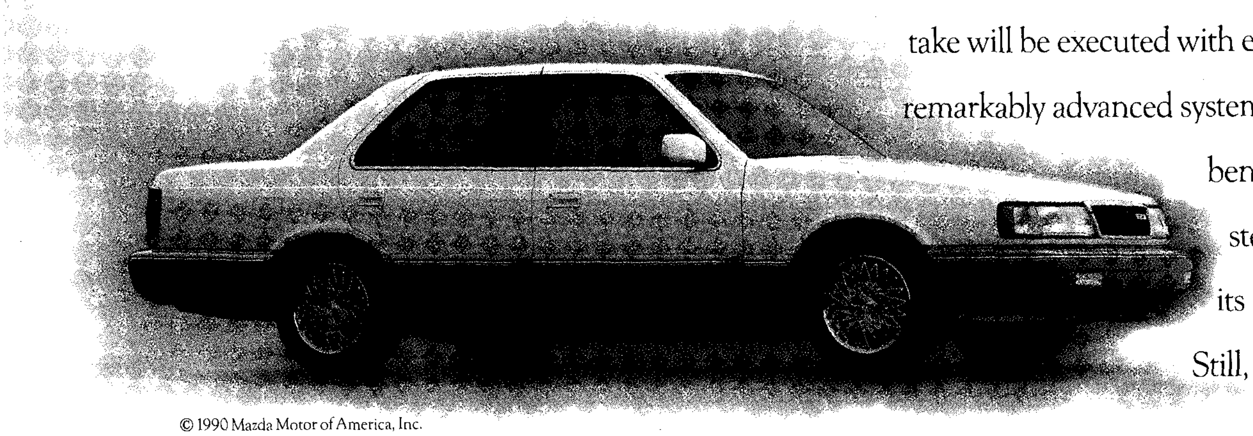

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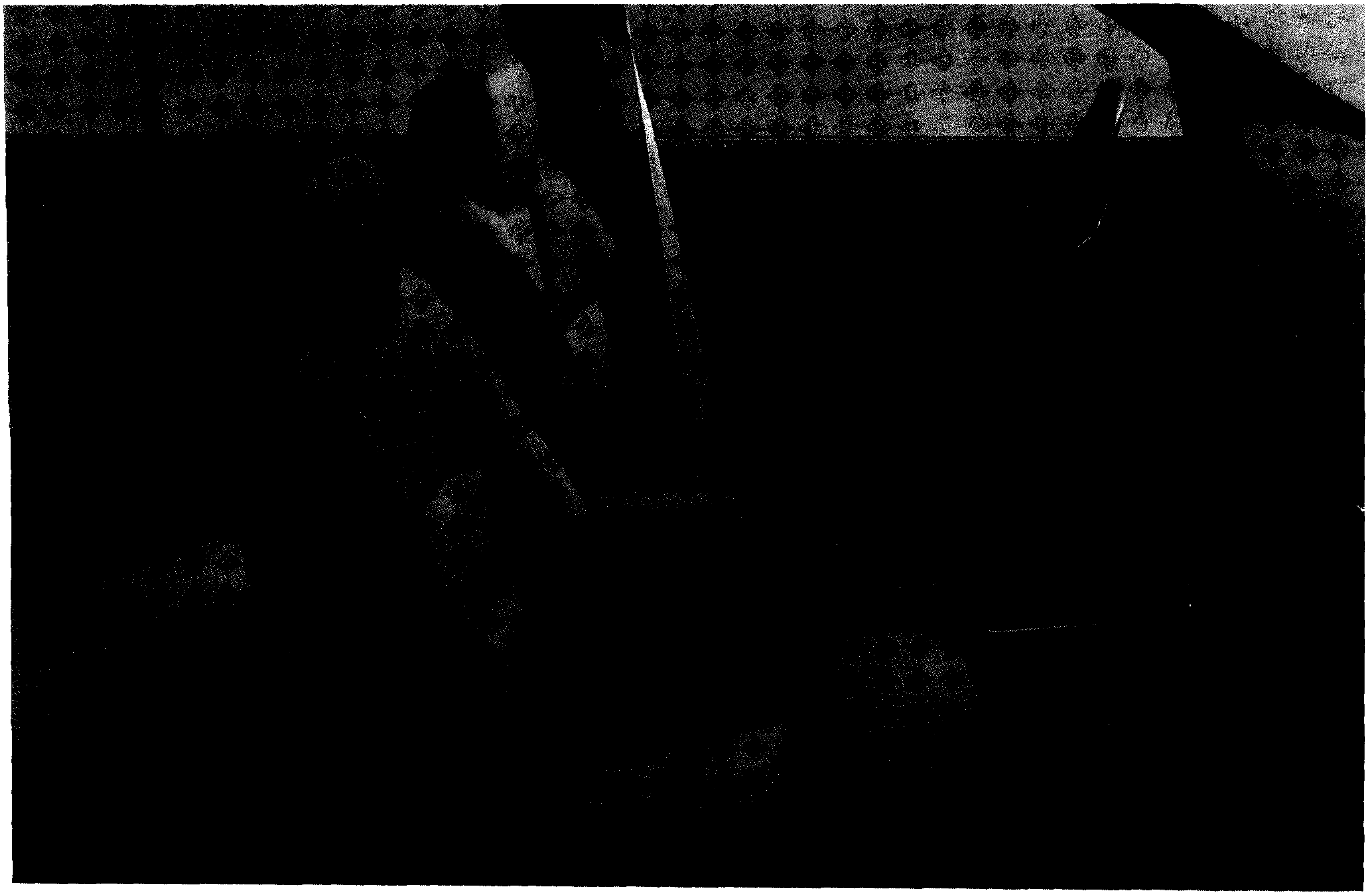

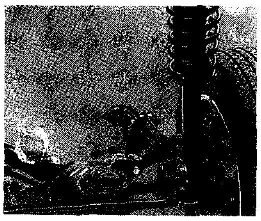

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cism, the kind that drips with sexual tension. No other artist depicts emotional dualities with Clemente's directness and complexity. These qualities are apparent in the large canvases here, several of women with hyper-erect breasts kissing each other, and one of a pyramid of men with sad faces and full erections surrounded by a fiery, auric glow. Much of this work stays within Clemente's now familiar, self-absorbed terrain. What may look less familiar is the army of little gnomelike sculptures on display. Made of copper and brass, these androgynous figures, with fronts on both sides and what look like BB-gun holes where facial features and orifices should be, are unformed and ancient, modest and assured. Through Nov. 10. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Geralyn Donohue—In her first solo show, half of the Wallace & Donohue team presents some funny pieces—along with a few trite clinkers—about aesthetic and industrial destruction. The best works consist of paintings passing water into a Plexiglas trough and interrogation lamps focussed on a two-tone generic "pure painting." Through Nov. 10. (Postmasters, 80 Greene St.)

Carroll Dunham—The edge has returned to Dunham's work. These highly colored paintings look a bit like cartoon Kandinskys against backgrounds of stained patchworks. The imagery still consists of big, organic forms: penises, vulvas, innards, and hairy udders ejaculating and releasing gas. Their consummate silliness takes issue with "serious" painting in an intelligent way; they're a thinking man's Kenny Scharfs. The works are appealing for their riskiness, which is unusual for paintings in 1990. They teeter on the edge of failure, yet have that sense of directed mischief that has been noticeably absent from painting for some time. Through Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Merilyn Fairskye—Skillful but lifeless paintings of faces—viewed close up and split down the center—in a dark Brauntuchian style of green on green or brown on brown. Half of each work is accurate and the other half is distorted, like an anamorphic projection. Through Nov. 3. (Leonard, 594 Broadway.)

Helmut Federle—Two large black-and-white geometric paintings that are elegant and strong, but a little dull, and a grid of drawings of off-grid black squares that evokes de Stijl, Albers, Poons, and Op. Through Nov. 17. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Dan Flavin—For its inaugural show, the RubinSpangle gallery has mounted two impressive installations of new works by Dan Flavin. One consists of low-lying "cots" of fluorescent lights in mint, red, yellow, and pink. The other is a series of vertical lights, in various shades of white, which are dedicated to the ceramicist Hans Coper. These refer to Flavin's Tatlin Monuments and are perhaps the artist's most sculptural works, marking a curious twist in his single-minded vision. Through Nov. 10. (395 West Broadway.)

Georg Herold—This artist has a wonderfully peculiar aesthetic. His best works can be absurdly funny and disturbingly poignant, preposterous and visionary, obvious and hidden. At the same time they can be hard to like. This is partly because they are very German, and therefore a bit alien to us, but also because they seem so casual, like sendups of art works, rather than the real thing. Much of their strength derives from this sly deception. At Koury Wingate there are some very domestic-looking empty gun racks, as well as some roughly conical "Mountains" of various materials, and crudely phallic forms that also refer to the terrain of German myth. On the floor are two "Empty Mountains"—the world's largest condoms. Through Nov. 3. (578 Broadway.) . . . ¶ At Luhring Augustine the mountain shape appears in other forms—as a mildly Goldbergian contraption of a ladder and a broom pressing a stretched canvas against the ceiling, and as an open crate filled with packages of a cocainelike substance. On the walls are paintings soaked with particularly deathlike, Beuysian stains of crude oil. Through Nov. 17. (130 Prince St.)

Jacqueline Humphries—This artist has reached a new level of confidence since her last show, a year and a half ago. Her big new oil paintings on linen—densely blotched, almost scorched-looking abstractions—have a vigorous all-over effect. If less than fascinating in detail, they hold the room. The aesthete in Humphries seems more evident in a fetching group of small drawings pinned to a wall. Several of these little unframed numbers consist of coffee stains or cigarette burns on interesting-looking papers. They faintly suggest Fontana and Tàpies. Through Nov. 10. (Good, 532 Broadway.)

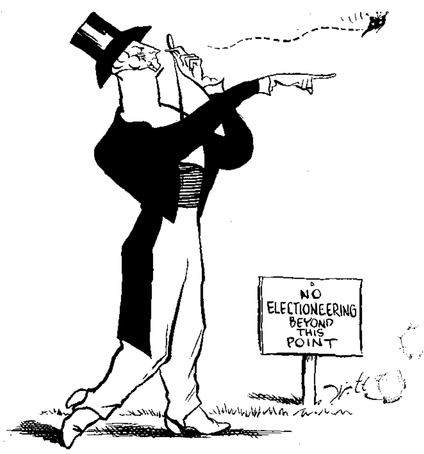
Kristen Jones and Andrew Ginzel—Very slick pseudo-science-fair fare. One piece consists of a metal arm revolving slowly over a large tub of talc. Half of the arm digs furrows in the talc, and the other half smooths them out: it's simple, effective, and it demonstrates the endlessly fascinating stasis of life. Through Nov. 3. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—After some rocky years and an L.A. retrospective whose reception was, at best, lukewarm, Longo has eliminated the pizzazz, the pyrotechnics, and the workshop production. He has returned to the simplicity and gestural directness of the large drawings that many still consider his best work and that have become icons of the late-seventies downtown scene. The current image is the American flag, which the artist has cast in different sizes in bronze and patinated a deep black. Most of the works hang out from the wall and look like they were thrown into the wind and then frozen in place. There's a funereal feeling to them—references to Johns notwithstanding—particularly in a group of freestanding pieces, whose flags are tightly wrapped around the poles; they are displayed like a row of memorial cypresses. If Oliver Stone made art, it might very well look like this. Through Nov. 10. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Adrian Piper—Of all the artists who use their work to raise issues of racism, Piper comes closest to gaining access to the white mainstream. In the effective series called "Vanilla Nightmares," the artist has added drawings of blacks, many of them voluptuous and some having sex, to the white world of *Times* ads and articles. When Piper draws a lusty black figure on top of one of the Calvin Klein underwear boys, for example, she displays great wit in violating an icon of white male self-absorption. But much of her work uses the form of generic conceptualism, a strategy that may seem politically correct but that also signifies the very passivity that Piper's content addresses. Through Nov. 3. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway.)

Clyfford Still (1904-80)—Probably the most respected unviewed artist of this century. According to the fine catalogue that accompanies this show—the first to be mounted without the artist's notoriously restrictive involvement—only eighty-one of the more than three thousand works the artist made were ever sold, and many of those remain in private hands. In addition, sixty-nine canvases were donated to three museums on the condition (among other restrictions) that they never be loaned. This show includes large works from private and public collections; the resulting overcrowding can be easily overlooked, given the rarity of the event—one that has encouraged the Boone gallery to post the most conspicuous guards in town. Some of the paintings are spectacular, with their craggy cavernousness and their wondrously dense color. But there's also a curious fragility to the work, and a number of the paintings seem somehow uneven. Through Nov. 10. (417 West Broadway.)

Short List—**ARAKAWA,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Nov. 10); **ARMAN,** Baghoomian, 555 Broadway (through Nov. 17); **NAYLAND BLAKE,** Petersburg, 130 Prince St. (through Nov. 3); **SUZANNE BOCANEGRA** and **JOAN SNYDER,** Munroe, 130 Prince St. (through Nov. 3); **ROBERT DE NIRO,** Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 10); **YURI DYSHLENKO** and **SUE ISRAEL,** Kind, 136 Greene St. (through Nov. 14); **GRETCHEN FAUST,** Hearn, 39 Wooster St. (through Nov. 10); **TRACY GRAYSON,** Burgin, 130 Prince St. (through Nov. 21); **CLETUS JOHNSON,** Castelli Graphics, 578 Broadway (through Nov. 17); ***HILLARY LEONE AND JENNIFER MACDONALD,*** Gracie Mansion Gallery, 532 Broadway (through Nov. 3); **SOL LEWITT** and **GIOVANNI ANSELMO,** SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St. (through Nov. 21); **DOUG OHLSON,** Zarre, 379 West Broadway (through Nov. 15); **FRED SANDBACK,** Nolan, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 3); **CLAIRE SEIDL,** Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. (through Nov. 24); **TERESA SERRANO,** Plumb, 81 Greene St. (through Nov. 10); **SUSAN SILAS,** Fiction-Nonfiction, 21 Mercer St. (through Nov. 10); **RICHARD TUTTLE,** A/D, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 10).



PHOTOGRAPHY

ADMIRERS of Lisette Model (1901-83) can finally read an in-depth study of her life and work. A catalogue has been published by the National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa, in conjunction with an exhibition that opened there in October and that will be travelling for the next two years. The show will arrive in New York, at the International Center of Photography, this February, but if, like us, you have been yearning impatiently for such a publication, you won't want to wait. ($39.95; distributed by the University of Chicago Press.)

Although Model's work has received plenty of attention and exposure, her legendary control over the way her pictures were presented and her suspicion of the written word made it impossible to produce this kind of catalogue until after her death. Ann Thomas, the curator of the show and author of the book, is up to the daunting task of piecing together the puzzle that was Model. The mythology that has surrounded this woman, who was, arguably, the century's most influential photography teacher, isn't at all undermined by Thomas's scholarship. On the contrary, we are given the tools to understand Model's pictures in a deeper way. Not only did she photograph large people, her vision was broad, too—strong both graphically and emotionally—and it encompassed two very different sensibilities: European and American.

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Fashion and advertising turn out to have been natural stimuli for Man Ray's Surrealist vocabulary, judging from this retrospective of the artist's work for *Bazaar*. What could be more surreal than a lipstick story featuring a closeup of a thirties beauty—in black-and-white, except for hot-red lips—with the boldface headline "[illegible]E RED BADGE OF COURAGE"? Through Nov. 25. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**JOHN DIVOLA,** Baum, 588 Broadway (through Nov. 24); **ELLIOTT ERWITT,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (through Nov. 10); **ADAM FÜSS,** Audiello, 142 Greene St. (through Nov. 17); **PIERRE DUBREUIL,** Friedman, 1117 Madison Ave., at 83rd St. (open Mondays, through Nov. 16); **LOUIS FAURER,** Photofind, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 1); **MARCUS LEATHERDALE,** Sikkema, 155 Spring St. (through Nov. 3); **RAY METZKER,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Nov. 21); **THOMAS RUFF,** 303 Gallery, 89 Greene St. (through Nov. 3); **SKREBNESKI,** Cowles, 420 West Broadway (through Nov. 3); **NEIL WINOKUR,** Borden, 560 Broadway (through Nov. 10).

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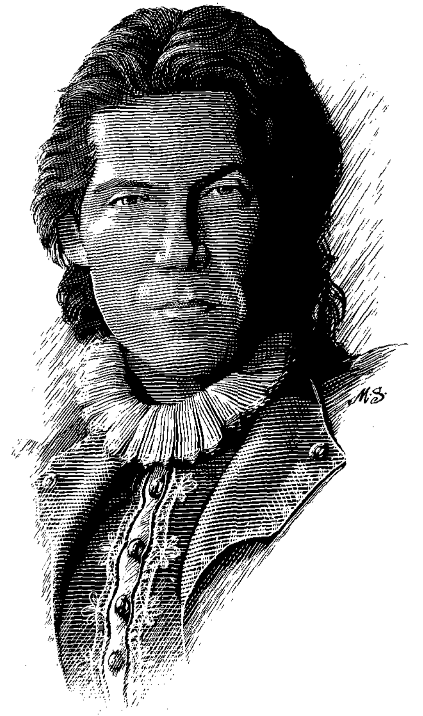


At the Met, Thomas Hampson as Don Giovanni

MUSIC

IN the category of good ideas that never quite caught on, few are more absorbing than the composition of musical accompaniments for spoken verse. This genre has been explored by composers of various nations since the middle of the eighteenth century, and in a few brief periods it flourished in German-speaking lands. Schubert, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner composed piano accompaniments for recited poems or extracts from stage plays; Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn included scenes of "Melodram," as it was called, in stage works. Later, around the turn of the twentieth century, a musical polymath named Ludwig Wallner made a substantial reputation for himself as a reciter with orchestra; Max von Schillings composed his showpiece, a hair-raising "*Hexenlied*" that Wallner recorded. It was this kind of piece that Albertine Zehme must have had in mind when she asked Arnold Schoenberg to give her some instrumental accompaniments for the "Pierrot Lunaire" poems. What she got—an epoch-transforming musical score, including fantastically complex notation for speaking on exact pitches and rhythms, that has continued to elude precise understanding—illustrates one of the reasons the genre has always been tricky. Just how does a composer build the speech into his score and make sure words and music stay together? Reciting in exact rhythms generally sounds stilted; most composers have contented themselves with writing the words over the music for performers to fit in as best they can. Poetry also tends to cover ground—to shift the subject, to describe the scene—faster than music; in the art song, the poem is slowed down by singing to a musical pace. This is harder to accomplish in speech.

But composers have not stopped trying, and the effort has led in fascinating directions. Richard Strauss set "Enoch Arden"; Francis Poulenc set "The Story of Babar the Little Elephant"; a British specialist named Stanley Hawley set "The Raven" and "The Bells" in high style; Debussy sketched accompaniments for some Pierre Louÿs poems that would probably not be funded by the N.E.A. in the current climate.

And because all this exists the occasional venturesome and curious performer tries to revive some of it. The latest local attempt is to be made by the actress Claire Bloom and the pianist Brian Zeger at the 92nd Street Y on November 5.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 415-5440.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA,** Verdi's mixture of magical herbs, fortune-telling, and jealousy run amok in the Swedish Court, in a new production with Aprile Millo, Harolyn Blackwell, Elena Obraztsova, Luciano Pavarotti, and Juan Pons; conducted by James Levine. (Oct. 29, Nov. 2, and Nov. 5, all at 8.) . . . **BORIS GODUNOV,** with Stefania Toczyska, Gary Lakes, Philip Langridge, Paata Burchuladze, and Sergei Koptchak; Emil Tchakarov. (Oct. 30 at 8.) . . . With Alexandrina Milcheva, Gary Lakes, Philip Langridge, Paata Burchuladze, and Paul Plishka; Emil Tchakarov. (Nov. 3 at 1 and Nov. 7 at 8.) . . . **PORGY AND BESS,** Gershwin's operatic portrayal of rough times on Catfish Row, with Priscilla Baskerville, Marvis Martin, Camellia Johnson, Larry Marshall, and Terry Cook; James Levine. (Oct. 31 and Nov. 6 at 7:30, and Nov. 3 at 8.) . . . **DON GIOVANNI,** with Cheryl Studer, Karita Mattila, Thomas Hampson, and Paul Plishka; John Keenan. (Nov. 1 at 8.)

New York City Opera—**MARTHA,** in English, with Kathryn Gamberoni, Cynthia Rose, Michael Rees Davis, and Jan Opalach; conducted by Arthur Fagen. (Oct. 30 at 8 and Nov. 3 at 2.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC,** with Sally Ann Howes, Regina Resnick, Beverly Lambert, George Lee Andrews, Kevin Anderson, and Michael Maguire; Paul Gemignani. (Nov. 1 and Nov. 7 at 8, and Nov. 4 at 2.) . . . **THE MIKADO,** with Lisa Saffer, Josepha Gayer, Richard McKee, Carroll Freeman, and James Billings; Chris Nance. (Nov. 2 at 8.) . . . With Ruth Golden, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Richard McKee, Steven Tharp, and James Billings; Mark Gibson. (Nov. 6 at 8.) . . . **LA BOHÈME,** with Geraldine McMillian, Lauren Flanigan, Robert Brubaker, and Peter Barcza; Joseph Colaneri. (Nov. 3 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

"Siroe"—Handel's opera receives its U.S. première in a period-instrument concert version directed by Rudolph Palmer. The three-act work enjoyed only a brief run when it was new (in 1728), coinciding as it did with the première of "The Beggar's Opera" and the resultant shift of British taste away from opera seria. Soloists include sopranos Julianne Baird and Erie Mills, mezzo-soprano D'Anna Fortunato, countertenor Stephen Rickards, bass-baritone John Ostendorf, and harpsichordist Edward Brewer. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 1 at 8.)

American Chamber Opera Company—A staged double bill, conducted by Douglas Anderson: the world première of Nicholas Flagello's "The Wig" (based on Pirandello's play "The Cap"); and Darius Milhaud's "The Poor Sailor," with Jean Cocteau's libretto, here rendered in English. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 781-0857. Nov. 2-3 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Music by Wagner and Ravel, and (with Alicia de Larrocha) Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto and de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." (Oct. 30 at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" Suite, Dallapiccola's "Tartiniana" (a 1951 composition based on themes by Tartini, featuring violinist Charles Rex), and Brahms' Second Symphony. (Nov. 1 and 3 at 8, Nov. 2 at 2, and Nov. 6 at 7:30.)

Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall. Oct. 29 at 8: Yuri Temirkanov conducts Tchaikovsky's "Manfred Symphony" as well as Prokofiev's "Lieutenant Kije" Suite and Third Piano Concerto, with Dmitri Alexeev. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 8: Mariss Jansons conducts Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony and music by Prokofiev (excerpts from "Romeo and Juliet" and, with Mr. Alexeev, the rarely performed First Piano Concerto). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 8: Yuri Temirkanov conducts music of Tchaikovsky (the Violin Concerto, with [illegible]tor Tretyakov, and Act II of the "Nutcracker"). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: Mariss Jansons conducts Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony and Second Violin Concerto (with Mr. Tretyakov), as well as Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducts music by two Haydns (Michael and Franz Joseph) and two Mozarts (Leopold and Wolfgang), including the latter's Concerto for Two Pianos (with fortepianists Steven Lubin and Seth Carlin). (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Nov. 1 at 8.)

Budapest Chamber Orchestra—Cellist Miklós Perényi joins the ensemble for a C. P. E. Bach concerto, in a program that also includes works by Handel, András Szöllösy, and Bartók (his "Divertimento for Strings"). (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 2 at 8.)

Orchestre Symphonique de Montréal—At Carnegie Hall, Charles Dutoit conducting. Nov. 3 at 8: Liszt's Second Piano Concerto (with Yefim Bronfman), and three works by composers noted for their evocative orchestrations: Dutilleux's "Mystère de l'Instant" (U.S. première); Ravel's "La Valse"; and Bartók's "Miraculous Mandarin." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 3: Orchestral music by Mozart and de Falla, and Schnittke's "Concerto Grosso for Two Violins" (with Chantal Juillet and Andrée Azar).

Alexander Siloti Memorial Concert—A benefit to establish a scholarship commemorating the long-departed pianist (a pupil of Liszt and teacher of Rachmaninoff, among others). With pianists John Browning, Shura Cherkassky, Vladimir Feltsman, Gary Graffman, Eugene Istomin, Alexander Slobodyanik, and Alexander Toradze; and Mstislav Rostropovich playing the cello and conducting the Juilliard Chamber Orchestra. Among the concert's offerings are several of Siloti's Bach arrangements (many pianists prefer them to Busoni's), and Bach's C-Major Concerto for Three Claviers. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Nov. 5 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducts Handel, Mozart, and the première of "Morning Music" by Lawrence Widdoes; William Wolfram solos in Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 5 at 8.)

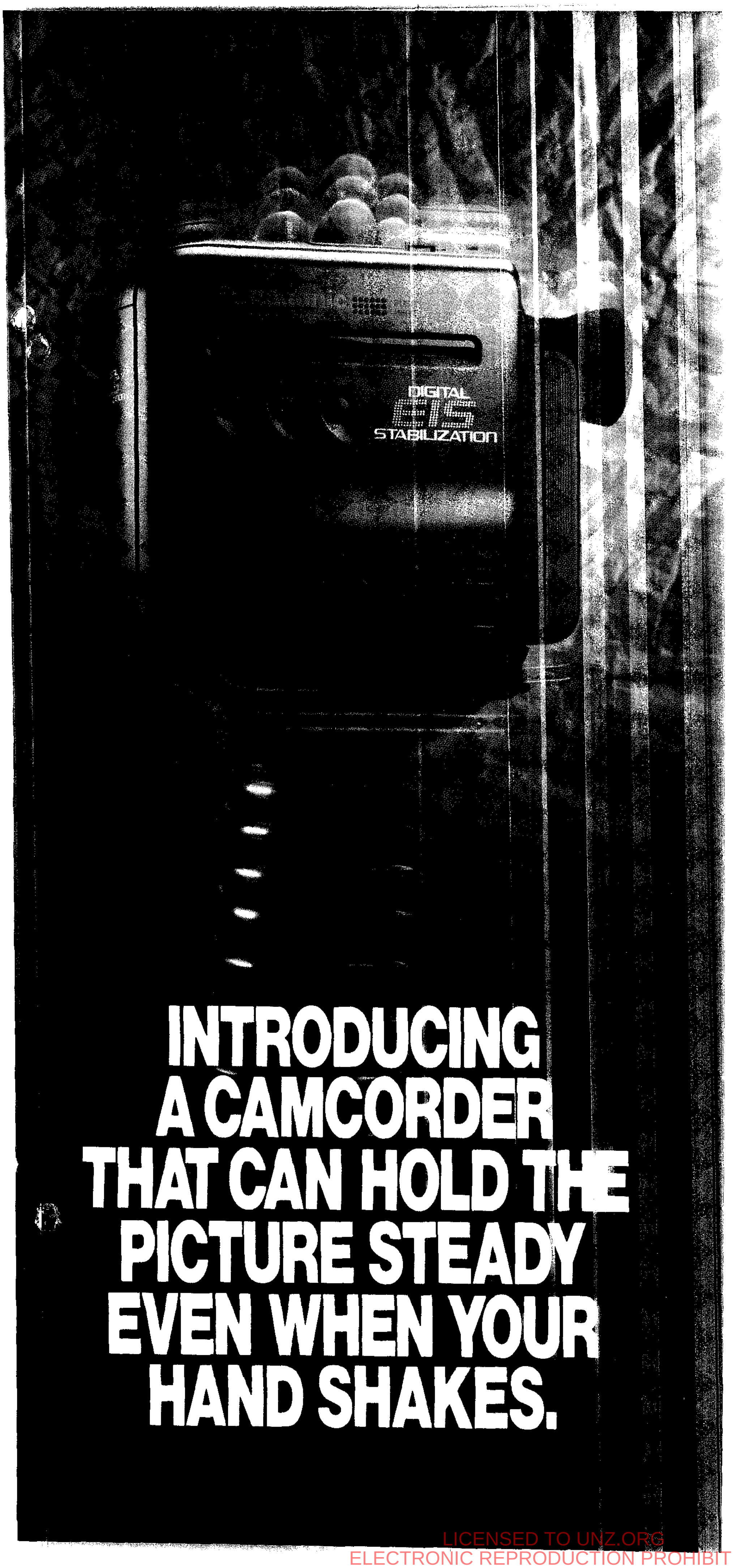
Saint Thomas Choir—A commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of César Franck, with Gerre Hancock directing the choir, soloists, and the Orchestra of St. Luke's in three of the composer's sacred works. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 757-7013, ext. 303. Oct. 30 at 7:30.)

Riverside Choir—Ronald Arnatt directs Brahms' "A German Requiem" (with soprano Diana Solomon-Glover and baritone André Solomon-Glover), and "Alto Rhapsody" (with mezzo-soprano Dolores Ram[illegible]y); both are accompanied on the organ by [illegible]n Walker. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Nov. 4 at 3, preceded by a carillon recital at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directs the chorus and orchestra in Fauré's Requiem and Bach's Cantata No. 205, written in 1725 to celebrate the name-day of a Leipzig university official; with soprano Jeanne Ommerlé, mezzo-soprano Gwendolyn Jones, tenor Jeffrey Thomas, and baritone William Sharp. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 7 at 8.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A Mendelssohn string quartet, a Handel organ concerto (with David Higgs), songs by Purcell and Mendelssohn (with David Gordon), and Bach's "Kreuzstab" Cantata (with William Sharp). (Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 30 at 7:30.)



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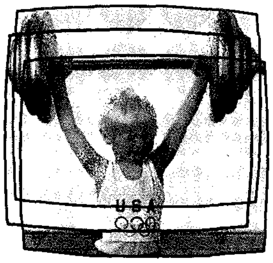

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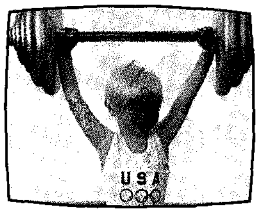

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MUSIC—Cont'd

Pro Arte String Quartet—Playing chamber music by Webern, Beethoven, Bloch, and Ravel. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 30 at 8.)

David Buechner—Piano, performing music by Joaquin Turina. (Third Street Music School Settlement. 235 E. 11th St. Oct. 31 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Sergei Edelmann—Piano, playing music by Beethoven, Chopin, and Prokofiev. (92nd Street Y. Oct. 31 at 8.)

New Jersey Percussion Ensemble—Compositions by Chester Biscardi, Mario Davidowsky, David Olan, and Robert Pollock. (Merkin Concert Hall. Oct. 31 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Violinist Mark Peskanov and pianist Rita Sloan play Handel, Mozart, Kreisler, and Sarasate, and are joined by soprano Deborge Pennington for Franck's "Panis Angelicus" and one of Mr. Peskanov's compositions. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 1 at 7:30 and Nov. 4 at 4.)

Evelyne Crochet—Piano, performing music by Beethoven and Dutilleux, as well as both books of Debussy's Études. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 1 at 8.)

Philip Hosford—The pianist and avocational skydiver performs music by Corigliano, Beethoven (the Sonata, Op. 110), and Liszt (the B-Minor Sonata). (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 1 at 8.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—Stephen Rogers Radcliffe directs music heard at the Verein, the Viennese modern-music society founded by Schoenberg in 1918, including works by Debussy, Mahler ("Songs of a Wayfarer," with baritone William Sharp), Bruckner, Johann Strauss, and Schoenberg. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Nov. 2 at 8.)

Helicon Ensemble—Soprano Julianne Baird and harpsichordist Albert Fuller perform songs by Purcell, and a period-instrument ensemble plays Schubert's Octet. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Nov. 2 at 8.)

Alexander Toradze—Piano, playing Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (in his own arrangement) and music by Haydn and Ravel. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—A concert honoring the eightieth birthday of William Schuman, including his "In Sweet Music" and "Night Journey," a well as compositions by Ives, Corigliano, and Joan Panetti. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Seth Carlin—Fortepiano, playing sonatas by Haydn and Mozart. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Nov. 3 at 8.)

Musica Antiqua Köln—Reinhard Goebel leads the baroque ensemble in music by Biber, Bach, Heinichen, and Telemann. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 4 at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra, in various configurations, perform chamber music by Beethoven, Chausson, Stravinsky, and Tison Street. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 4 at 3.)

Anne Akiko Meyers—Violin, performing Stravinsky, Janáček, and Saint-Saëns. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 4 at 3.)

Dmitri Hvorostovsky—Baritone, singing classic *arie antiche* and operatic arias by Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi; accompanied by pianist Mikhail Arkadiev. Presented by the Opera Orchestra of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 4 at 8.)

Maria Teresa Rodriguez—The pianist, who directs Mexico's National Conservatory of Music, performs music composed between 1924 and 1975 by Carlos Chávez. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Nov. 5 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

"Musical Melodramas"—The actress Claire Bloom and the pianist Brian Zeger present Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" to a score by Richard Strauss, and (augmented by violin, cello, and percussion) "Moments of Vision" by the English composer Robin Holloway. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 5 at 8.)

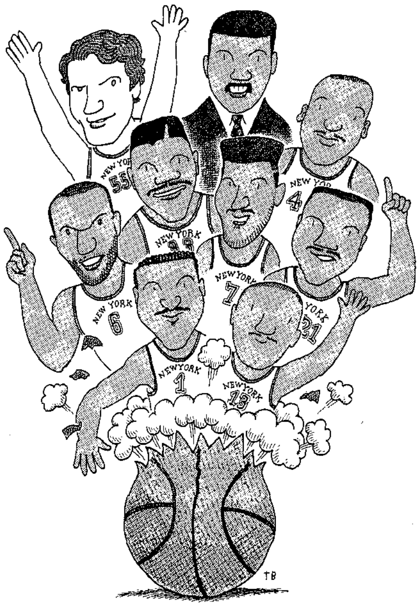
Marlboro Music Festival—Chamber music by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Schoenberg. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 5 at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, playing Bach's Second Partita and, with pianist Motoko Kakizaki, music by Mozart, Fauré, and Saint-Saëns. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 5 at 8.)

Louis Lortie—The Canadian pianist presents an all-Beethoven recital. (92nd Street Y. Nov. 6 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Los Lobos—In 1984, this East L.A. Mexican-American rock-and-roll band released the album "How Will the Wolf Survive?" to great critical acclaim. One listen to their latest LP, "The Neighborhood," shows that those early accolades still apply. Their songs—earthy, urban paeans to freedom and desire—soar with a rare community spirit. Onstage, guitars, mandolins, and accordions break through a sensational percussive mix. Most of all, Los Lobos can play rock, blues, and country with a finesse and beauty that have not been seen since the heyday of The Band. With New Orleans' own Dirty Dozen Brass Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 2 at 8.)



The New York Knicks

The Righteous Brothers—Bobby Hatfield (the short tenor) and Bill Medley (the tall baritone) had a string of lush, melodramatic hits a quarter of a century ago. Produced by Phil Spector, these songs—a series of super-orchestrated ballads ("You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'," "Unchained Melody," "Just Once in My Life")—were the aural equivalent of SuperScope and PanaVision. The deep, haunting melodies and sweeping violins were dynamic, and Hatfield and Medley's enthusiastic call-and-response delivery exemplified blue-eyed soul. Thanks to a few mega-hit movies like "Top Gun," "Dirty Dancing," and "Ghost," the duo are experiencing a resurgence of popularity and have two different versions (recorded twenty-five years apart) of "Unchained Melody" climbing the Top Twenty. This reunion show is nothing new; it's thanks for the memories. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Nov. 4 at 7:30.)

Santana—After years of being treated like an embarrassing holdover from the Dionysian sixties, Carlos Santana is almost hip again. "World music," psychedelia, and the San Francisco sound are in vogue. Santana's guitar style is recognized as a central influence on Prince. The Afro-Latin polyrhythms on the new Paul Simon album, which critics are falling over each other to praise, have had their counterpart in twenty years of Santana's music. So go ahead, put on your headband and your Adidas, and play that air guitar with the rest of the crowd. (Beacon Theatre. Nov. 5-7 at 8.)

Peter Allen—That this is something of a comeback concert—after the 1988 Broadway musical "Legs Diamond," in which Allen starred, went over like a lead balloon—just adds to the delicious over-the-topness Allen's fans love. From the tip of his Rockettes toes to the Liberace gleam of his smile, this happy camper is glorious trashy fun. (He and k.d. lang are Ed Koch's favorite entertainers.) Seventies revivalists are required to purchase tickets; for the rest of us, attendance is purely on a voluntary basis. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 6-8 at 8.)

Inti-Illimani, John Williams, and Paco Peña—Avery Fisher Hall. Oct. 31 at 8.

Fleetwood Mac—Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 1 at 8.

Billy Taylor Trio—Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 1 at 8.

Craig Harris—Roulette, 228 West Broadway. 219-8242. Nov. 2-3 at 9.

Balalaika & Domra Society—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Nov. 3 at 8.

"Folk Masters: Traditional Music in the Americas"—The first two concerts in a series of twelve. Nov. 3 at 8:30: Joe and Odell Thompson, Sammy Price, John Dee Holeman, and John Cephas & Phil Wiggins. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 8: Eddie Lejeune and the Morse Playboys, Irene Berthiaume & Noella Marquis, Arcade Richard, and the Maine French Fiddlers. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. The series runs through Dec. 15.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Away until Nov. 18, when they face the Detroit Lions.

Jets—Vs. the Dallas Cowboys, Nov. 4 at 1.

Rangers—Vs. the Quebec Nordiques, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Vs. the Boston Bruins, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Nov. 7. (Game time, 7:30.)

Islanders—Vs. the Los Angeles Kings, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Vs. the Toronto Maple Leafs, Nov. 6. (Game time, 7:35.)

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 7 at 7:45.

Knicks—The Knickerbockers' first home game of the season is against the Boston Celtics, Nov. 3 at 7:30.

(The Jets play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For information about Jets tickets, call 421-6600. The Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; the Islanders at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 794-9300; and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Starts Oct. 31. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1.

New York City Marathon—Twenty-five thousand runners have signed up for this year's event, which starts at 10:45 on Nov. 4, at the toll plaza of the Verrazano Bridge, and ends more than two hours later, near Tavern on the Green, in Central Park.

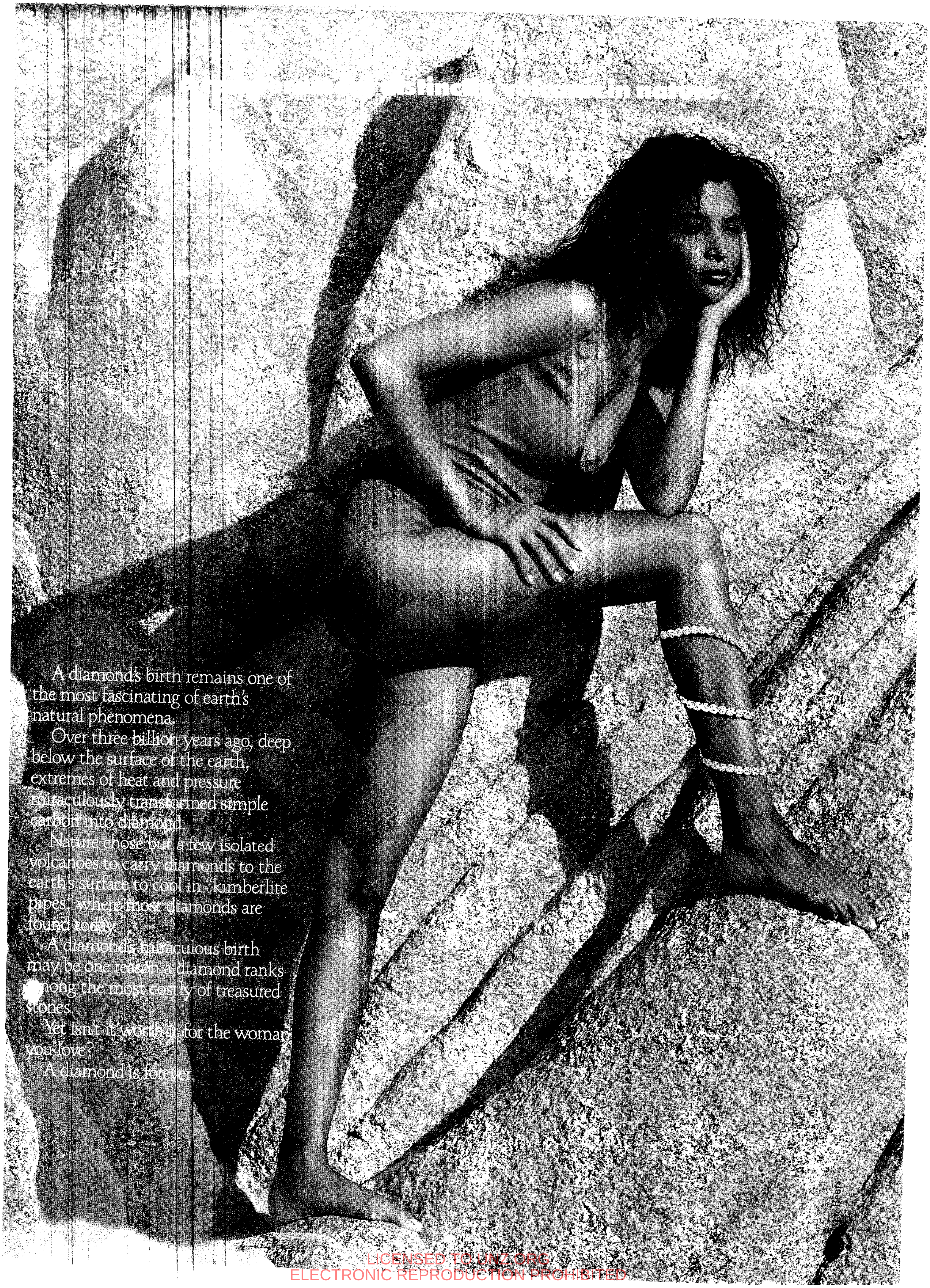
ABOVE AND BEYOND

Modernism—The fifth annual show (and sale) of furniture, jewelry, and home furnishings manufactured between 1860 and 1960. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Nov. 1-3 from 11 to 9, and Nov. 4 from 11 to 6. Admission at the door on the days of the show.)

Hawk Gawk—An annual watch, from the upper terrace of the Boathouse in Prospect Park, for predatory birds: kestrels, ospreys, and red-tailed hawks. (Prospect Park near Lincoln Rd. and Ocean Ave., Brooklyn. Nov. 3 at 1.)

Readings and Talks—Nov. 1 at 7: William Jay Smith reads from his own poetry. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 7:30: Barbara Ehrenreich moderates a panel of five women, who will discuss the topic "Satire, Outrage, and Invective." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8: Joyce Johnson [illegible]ll read from and talk about her new b[illegible]k, "What Lisa Knew: The Truth and Lies of the Steinberg Case." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 8:30: Adam Gopnik gives a lecture called "Your Feets Too Big: Soles and Souls in Modern Art." (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9795.) . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 8: A staged reading, by the Atlantic Theatre Company, of previously unperformed plays and play fragments by David Mamet. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. For information about tickets, call 787-6557.) . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: Stephen Sondheim talks about music. (Juilliard School, 144 W. 66th St. For information about tickets, call 877-1800, ext. 633.)

Memorandum—Election Day is Nov. 6. The polls are open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.



[illegible] in nature.

A diamond's birth remains one of the most fascinating of earth's natural phenomena.

Over three billion years ago, deep below the surface of the earth, extremes of heat and pressure miraculously transformed simple carbon into diamond.

Nature chose but a few isolated volcanoes to carry diamonds to the earth's surface to cool in "kimberlite pipes," where most diamonds are found today.

A diamond's miraculous birth may be one reason a diamond ranks among the most costly of treasured stones.

Yet isn't it worth it for the woman you love?

A diamond is forever.

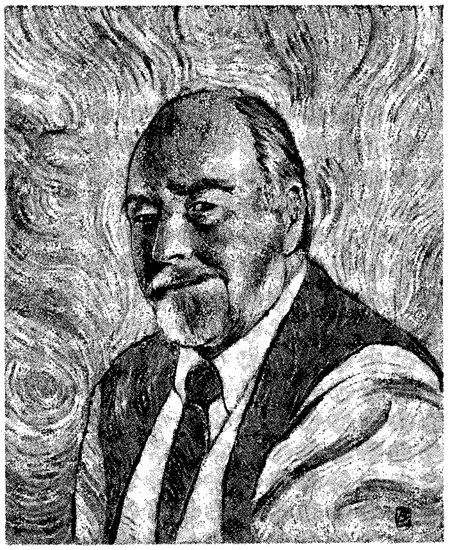
De Beers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	29	30	31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE *DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION,* STARTING ON PAGE 33.



Robert Altman,
the director of "Vincent & Theo"

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "The Man Inside" (directed by Bobby Roth), with Jürgen Prochnow, Peter Coyote, and Nathalie Baye. From Nov. 2 (tentative): "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman).
Theatre 3: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 1: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), with Christopher Walken, David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, and Wesley Snipes. From Nov. 2: "Leningrad Cowboys Go America" (Aki Kaurismaki; in English and Finnish).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 1: "Wild at Heart" (†). From Nov. 2: "C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys), with Nathalie Baye and Richard Berry.
Theatre 6: "Tune in Tomorrow . . . " (Jon Amiel), with Barbara Hershey, Keanu Reeves, and Peter Falk.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Nov. 1: "Landscape in the Mist" (Theo Angelopoulos; in Greek).
From Nov. 2: "Route One" (Robert Kramer).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
Theatre 2: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 3: "GoodFellas" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 4: "Reversal of Fortune" (Barbet Schroeder), with Glenn Close, Jeremy Irons, and Ron Silver.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 1: "Ghost" (†). From Nov. 2: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.
Theatre 6: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Fantasia" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson. From Nov. 2: "Waiting for the Light" (Christopher Monger), with Shirley MacLaine and Teri Garr.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 1: "Ghost" (†).
From Nov. 2: "Roger Corman's Frankenstein Unbound" (Corman), with John Hurt, Raul Julia, Bridget Fonda, and Jason Patric.

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Fantasia" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tune in Tomorrow . . . " (Jon Amiel), with Barbara Hershey, Keanu Reeves, and Peter Falk.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Pacific Heights" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Nov. 1: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson.
From Nov. 2: "Waiting for the Light" (Christopher Monger), with Shirley MacLaine and Teri Garr.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Night of the Living Dead" (Tom Savini).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Miller's Crossing" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary. From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 3: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Avalon" (†). From Nov. 2: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.
Theatre 2: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Reversal of Fortune" (Barbet Schroeder), with Glenn Close, Jeremy Irons, and Ron Silver.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Quigley Down Under" (Simon Wincer), with Tom Selleck, Laura San Giacomo, and Alan Rickman.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Night of the Living Dead" (Tom Savini).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine. From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Tong Tana: A Journey to the Heart of Borneo" (directed by Jan Roed, Fredrik Von Krusenstjerna, Bjorn Cederberg, and Kristian Petri; in German, English, Swedish, and Penan), a documentary. From Nov. 7: "Baxter" (1988, Jerome Boivin; in French).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "Akira" (Katsuhiro Otomo), a Japanese animated science-fiction film.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 2: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 1: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary. From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "The Icicle Thief" (Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian).
Theatre 4: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Pacific Heights" (†).
Theatre 2: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 3: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
Theatre 4: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 1: "Miller's Crossing" (†). From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 6: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.
Theatre 7: Through Nov. 1: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley. From Nov. 2: "Waiting for the Light" (Christopher Monger), with Shirley MacLaine and Teri Garr.
Theatre 8: "Tune in Tomorrow . . . " (Jon Amiel), with Barbara Hershey, Keanu Reeves, and Peter Falk.
Theatre 9: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Night of the Living Dead" (Tom Savini).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 1: "Sonny Boy." From Nov. 2: "Roger Corman's Frankenstein Unbound" (Corman), with John Hurt.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Fantasia" (†).

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Tall Guy" (†).
Theatre 3: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 4: "Avalon" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 1: "Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley. From Nov. 2: "Waiting for the Light" (Christopher Monger), with Shirley MacLaine and Teri Garr.
Theatre 6: "Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"The Man Inside" (Bobby Roth).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360[illegible]
"Reversal of Fortune" (Barbet Schroe[illegible]), with Glenn Close, Jeremy Irons, and Ron Silver.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Nov. 1: "Miller's Crossing" (†).
From Nov. 2: "C'est la Vie" (Diane Kurys).

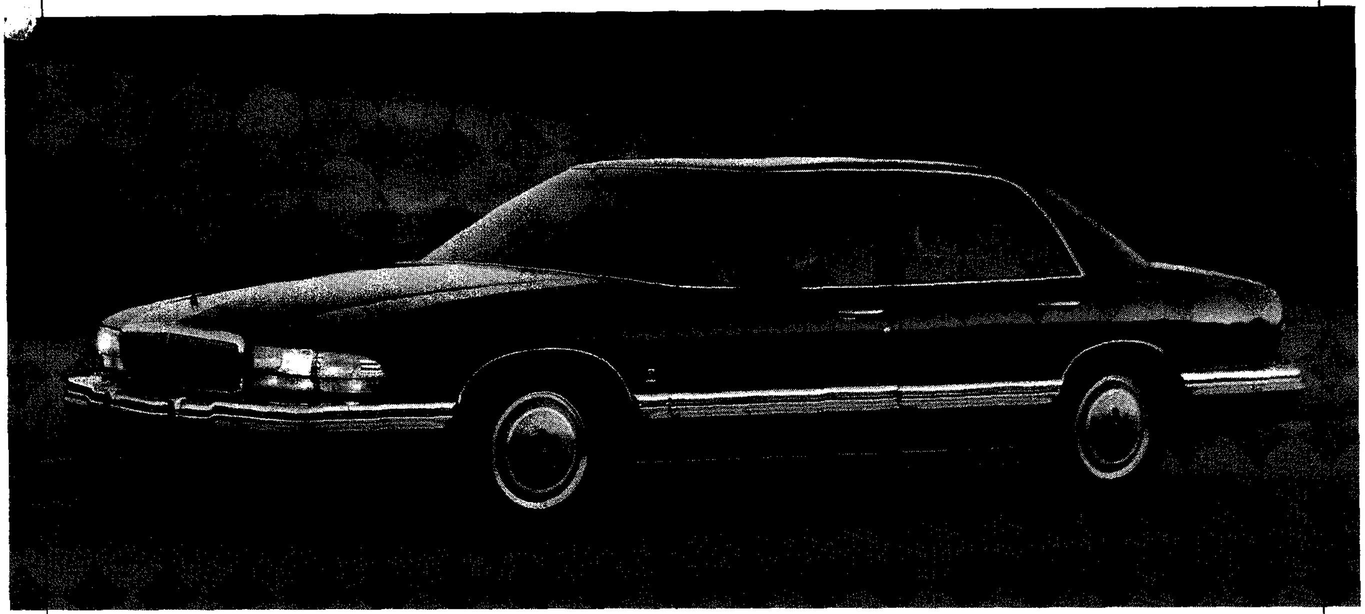
Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"The Icicle Thief" (Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian).

Loews Fine Arts, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
Through Nov. 1: "Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman).
From Nov. 2: "Vincent & Theo" (Robert Altman), with Tim Roth and Paul Rhys.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Presumed Innocent" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tune in Tomorrow . . . " (Jon Amiel).

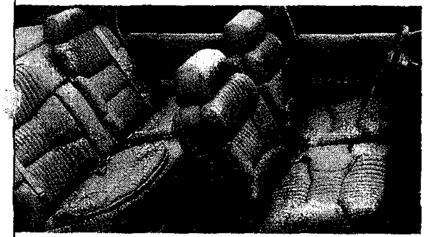
THE PERFECT CAR FOR THE '90S.



The 1991 Buick Park Avenue Ultra.

After driving the new Park Avenue Ultra, the editors of *Motor Trend* concluded, "Buick may have created the perfect car for the '90s."

Drive it yourself, and you may conclude that we've created the perfect car for you.



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—*Car and Driver*

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Sibling Rivalry" (Carl Reiner), with Kirstie Alley.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Nasty Girl" (Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze.
Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 3: "L'Atalante" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Postcards from the Edge" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.
Theatre 3: "Fantasia" (†).
Theatre 4: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.
Theatre 5: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 6: "Avalon" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Henry & June" (†).
Theatre 2: "White Palace" (Luis Mandoki), with Susan Sarandon and James Spader.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal. From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Pacific Heights" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (356-0900)
Theatre 1: "GoodFellas" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Nov. 2: "Roger Corman's Frankenstein Unbound" (directed by Corman), with John Hurt, Raul Julia, Bridget Fonda, and Jason Patric.
Theatre 3: "King of New York" (Abel Ferrara), *with Christopher Walken,* David Caruso, Larry Fishburne, and Wesley Snipes.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 1: "To Sleep with Anger" (Charles Burnett), with Danny Glover. From Nov. 2: "Jacob's Ladder" (Adrian Lyne), with Tim Robbins, Elizabeth Peña, and Danny Aiello.
Theatre 5: "Listen Up: The Lives of Quincy Jones" (Ellen Weissbrod), a documentary.
Theatre 6: "Pacific Heights" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Mr. Destiny" (James Orr), with James Belushi and Michael Caine.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Hot Spot" (Dennis Hopper), with Don Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Death Warrant" (Deran Saradian), with Jean-Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Graveyard Shift" (Ralph S. Singleton), with David Andrews.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Marked for Death" (Dwight H. Little), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: "Night of the Living Dead" (Tom Savini).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 1: "Sonny Boy." From Nov. 2: "Graffiti Bridge" (Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Memphis Belle" (Michael Caton-Jones), with Matthew Modine and Eric Stoltz.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 255 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Oct. 29: "Boom Town" (1940, directed by Jack Conway), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, and Spencer Tracy; and "I Love You Again" (1940, W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Frank Morgan, and Edmund Lowe.
Oct. 30-31: "Stranger on the Third Floor" (1940, Boris Ingster), with Peter Lorre, John McGuire, Margaret Tallichet, and Elisha Cook, Jr.; "Devil's Island" (1940, William Clemens), with Boris Karloff, James Stephenson, and Nedda Harrigan; and "Calling Philo Vance" (1940, William Clemens), with James Stephenson, Margot Stevenson, and Ralph Forbes.

In 1979, "La Cage aux Folles" (playing November 5 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) became the most profitable foreign film ever released in this country without benefit of hype or awards or hot young stars—simply on the strength of its sustained zaniness and warmth. Director Edouard Molinaro and writer Francis Veber turned the love story of the drag queen Albin (Michel Serrault) and the night-club owner Renato (Ugo Tognazzi) into a funny, touching fable of monogamy and personal liberation. During the course of a complicated family mixup involving the marriage of Renato's son to a right-wing statesman's daughter, Albin and Renato acquire a new honesty in their relationship with each other and with the straight world. The movie parodies all stereotypes: racial, sexual, and ethnic. The satire peaks when the gleefully effeminate black butler (Benny Luke), who usually dresses in heart-shaped doilies, dons a monkey suit for a formal dinner and sings a garbled French version of "Old Man River."

The film has a consistent comic logic: the more Albin tries to help bring off the marriage of Renato's son by playing straight, the more he bollixes up the whole affair. The two lead actors bring this latter-day Feydeau farce a touch of poetry. Serrault is amazing as Albin. He's able—like Stan Laurel—to be riotous at his most pathetic. His body can't quite keep up with his graceful mental picture of how he comes and goes. He skitters between swivels, and lets out a wider variety of squeals than you'd hear in a pet store. As Renato, Tognazzi acts with the stylized hauteur of a headwaiter in his own house. When he smooths his eyebrows with a damp pinky, he makes Renato seem as comically vain as Albin. Like the performers, the characters love acting. This is still one of the few mainstream films in which gays are, in every sense, gay.

Nov. 1-3: "Waterloo Bridge" (†); and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940, Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.
Nov. 4-5: "Bitter Sweet" (†); and "It's a Date" (1940, William A. Seiter), with Deanna Durbin, Walter Pidgeon, Kay Francis, and S. Z. Sakall.
Nov. 6-7: "Flowing Gold" (1940, Alfred E. Green), with John Garfield, Frances Farmer, and Pat O'Brien; and "They Drive by Night" (†).

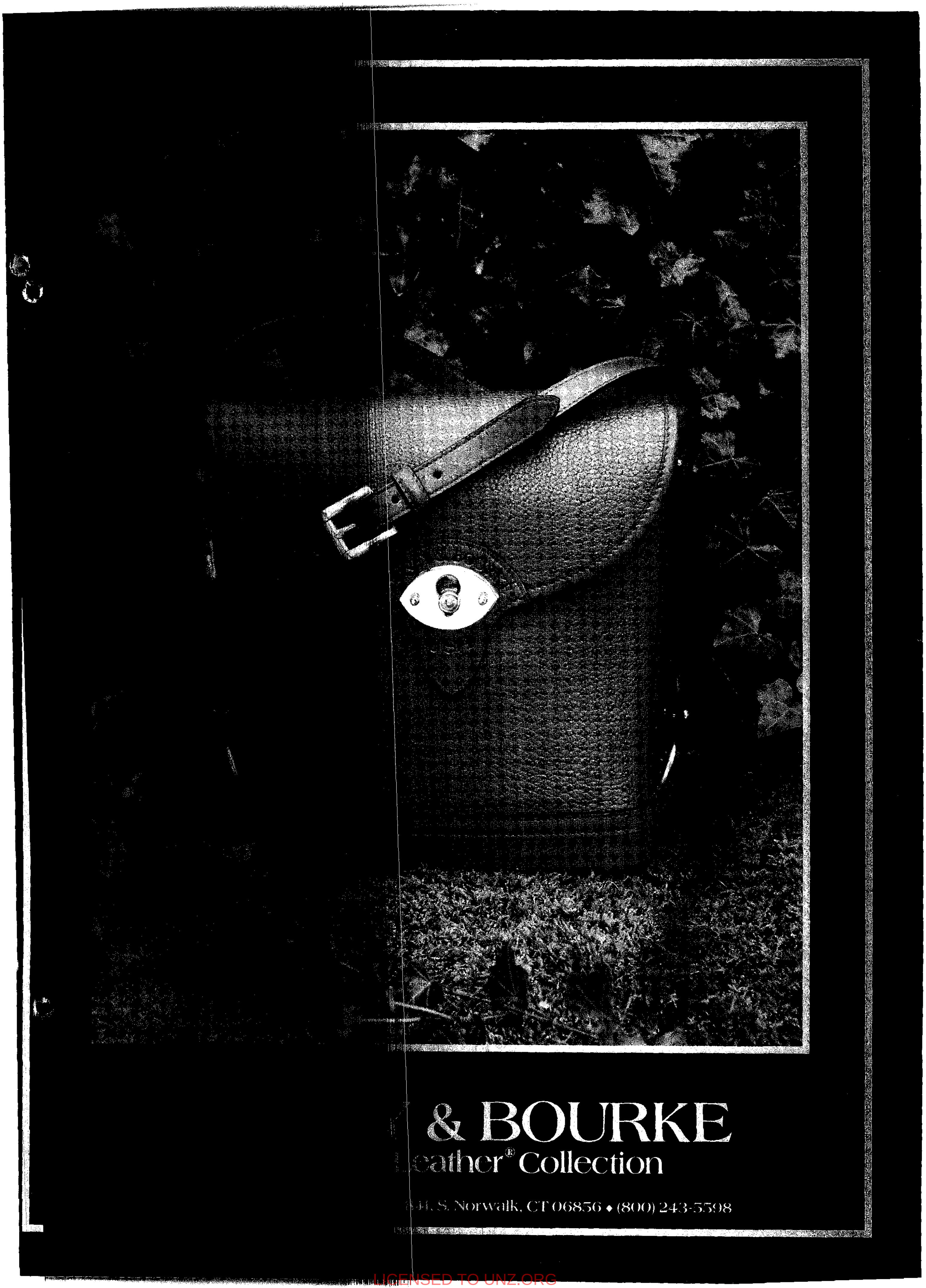
Cinema Village (formerly the Bijou Cinema), 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
Through Oct. 30: "Echoes of Paradise" (1989, Phillip Noyce), with Wendy Hughes and John Lone; and "The Luckiest Man in the World" (1989, Frank D. Gilroy), with Philip Bosco.
Oct. 31-Nov. 3: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†) and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†).
Nov. 4-6: "Camille Claudel" (1989, Bruno Nuytten; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
From Nov. 7: "The Music Teacher" (1989, Gérard Corbiau; in French); and "La Lectrice" (1989, Michel Deville; in French), with Miou-Miou.

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Oct. 29: "I Was a Teenage Werewolf" (1957, Gene Fowler, Jr.), with Michael Landon; "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein" (1958, Herbert J. Strock), with Whit Bissell; and "Teenage Caveman" (1958, Roger Corman), with Robert Vaughn.
Oct. 30: "Blood of Dracula" (1957, Herbert L. Strock), with Sandra Harrison; and "Horrors of the Black Museum" (1959, Arthur Crabtree), with Michael Gough.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "How to Make a Monster" (1958, Herbert L. Strock), with Robert Harris, Paul Brinegar, Gary Conway, and Gary Clarke; "The Spider" (1958, Bert I. Gordon), with Ed Kemmer, June Kenney, and Sally Fraser; and "The Brain Eaters" (1959, Bruno Ve Sota), with Joanna Lee, Ed Nelson, and Alan Frost.
Nov. 2-3: "The Day the World Ended" (1955, Roger Corman), with Richard *Denning, Lori Nelson, and Mike Connors;* and "It Conquered the World" (1957, Corman), with Peter Graves, Beverly Garland, and Lee Van Cleef.
Nov. 4-5: "The She-Creature" (1957, Edward L. Cahn), with Chester Morris, Marla English, and Tom Conway; "The Saga of the Viking Women" (1957, Roger Corman), with Abby Dalton, Susan Cabot, and Jonathan Haze; and "The Wasp Woman" (1959, Corman), with Cabot and Anthony Eisley.
Nov. 6: "A Bucket of Blood" (1959, Roger Corman), with Dick Miller; "Attack of the Giant Leeches" (1959, Bernard Kowalski), with Yvette Vickers and Ken Clark; and "Invasion of the Saucer-Men" (1957, Edward L. Cahn), with Steve Terrell, Gloria Castillo, and Frank Gorshin.
From Nov. 7: "The Amazing Colossal Man" (1957, Bert I. Gordon), with Glenn Langan, Cathy Downs, and William Hudson; and "War of the Colossal Beast" (1958, Gordon), with Sally Fraser, Roger Pace, and Dean Parkin.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 29: "La Femme Infidèle" (1969, Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphan Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet; and "This Man Must Die" (1969, Chabrol; in French), with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean Yanne.
Oct. 30: "Executive Suite" (1954, Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "The Hucksters" (1947, Jack Conway), with Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr, Sydney Greenstreet, and Ava Gardner.
Oct. 31: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967, Roman Polanski), with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate; and "Love at First Bite" (1979, Stan Dragoti), with George Hamilton, Susan Saint James, Richard Benjamin, Arte Johnson, and Dick Shawn.
Nov. 1: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" (†) and "Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man" (†).
Nov. 2-3: "The Manchurian Candidate" (†) and "On the Beach" (†).
Nov. 4: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Ron Leibman, and Trish Van Devere.
Nov. 5: "La Cage aux Folles" (see blurb in *center column); and "La Cage aux Folles* Two" (1980, Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Marcel Bozzuffi.
Nov. 6: "Pandora's Box" (1928, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks and Fritz Kortner; and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929, G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Brooks and Fritz Rasp.
Nov. 7: "My Favorite Wife" (†); and "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948, Preston Stur[illegible]), with Rex Harrison, Linda Darnell, Edgar Kennedy, and Rudy Vallée.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Oct. 29 at 12:30: Advertising-film-and-videotape winners of the British Television Advertising Awards in 1990. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 2:30: "Notorious" (1946, directed by Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman, Cary Grant, and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "Fable Safe" (1971, Eric Barnouw) and "Chernobyl, Chronicle of Difficult Weeks" (1986, Vladimir Shevchenko). . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3 and 6: "Antigone" (1989, Amy Greenfield), with Bertram Ross, Janet Eilber, and Greenfield. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French and Japanese), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji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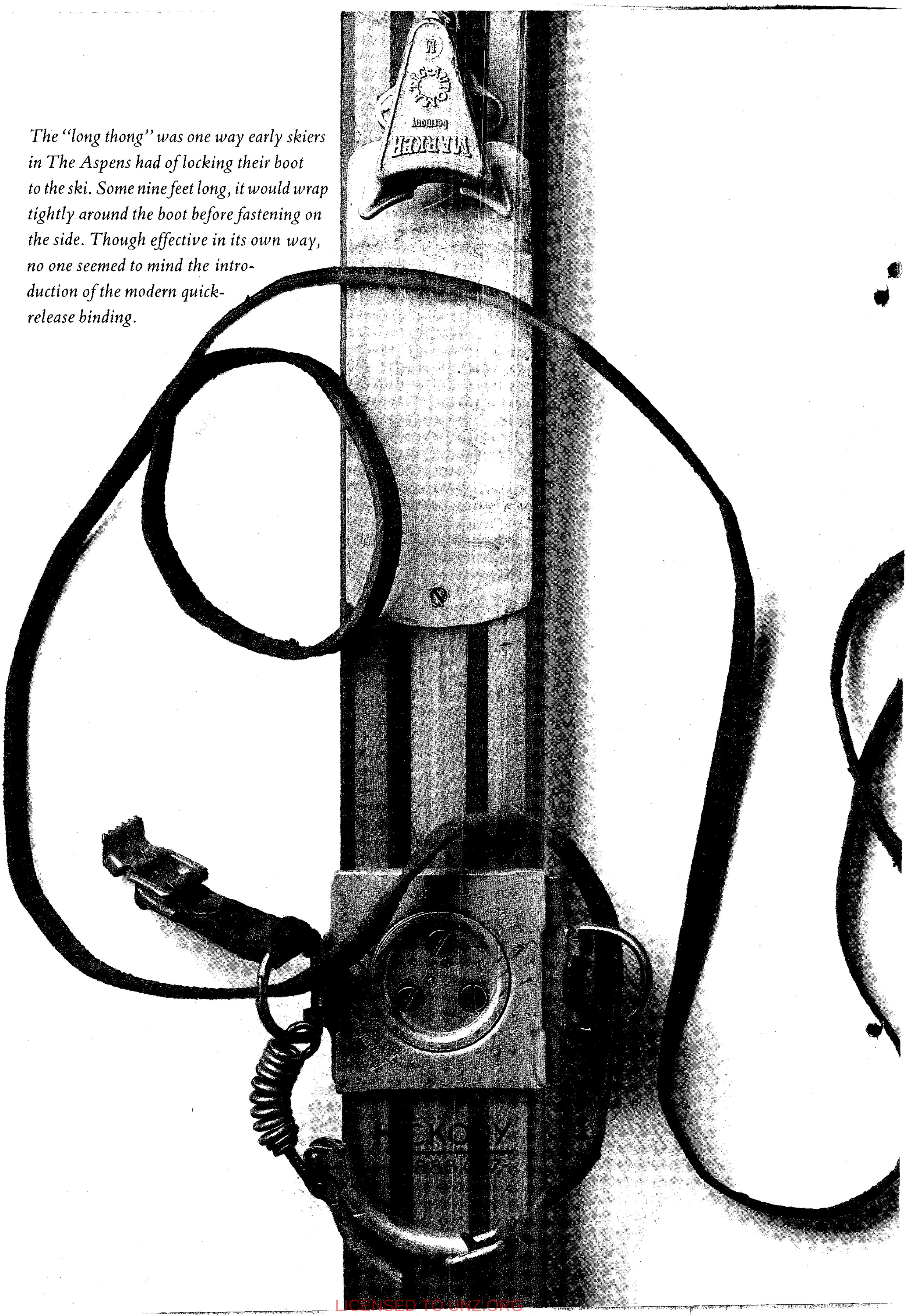
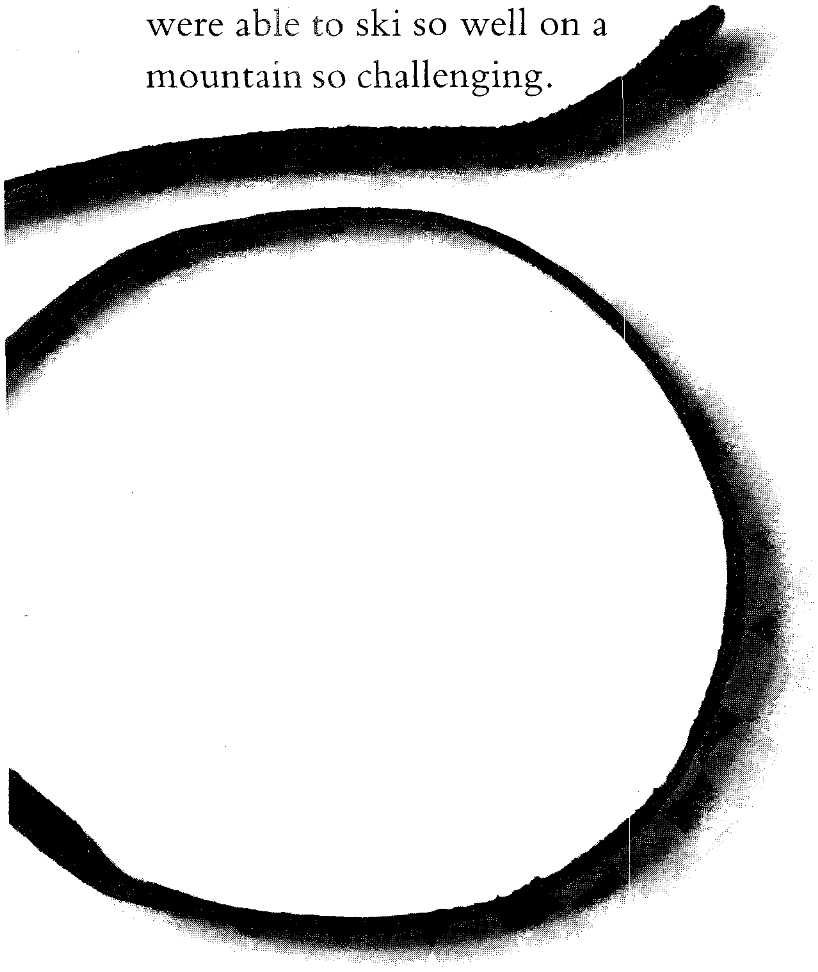
The "long thong" was one way early skiers in The Aspens had of locking their boot to the ski. Some nine feet long, it would wrap tightly around the boot before fastening on the side. Though effective in its own way, no one seemed to mind the introduction of the modern quick-release binding.



Somewhere up around the top of the run called Buckhorn, somewhere up around the top of Aspen Mountain, somewhere toward the end of the day, you find yourself wondering how they did it.

How the early legends, Friedl Pfeifer, Percy Rideout, Steve Knowlton, the men of the Tenth Mountain Division, were able to ski so well on a mountain so challenging.



And on equipment so unforgiving.

How on skis made of hickory, boots made of leather and poles of bamboo, they were somehow able to master this mountain. This mountain of diamonds, mostly double-black, which is still seldom mastered today.

Out of respect, or maybe awe, you tip your hat to them as you start down Buckhorn, working your way over to Ruthie's Run—home of the Aspen World Cup Races—before deciding to veer off to try one last run.

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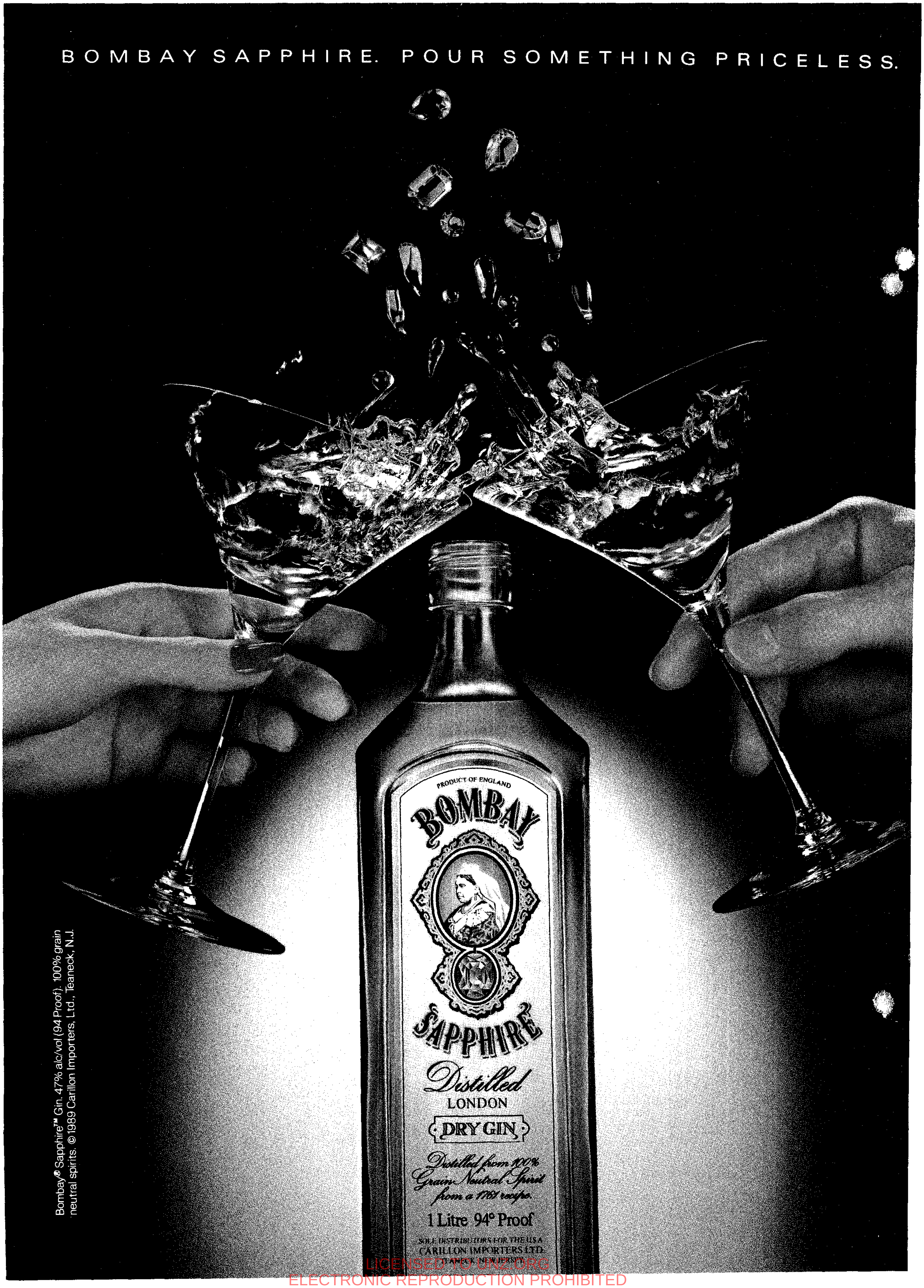
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Okada. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 3 and 6: "Winter Ade" (1989, Helke Misselwitz), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 6: "Seven Days in May" (1964, John Frankenheimer), with Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, Fredric March, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2:30: "Fable Safe." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 3: "The Wild One" (1954, Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: "Decalogue 1" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 6: "Death of a Salesman" (1951, Laslo Benedek), with Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock, and Kevin McCarthy. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2: "Decalogue 2" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Sons, Mother, and a General" (1955, Laslo Benedek; in German). Mr. Benedek will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5: "Decalogue 3" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 5: "The Night Visitor" (1970, Laslo Benedek), with Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2: "Decalogue 4" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Death of a Salesman." . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "Decalogue 5" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 5: "The Wild One." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 2:30: "Five" (1951, Arch Oboler), with William Phipps and Susan Douglas. . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 3: "Sons, Mother, and a General." . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6: "Decalogue 6" (1988, Krzysztof Kieslowski; in Polish). . . . ¶ Nov. 5 at 6:30: A program of animated films by Emily Hubley and Stacey Steers, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 3 and 6: A program of three short animated films by Tom Yasumi and six short animated films by Joanna Priestley.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. Oct. 30-Nov. 3: Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel" (1972, CBS), with Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Barnard Hughes, Kathryn Walker, Pamela Payton-Wright, and Nancy Marchand. . . . ¶ From Nov. 6: "Eleanor and Franklin (Part 2)" (1976, ABC), with Jane Alexander and Edward Herrmann. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Courthouse Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Films by Ulrike Ottinger, all in German: Oct. 31 at 7, Nov. 2 at 9, and Nov. 3 at 7: "Madame X." . . . Nov. 1 at 8:30: "The Enchantment of the Blue Sailors" and "Lacoon & Sons." . . . Nov. 3 at 9 and Nov. 5 at 7: "Berlin Fever" and "Ticket of No Return." . . . Nov. 4 at 5:30: "China." . . . Nov. 6 at 7: "Usinimage." . . . Nov. 7 at 7: "Count Down." . . . ¶ Films from Mexico, in Spanish: Nov. 1 at 7: "El Secreto de Romelia" (Busi Cortes). . . . Nov. 1 at 9: "Esperanza" (Sergio Olhovish). . . . Nov. 2 at 7: "Dias Dificiles" (Alejandro Pelayo). . . . Nov. 2-3 at 9: "Frida" (Paul Leduc). . . . Nov. 4 at 9: "Mariana-Mariana" (Alberto Isaac). . . . ¶ Nov. 1-2 at 7, Nov. 3 at 5, Nov. 4 at 7, and Nov. 5-7 at 9:30: "Antigone" (1989, Amy Greenfield), with Bertram Ross, Janet Eilber, and Greenfield.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Oct. 31 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "I Married a Witch" (1942, René Clair), with Veronica Lake, Fredric March, Robert Benchley, and Susan Hayward. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 12:30 and 6: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (1988, Marcel Ophuls; in French, German, and Spanish), a four-and-a-half-hour documentary.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre: "From Harlem to Hollywood: American Race Movies, 1912-48." Oct. 31 at 2: "Souls of Sin" (1948, Powell Lindsay), with Savannah Churchill, William Greaves, and Jimmy Wright. . . . Nov. 1 at 2: "The Negro Soldier" (1944, Frank Capra and Stuart Heisler), a documentary; and "Let My People Live" (1944, Edgar G. Ulmer), a short film, with Rex Ingram. . . . Nov. 2 at 2: "Bright Road" (1953, Gerald Mayer), with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte. . . . ¶ In either the Riklis Theatre or the Warner Communications Screening Room: "Red Scare! Soviet Communism in American Film and Television, 1909-88." Nov. 3 at 2: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956, Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "The Red Nightmare" (1962, George Waggner), a short film narrated by Jack Webb. . . . Nov. 3 at 4: "My Son John" (1952, Leo McCarey), with Robert Walker and Helen Hayes. . . . Nov. 4 at 2: "Conspirator" (1949, Victor Saville), with Robert Taylor and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . Nov. 4 at 4: "I Married a Communist" (1949, Robert Stevenson), with Laraine Day and Robert Ryan. . . . Nov. 3-4 at 1 and 3 and Nov. 7 at 2: "Communism" (1952), an episode of "The Sacred Heart Program"; "Red Documents" (1953), an episode of "I Led 3 Lives," with Richard Carlson; and "The Spy Next Door" (1961), an episode of "U.S. Armstrong Circle Theatre," with Wesley Addy and William Daniels.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Nov. 2 at 6:30: "The Disembodied" (1988, Nobuhiko Oobayashi; in Japanese).

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (860-1894)—Oct. 30 at 7: "Goodbye Columbus" (1969, Larry Peerce), with Richard Benjamin, Ali MacGraw, Jack Klugman, and Nan Martin. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 7: "Radio Days" (1987, Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, Julie Kavner, Tony Roberts, Michael Tucker, and Dianne Wiest.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Out of the Corner," a video installation by Adrian Piper. Closed Mondays.

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. (517-2742)—"Stories of Women: Films By and About Indian Women": Nov. 6 at 7: "Parama" (Aparna Sen). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 7: "Barrister" (Vijaya Mehta).

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—Nov. 3 at 4 and 6:30: "Good Friend Mendoza" (1933, Fernando de Fuentes; in Spanish).

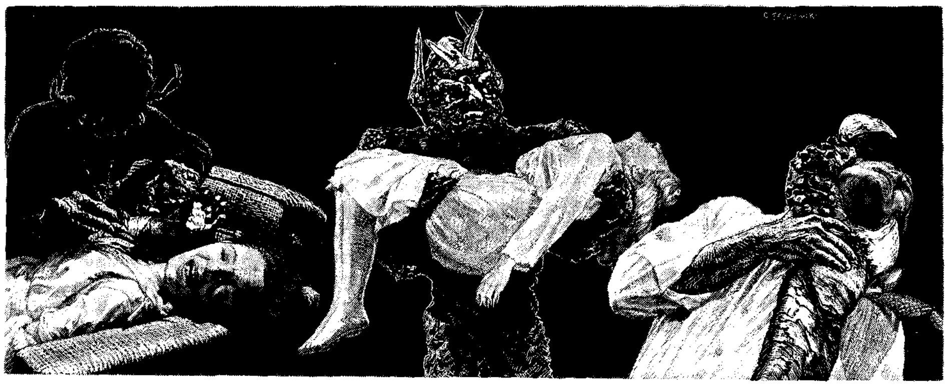
IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Akira Kurosawa's Dreams—Not one of its eight segments feels like a real dream. The kind of power that Kurosawa aims for, and intermittently achieves, in this picture is less oneiric than ceremonial. The film is a succession of sweeping dramatic gestures and lofty incantations performed in an atmosphere of hushed solemnity. The second half of "Dreams" is weak: the fifth episode, "Crows," about a fantasy encounter with van Gogh, is a thin conceit; and the remaining three segments are all static, self-conscious, and didactic. But there's greatness in the film's first hour. The opening segment, "Sunshine Through the Rain," is the vision of a small child who wanders into a forest and witnesses a wedding procession of foxes; the sequence has a wholly original sense of the rapturous fear and awe we feel when we first come upon the wonders of the natural world. The second episode, "The Peach Orchard," is also lovely (though its mood and pace are too similar to those of the first). The third segment, "The Blizzard," about four men trapped in a snowstorm, is all snow, howling-wind effects, and bleak, undifferentiated vistas of despair, until Kurosawa pulls a miracle out of the white void: a woman in long black hair and diaphanous robes appears to the party's leader as he battles sleep. It's a transcendent image, perhaps the most piercing ever made of the desires that keep people from surrendering to death. And the fourth episode, "The Tunnel," about a man returning from war and encountering his dead comrades, is a brilliant, hypnotic piece of filmmaking. With Akira Terao, who plays the dreamer in six of the segments; Mieko Harada as the Snow Fairy; Martin Scorsese as van Gogh; and Chishu Ryu. Cinematography by Takao Saito and Masaharu Ueda. In Japanese.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/10/90.) (Angelika Film Center, and Cinema 3rd Avenue.)



At Film Forum 2, Roger Corman's "The Wasp Woman," "The Day the World Ended," and "It Conquered the World"

L'Atalante (1934)—With Michel Simon, Dita Parlo, and Jean Dasté; directed by Jean Vigo. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Avalon—In legend, Avalon is an earthly paradise. The writer-director Barry Levinson uses the name as his Rosebud: it's carved into the façade of the castlelike Baltimore apartment house where the five Krichinsky brothers, Jews who immigrated from Eastern Europe before the First World War, make their first American home. In Levinson's view, those early years were a golden age. The film is set mostly during his own childhood, in the late forties, when his parents move to the suburbs, and TV breaks up the clan's social patterns, and the surviving brothers have divided into feuding factions. The scattered fine comic moments don't make up for the wide streak of fuddy-duddyism in the notion that the family used to be the bulwark of the nation's value system. The movie is an elegy to a mythical past and people emerge from the theatre sniffling. They've been told they're suffering from soul-sickness—the loss of unity, harmony, family music. With the quietly witty Elizabeth Perkins as the American-born young wife who doesn't buy into Levinson's vision of how great the past was. Trapped living with her bickering Old World in-laws, she's practically stiff from repressed annoyance, but she's too decent and too timid to explode. Aidan Quinn is persuasive as her affable salesman husband who's not going to get caught between his wife and his mother (Joan Plowright); his specialty is keeping the peace. The peppy Kevin Pollak is Quinn's cousin and business partner. Armin Mueller-Stahl is the paperhanger grandfather Sam Krichinsky, the life-spirit central character who makes the points that Levinson wants to put across. Also with Lou Jacobi, and Elijah Wood as the child Michael. Cinematography by Allen Daviau.—P.K.

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Bitter Sweet (1940)—It is said that when Noël Coward saw how his ironic, romantic costume operetta of 1929 (the book, the lyrics, and the music are all his) had been turned into a clumsy, sentimental vehicle for the overgrown kitten Jeanette MacDonald and dim, stalwart Nelson Eddy, he wept. He also vowed to sell nothing more to Hollywood and—surprisingly—he kept that vow. MacDonald (born in 1903) is meant to be a proper, inexperienced English girl of eighteen, and Eddy, who could never manage dash or fire (he always looked pained from the effort; you could see the dull ache of someone who recognized his limitations), is supposed to be a Viennese rake. This is by no means the worst of the MacDonald-Eddy love-duet films—the songs are still mostly by Coward, and they include "I'll See You Again"—but this isn't one of the rare ones redeemed by high spirits, either. It's bad enough: you pass the time watching the actors ladling on their characterizations. And this being a big M-G-M production, MacDonald, even when she is supposed to be starving, is dressed in Adrian's plushiest low-camp creations. All the women in the large cast are decked out in ruffles and puffs and bows. W. S. Van Dyke directed from Lester Samuels' adaptation. The cast includes George Sanders, Ian Hunter, Felix Bressart, and, in bits, Hans Conried and Jeff Corey.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 4-5.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotić, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from the "Nutcracker" Suite, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film, because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during the "Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy.—P.K. (Gramercy, Sutton, Guild, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Oct. 31-Nov. 3.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays on screen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Goldberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the goofier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 19th Street East 6, and Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

GoodFellas—The director, Martin Scorsese, gives you a lift. He loves the Brooklyn organized-crime milieu, because it's where distortion, hyperbole, and exuberance all commingle. His mobsters are high on having a wad of cash in their pockets. The movie is about being cock of the walk, with banners flying and crowds cheering. Based on Nicholas Pileggi's nonfiction book "Wiseguy," it's a triumphant piece of filmmaking—journalism and sociology presented with the brio of drama. But the three major hoods, played by Ray Liotta, Robert De Niro, and Joe Pesci, don't have a strong enough presence, and the movie lacks the juice and richness that come with major performances. (It's like the Howard Hawks "Scarface" without Scarface.) What you respond to is Scorsese's bravura: the filmmaking process becomes the subject of the movie. Watching it is like getting strung out on pure sensation. Paul Sorvino as Paulie and Lorraine Bracco as Karen both come through, and Tony Darrow as a restaurant owner, Welker White as a drug courier who needs her lucky hat to make a coke delivery, and other performers in minor roles give the movie a frenzied, funny texture. The screenplay is by Pileggi and Scorsese; the cinematography is by Michael Ballhaus; the editing is by Thelma Schoonmaker.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Henry & June—Philip Kaufman's wonderful new film shows us the writers Henry Miller (Fred Ward) and Anaïs Nin (Maria de Medeiros) in the first year of their acquaintance, the period of their brief, intense love affair. It's the love story of two people who are making themselves, and each other, up as they go along: Miller and Nin are at once real people and the products of their own imaginations—collaborators in a matched pair of literary myths. And the action unfolds in and around a city that seems both itself and a figment of itself: the Paris of the thirties. Kaufman brings out the bizarre, almost monstrous comedy of this odd literary/sexual love affair; he presents it as a kind of parody image of relationships between men and women. The third major character, Miller's wife, June (Uma Thurman), is the most mysterious presence here. She seems to represent a demonic, annihilating sexual force, but by the end she's almost a tragic figure; Miller and Nin have given each other the strength to write her out of their lives, in the most literal sense. The actors are splendid: Kaufman gets miracu-

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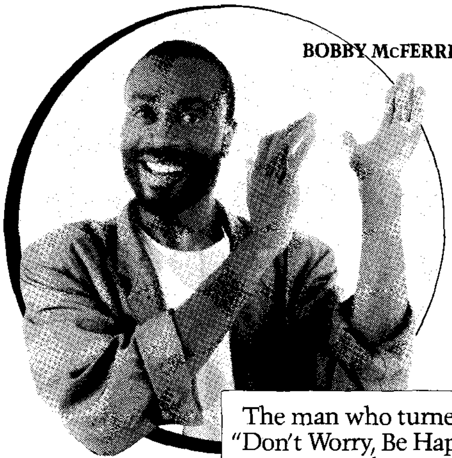

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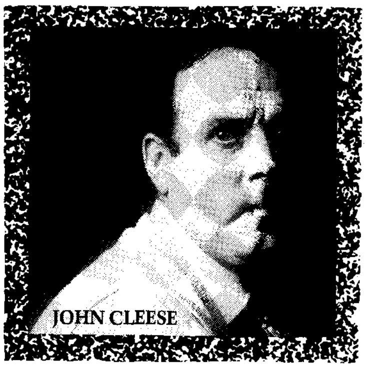

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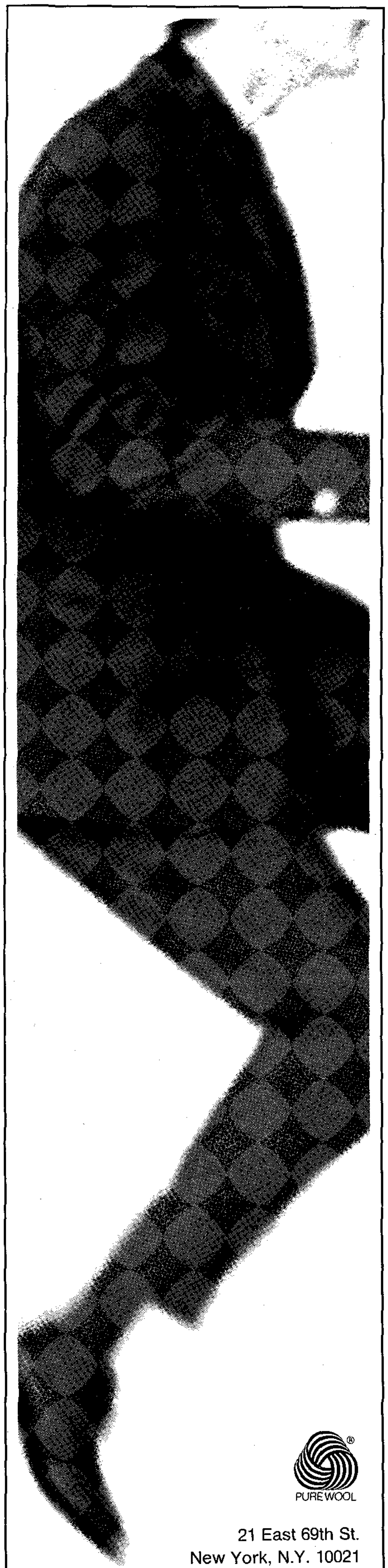

PURE WOOL

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ROMEO GIGLI

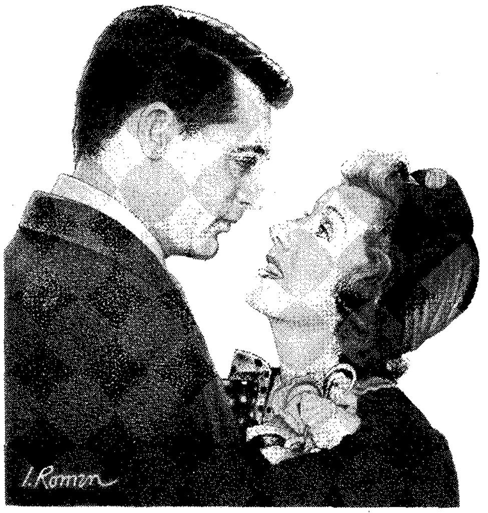
lously intelligent performances from Ward and de Medeiros, and Thurman—uninhibited yet also weirdly delicate—gives the picture a jolt every time she appears. (It's as if a character from a Strindberg chamber drama had barged into "Design for Living.") The movie creates a world, and Kaufman is both affectionate toward and clear-eyed about the people who live in it: he's concerned more with *enjoying* his characters, in all their contradictions, than with explaining them. The material plays as rich, dark erotic farce—a comedy about the duplicity of writers. Also with Richard E. Grant (as Nin's husband), Kevin Spacey, and Jean-Philippe Ecoffey. The screenplay, by Kaufman and his wife, Rose, is based on Nin's diary. Superb cinematography by Philippe Rousselot. —T.R. (10/8/90) (Baronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—Elio Petri's indirect way of telling a story (which gradually takes the form of a paranoid fantasy) makes the viewer apprehensive. His purpose is ostensibly political, but sometimes he becomes so sophisticated and nasty and perverse that you don't trust his purposes. Here, starting with Kafka's cryptic "He is a servant of the law and eludes judgment," he sets out to demonstrate that those in authority are above the law they are supposed to serve. He chooses for his demonstration the megalomaniac chief of Rome's homicide squad (Gian Maria Volonte), who believes he has a license to kill, and has just been promoted to a new post, in which he is to deal with political dissidents. The queasy, tense atmosphere derives not from the horror of the proposition itself but from the kinkiness of the details, such as Ennio Morricone's jangly music when the cop slits the throat of his mistress (Florinda Bolkan). The film is extremely dislikable. Petri is a highly skilled director but he doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he doesn't resolve the tensions, and so you're left in a rather foul mood. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture plays some wonderful, crazy games about the right and the left; although it's a thriller, it may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Janet Leigh, James Gregory, John McGiver, Henry Silva, Madam Spivy, Whit Bissell, James Edwards, Leslie Parrish, Khigh Dhiegh, and Albert Paulsen.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

Miller's Crossing—A cold, clever period gangster movie by the Coen brothers. (Ethan produces and Joel directs, from a script they've written together.) Essentially, it's an academic exercise, a pastiche of the intricately plotted, morally ambiguous crime fiction of Dashiell Hammett: the screenplay incorporates large chunks of "Red Harvest" and "The Glass Key," with a notion or two from "The Maltese Falcon" thrown in. The Coens have certainly done their homework: their movie is a brilliant reading of Hammett. But that's all it is. The picture seems to have no life of its own, and the Coens' formal control and meticulously crafted ironies become, after a while, rather depressing. This is not so much a gangster movie as an extended, elaborate allusion to one. With Gabriel Byrne, Marcia Gay Harden, John Turturro, Jon Polito, J. E. Freeman, and Albert Finney (who is, by a long shot, the most entertaining performer in the movie). The cinematography, by Barry Sonnenfeld, is handsome, but in a studied and not very expressive way. —T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Coronet, and Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 1.)

Mo' Better Blues—The hero of Spike Lee's film is a trumpet player named Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), who is squarely in the tradition of obsessive, single-minded movie jazz musicians. Lee's script presents Bleek with a series of choices, about his love life, his artistic life, and the connection between them. The problem with the picture is that it doesn't frame the hero's choices so that we know what's at stake. And Lee doesn't seem to have thought through the role of the music. He has set the film in the present—in pointed contrast with other recent movies about jazz—but his attitude toward the music's relationship to contemporary culture is incoherent. The picture has a distracted, meandering quality. Denzel Washington's magnetism and intelligence keep the movie watchable even during its most aimless stretches, but the script doesn't allow him to shape the performance. Lee's filmmaking here is all notions and no shape: hard, fierce blowing, rather than real music. Also with Wesley Snipes, Joie Lee, Cynda Williams, Giancarlo Esposito, Dick Anthony Williams, John and Nicholas Turturro, and the late Robin Harris. Lee himself plays a comic lovable-sidekick role. The score is by Bill Lee (the director's father), and the music of Bleek's quintet is played by the Branford Marsalis Quintet, with Terence Blanchard as the trumpet soloist.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Criterion Center; through Nov. 1.)



Cary Grant and Irene Dunne in "My Favorite Wife"

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Tennyson wrote "Enoch Arden" in 1864, and the movies have been making versions of it ever since D. W. Griffith did it in 1908 (and again in 1911). This one is the most famous and the funniest. On the day Cary Grant (as Nick Arden) marries Gail Patrick, his wife, Irene Dunne, shipwrecked seven years before, comes home. She follows the newlyweds on their honeymoon, prevents the consummation of their marriage, and, like a smart kitty, purrs herself to an ultimate victory. Garson Kanin was twenty-seven (and at his liveliest) when he directed this screwball-classic hit. Randolph Scott plays the vegetarian scientist who was Dunne's companion on the island. Written by Bella and Samuel Spewack, with Leo McCarey, who was also the producer.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 7.)

On the Beach (1959)—Linus Pauling was quoted as saying, "It may be that some years from now we can look back and say that 'On the Beach' is the movie that saved the world." The greatest ability of the director, Stanley Kramer, may have been for eliciting fatuous endorsements from eminent people. This cautionary tale brings together a group of stars and puts them on the littoral of Australia, to await the lethal hydrogen-bomb cloud that has wiped out the rest of the world's population. Gregory Peck plays the commander of an American submarine with his customary relentless dignity, even when he's cuddling up with Ava Gardner, a lovable wildflower "who has lived too hard and drunk too much." Anthony Perkins, one of the submarine officers, gangles, and wrestles, wet-eyed, with the problem of whether to give suicide pills to his wife (Donna Anderson) and child; Fred Astaire is a civilian scientist who explains the disaster by saying that somebody has pulled a boner. Somebody has; his initials are S.K. Adapted from the Nevil Shute novel by John Paxton; cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno and Daniel Fapp; music by Ernest Gold.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

Pacific Heights—It's supposed to be a thriller, but it's more like an executive decision to make a thriller. The director, John Schlesinger, has his professionalism—it shows in the clean, efficient staging. But the fun is missing: he scares you only by making you nervous. Melanie Griffith and Matthew Modine are the San Francisco lovers who fix up a Victorian house (on Potrero Hill); Michael Keaton is the sicko scam artist who takes over one of their two rental units and calls the police when they try to evict him. It's a drag that we're expected to identify with the dull young couple; the tenant with the perverted legalistic mind and the fiendish cupid's-bow smile provides the only gleams of interest. A promising cast—it includes the uncredited Beverly D'Angelo, and Laurie Metcalf, Dorian Harewood, Carl Lumbly, Mako, Tracey Walter, Dan Hedaya, Luca Bercovici, Guy Boyd, and Tippi Hedren as rich Florence—is all but thrown away. —P.K. (10/22/90) (Gotham Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Olympia, and Criterion Center.)

Postcards from the Edge—This tale of a sorrowful, wisecracking starlet (Meryl Streep) whose brassy, boozing former-star mother (Shirley MacLaine) started her on sleeping pills when she was nine is camp without the zest of camp. It's camp played borderline straight—a druggy-Cinderella movie about an unformed girl who has to go past despair to find herself. The director, Mike Nichols, is a parodist who feigns sincerity, and his tone keeps slipping around. What's clear is that we're meant to be enthralled by the daughter's radiant face, her refinement, her honesty. Nichols keeps the camera on Streep as if to prove that he can make her a popular big star—a new Crawford or Bette Davis. (She remains distant, emotionally atonal.) The tacky, bright-colored film—a near-plotless version of a woman's picture—is weightless, yet it's watchable. Its jadedness appeals to the narcissism of show-biz insiders and to the would-be insider in the rest of us. (Nichols is acclaimed for being hip to the Zeitgeist.) There are a lot of people to look at: Gene Hackman, Dennis Quaid, Richard Dreyfuss, Annette Bening, Robin Bartlett, C. C. H. Pounder, Oliver Platt, Gary Morton, Mary Wickes, Rob Reiner, Simon Callow, Michael Ontkean, Pepe Serná, and Dana Ivey. The screenplay, by Carrie Fisher (with Nichols' uncredited collaboration), is based on her novel; cinematography by Michael Ballhaus. —P.K. (10/22/90) (Beekman, Quad Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency.)

Presumed Innocent—A ponderous adaptation of Scott Turow's cunningly plotted mystery novel. The director, Alan J. Pakula, has shot and paced the movie as if it weren't a mystery but a serious character study, an art film. It's lit (by Gordon Willis) like "Cries and Whispers," only without the bright-red accents: the movie's palette seems to consist of brown and gray—earnest, business-suit colors. The lunacy of treating this story as a deep exploration of character is that the only thing we really want to know about the character in question—Rusty Sabich (Harrison Ford), a Midwestern prosecutor accused of murdering one of his colleagues (Greta Scacchi)—is: Did he do it or not? Ford, in what is probably an unplayable role, has to maintain a tense, repressed, impenetrable expression throughout. Bonnie Bedelia, as Rusty's nervous, self-deprecating wife, gives lovely shadings to a tough part. As the judge presiding over Rusty's trial, Paul Winfield supplies some sorely needed comedy. And Raul Julia, as the hero's lawyer, is an elegant, commanding presence in the courtroom scenes. Also with Brian Dennehy. Screenplay by Pakula and Frank Pierson.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Cinema 3.)

The Tall Guy—Jeff Goldblum as an American actor in London who has spent six years playing stooge to a detestably smug English comic (Rowan Atkinson) and has lost his confidence and most of his sex drive. Then this gangling wreck is cast as the lead in an Andrew Lloyd Webber-style version of "The Elephant Man"—"Elephant!" the musical. Directed by Mel Smith, from a script by Richard Curtis, this satire of the life of the theatre has a loose, inventive dottiness. Goldblum's wild-eyed sloppy good nature sets off Atkinson's lethal genius at playing an articulate swine, and the whole cast appears to be acting in clover. That includes Emma Thompson, who seems stripped down to pure flakiness, and Geraldine James as a nympho landlady, Hugh Thomas as a diphead doctor, Anna Massey as a gleaming smart agent, Kim Thomson as a curly-haired singer, and the insidious Peter Kelly as the smarmy mountebank who stages "Elephant!" Mel Smith turns up in several bits; he's the puffy-faced fellow who looks like a pixie Alfred Hitchcock.—P.K. (9/24/90) (Worldwide Cinemas.)

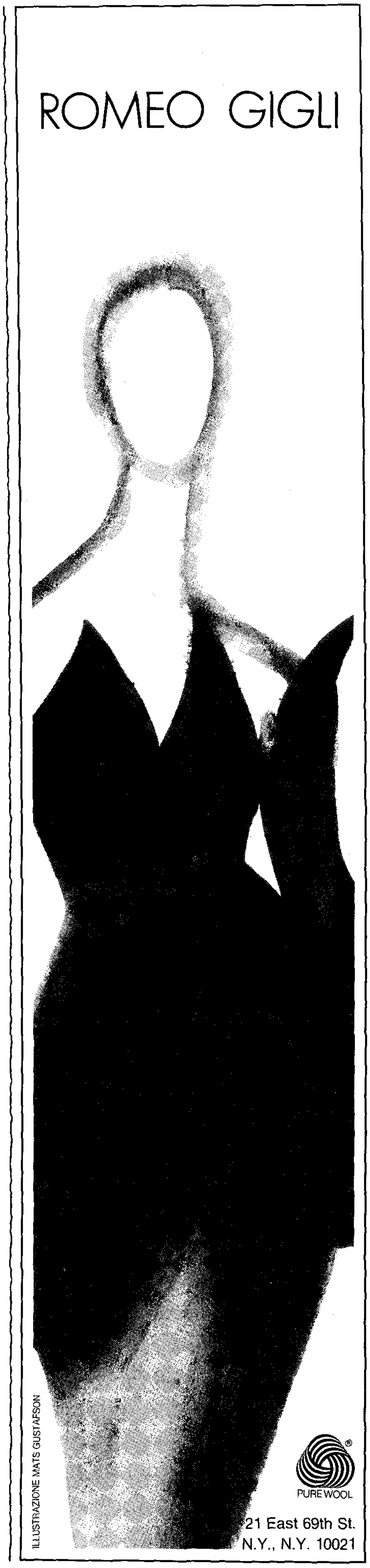
They Drive by Night (1940)—The director, Raoul Walsh, probably had little to do with the film's schizoid nature. The first half, involving George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, and Alan Hale, is an action-filled, realistic good story about free-lance truck drivers who run fruit and vegetables to the big-city markets. In the second half, Raft, neat, shaved, and respectably at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out, because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares anymore whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time; they're busy watching Lupino go off her scheming nut in a big courtroom scene (much like the one Bette Davis had played in 1935 in "Bordertown"). This part is standard movie melodrama and not particularly well done. With Roscoe Karns, George Tobias, Gale Page, and Joyce Compton; from a novel by A. I. Bezzerides.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 6-7.)

To Sleep with Anger—With Danny Glover, directed by Charles Burnett. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; through Nov. 1.)

Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man (1981)—Bernardo Bertolucci's movie about a left-wing terrorist kidnapping in Parma centers on the father (Ugo Tognazzi) who is required to give up everything he has worked for—a big cheese factory, a villa, and a yacht—to recover a son, who he suspects may be in on the plot. Tognazzi does his robust-life-force and peasant-cunning number. He does have more energy than anything else in the movie, but it's the hollow kind of actor's energy you want to get away from. The movie is logy—complex yet undramatic; there's no urgency, no tension, and you sense that you're not going to find out what's going on, that it's all metaphorical. Bertolucci's vision is grayed-out here; there's no feeling of discovery in the acting, no zest in the editing—it's like an old man's movie. Screenplay by Bertolucci. With Anouk Aimée, Laura Morante, Victor Cavallo, and Riki Tognazzi; cinematography by Carol Di Palma. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 1.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors, although Vivien Leigh does manage to give a beautiful performance. With Lucile Watson, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Aubrey Smith, Steffi Duna, and Virginia Field. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play, by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Nov. 1-3.)

Wild at Heart—Right from the start, just about everything is wrong with David Lynch's new movie, and the wrongness has an escalating, vertiginous quality. Every false move seems to lead to another, more disastrous than the one before. It's a buzzing, hyperkinetic picture, but its wildness is all on the surface: the images are elaborately conceived, arresting, and meaningless, like tattoos. The novel by Barry Gifford on which Lynch based his screenplay is a languorous, arty trifle about a pair of lovers named Sailor (Nicolas Cage) and Lula (Laura Dern), who drive from North Carolina to Texas and stop at ratty hotels and motels along the way; they're hard-lovin' losers who smoke a lot and don't get to the place they set out for (California). Their happiness is threatened by a variety of kinky villains, mostly of Lynch's invention: Gifford's poky Deep South odyssey is now an orgy of evil, full of graphic violence and grotesque craziness. The shocks don't have much resonance, though; the weirdness here is inexpressive and trivial, even silly. And the lurid villainy always seems diversionary, a baroque disguise for a bland, lifeless, and overfamiliar story. The movie is one startling lapse of taste after another; it's a sorry spectacle.—T.R. (8/27/90) (Angelika Film Center; through Nov. 1.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND wintering on the Cape writes:

Are we going to bomb Baghdad?

Last August 18th, the *Times* reported, "Representative Stephen J. Solarz of Brooklyn, speaking in Israel, said that if any American was 'brutalized or tortured or killed' the United States would retaliate 'in a way that will result in the destruction of the military and economic infrastructure of Iraq'—presumably meaning that the United States would bomb Baghdad and other targets." A week later, in a similar vein, the commander of the Marines in Saudi Arabia, Lieutenant General Walter E. Boomer, said that if Iraq attacks Saudi Arabia "my belief is . . . it will be no holds barred," and a few days afterward the commander of all the American forces there, General H. Norman Schwarzkopf, said that if Iraq makes any use of chemical weapons "they will pay for it big time."

"The standoff can't last forever," Representative Les Aspin, the chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, said early in September. "Once you get air superiority, they [that is, the military] will want to flatten Baghdad." On the CBS Evening News on September 7[illegible] Dan Rather, reporting from the potential war zone, told his millions of viewers that "American planes could pulverize Baghdad."

"When do we strike?" an Arab diplomat on our side has asked. And a columnist in the *Air Force Times*, Fred Reed, has written, "We could . . . let the B-52s make rubble out of every factory, oil well, city, and communications hut in Iraq." Not so long ago, driving along Highway 6, on outer Cape Cod, I saw, scrawled in capital letters on the back window of a camper rolling along ahead of me, the message "WRECK IRAQ."

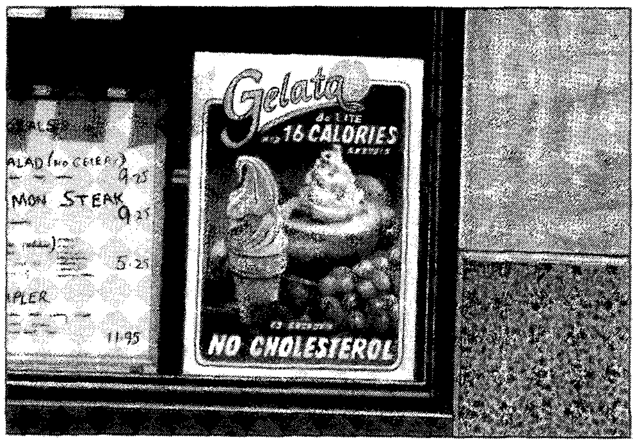
In September, the Air Force Chief of Staff, General Michael J. Dugan, told reporters that the Joint Chiefs of Staff believe "air power is the only answer that's available to our country" to avoid a bloody land war with Iraq, and he went on to say, "The cutting edge would be in downtown Baghdad. This would not be nibbling at the edges. If I want to hurt you, it would be at home, not out in the woods someplace." Dugan was later fired, but nobody repudiated his statement about the desirability and wisdom of bombing Baghdad.

When military people talk about bombing cities, they usually try to get across the idea that they don't intend to bomb civilians—it's just that civilians get in the way. The military used to speak of "surgical strikes," but that term has become discredited, because bombs have a now well-publicized tendency to commit surgery on unintended targets. Lately, those threatening to bomb Iraq talk instead about hitting the "military and economic infrastructure." It's as if Saddam Hussein were to announce that in order to wipe out the centers of our Satanic financial system he was going to target only downtown Manhattan, Chicago, and Los Angeles.

I have never been to Baghdad, so I have been trying to imagine it before we destroy it. If you consider metropolitan areas, Baghdad is roughly the size of Athens, Rome, or Barcelona—or, closer to where we live, Boston, Dallas–Fort Worth, or San Francisco. In 1987, nearly four million people were living there. The city, like most capitals, includes museums, libraries, universities, parks, places of worship. Despite the construction of new office blocks, stores, and hotels, there are still many old buildings, bazaars, and sidewalk cafés. On television I see pictures of ordinary people coming and going in the food markets, and I read in the papers that men sit around in Baghdad teahouses playing dominoes.

If the ordinary ratio of the sexes obtains in Baghdad, two million or so of its people are women and girls. How many old people live there? Say, about a quarter million? How many children aged, say, twelve or younger live there? At least several hundred thousand Iraqi soldiers died in Saddam Hussein's war against Iran, so women, old people, and, especially, boys and girls must constitute a larger than normal share of the surviving population. As of last year, forty-five per cent of all Iraqis were fourteen or younger, and one could reasonably estimate that there are now about a million and a half children in the city.

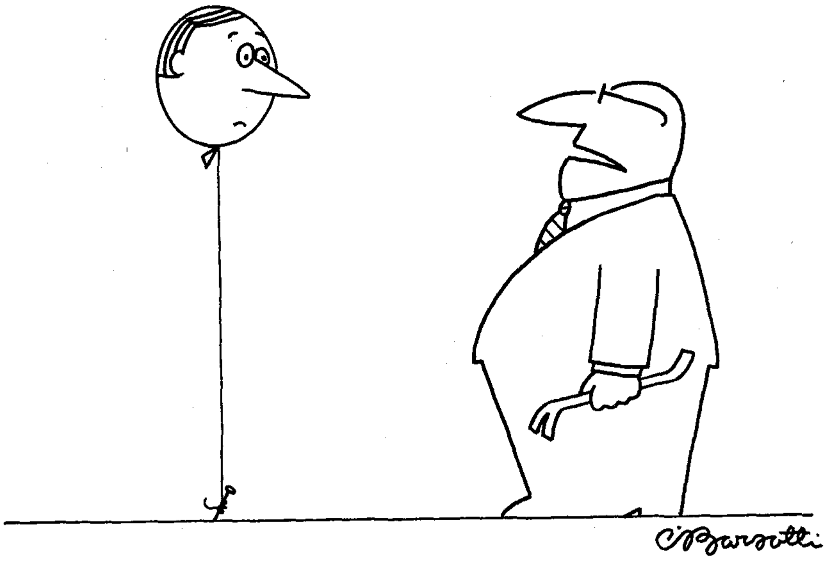
Baghdad is an ancient place



of habitation, occupied for at least twelve centuries. In 762, a caliph decided to build a new capital on the site of a Sassanian village named Baghdad, on the west bank of the Tigris at its closest point to the Euphrates—just twenty-five miles away—and at the intersection of several trade routes. This new city quickly became the leading one in Mesopotamia. In 1258, however, a Mongol leader, Hülegü, and his men sacked it, and they are said to have killed eight hundred thousand people. Then, in 1401, Timur (that is, Tamerlane) sacked it again.

In those days, the mass murder of innocents was a standard practice in war, but in more recent centuries the chivalric tradition of sparing civilians came to prevail. Our own century, though, has debased that standard, most often on the strength of arguments from precedent; namely, that what one side is about to do has already been done, literally or in effect, by the other side, or by some other country. Since Saddam Hussein bombed the cities and gassed the soldiers of Iran, and even gassed his own civilians, this argument now goes, we may bomb his cities.

As the century's last decade opens with a burst of hope for worldwide democracy, we remain willing to contemplate the military destruction of civilians—something that would have appalled the world as recently as the early nineteen-thirties. President Bush must now decide whether the "new world order"—that emerging noble possibility he has spoken of so often in the past few months—will begin with our honoring the old taboo against such indiscriminate killing.



"Someday, Jennings, you're going to thank me for this."

• •

Winner

TECHNICALLY, Anne Breeding was not last week's winner of the WNEW Giants Ticket Sweepstakes, in which contestants write a poem or a song "showing their love for the New York Giants." Her entry, "Way Down in the Jersey Swamps," was submitted last winter, but Bob Papa, the host of "The Tailgate Show," which sponsors the contest, liked it, and so some rules were bent. Two weeks ago Sunday, Ms. Breeding, who is from Nantucket, was pacing the parking lot outside the Meadowlands Racetrack, where "The Tailgate Show" is broadcast, waiting to perform her song over the air.

"The problem is, I don't remember the song," she was saying. "At all. I remember the tune, of course—'Aura Lee,' only at Camp Kehonka they called it 'Paddling, Paddling by the Shores.' That's not what's worrying me. What happened is, I wrote the song because I wanted to go to the Rams game, which was the N.F.C. final, last January, and I spent one whole day—not like one whole day, maybe, but one whole hour—working on it. I was going to use 'Am I Blue,' by Ethel Waters, but I didn't. Anyway, I wrote it, and they kept it, and now it doesn't make too much sense, because all the references are to last year, and some of the people aren't with the team anymore. Like Bjorn Nittmo. I had a hard time rhyming Nittmo. I rhymed it with snow. I *think* I rhymed it with snow. I sent in the song in the week of New Year's, and I never heard a word.

"Then I was sick in bed, in August, and Bob Papa called me and told me the people at the station had liked my song when it arrived, and had put it in their files and now were taking it out, and I was going to be the winner that week, and they wanted me to come down and sing it on the air—which is what the winners do, except that usually the winners are rap singers, so they just talk it. I couldn't go, because I was sick. Besides, Bob Papa wanted me to come for the Cleveland game, on September 1st, which was a preseason game I wasn't that interested in, and also I had a wedding to go to. After that, I kept having to call him back, because I was busy for this or that reason, and he'd say, 'We'll go two weeks down the road,' and after a couple of those we got into the season, which is what I was angling for. Then, finally, Bob said, 'Look, you sound pretty busy. Why don't we put you down for later in the season—you can come to the Cardinals game.' What I really wanted was to go to the Washington game, but I didn't have the nerve to press it. I'm not sure they even understand how outdated the song is. I just hope they have a copy of it. I didn't keep a copy, and when Bob called I told him the station better have one, because I can't recall it any longer, and he said they did and he'd bring it, but if he didn't I'm in trouble. I'll have to make it up as I go along, and I don't know how good I'll be at that. All I remember is the first verse:

> Way down in the Jersey Swamps
> They call the Meadowlands,
> There's a team they call Big Blue.
> Their record's something grand.

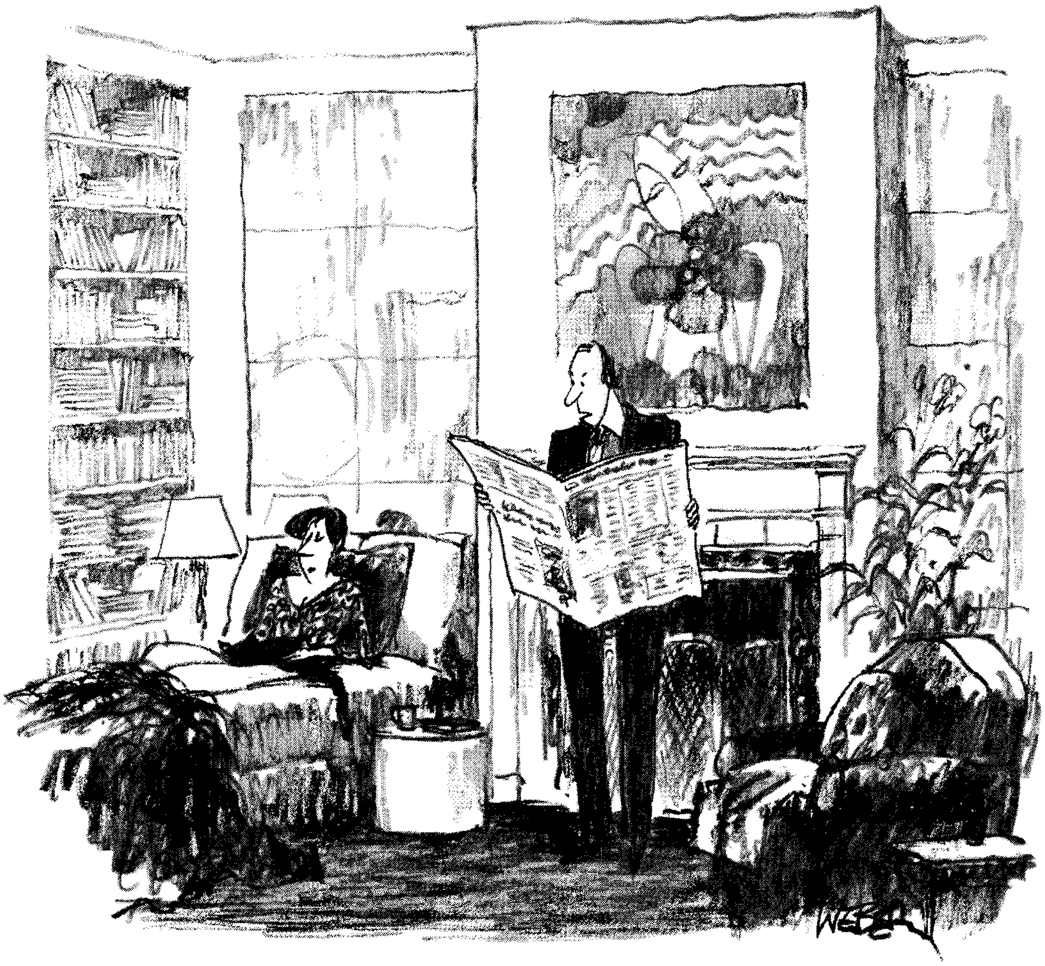
"Then this is the really bad part, it's the chorus:

> *Twelve and four, twelve and four.*

"And, see, that's going to sound stupid now, because that was last year's record.

> They are playoff bound.
> Phil will pass and Meggett flash
> And Ottis on the ground.

"It has five verses. I wrote it really long because I thought they might like that, and if they don't have the copy I guess I can just repeat the first verse five times. Anyhow, that's the first verse. I can't remember the rest. Something about 'Come down where they like to play, down in the ice and snow,'



"It's outrageous the way anybody who happens to make a million a year is stereotyped as 'rich.'"

• •

because they were hoping last year for a big snowstorm when they were playing L.A., when in fact it was forty degrees. I suppose now, too, I can't put Zeke Mowatt in. I mean, he's in, but because of all the trouble with the press up in Boston I guess I'll have to take him out. I'll put Mark Bavaro in his place. Will that rhyme? I don't know—I can't remember. I hope I didn't put Zeke in a line to rhyme with 'week.' That'll be tough. I'll put in Howard Cross, maybe, or Rob Mrosko. I'm glad we're deep in tight ends, or I'd be in trouble.

"I brought my father and my husband with me, but I only get two tickets, so I hope I can come up with another one. My husband's willing to sit in the parking lot during the game, but I hope he doesn't have to. I haven't been to a Giants game since my dad took me in 1971, to Yankee Stadium, but I probably haven't missed one on radio or television since. I remember it was a cold day and we went with a friend of my father's, who kept giving me bourbon from a flask, and I hadn't had that much bourbon by that time in my life. I was fifteen or sixteen. I remember that I cheered a lot and got into a hassle with a girl behind me who kept yelling 'Go Joy-yants!' in my ear. Anyway, Bob Papa seemed interested that we were coming all the way from Nantucket. I didn't send a picture with my entry. I figured they wouldn't give it to me if they saw who I was. They probably think I'm twelve. I'm starting to sneeze now, because I'm nervous. I wish I'd brought a ukulele."

Ms. Breeding was met at the entrance to the show by a guard. "You're the sweepstakes winner?" he said. "Oh, awesome." Then he said, "You have a copy of your song?" Bob Papa, it turned out, had brought one. On the envelope someone had written "Good" in red ink. At two-fifteen, the station cut for a commercial, and Bob Papa leaned over from the stage (the show is performed live in the parking lot) and said, "You ready, Annie? You're on." She joined Mr. Papa and Karl Nelson, the former Giant, and Tom Tracy, the producer, on the stage. Bob Papa introduced her, and said, "She really wanted to win. You came all the way from where?" "Nantucket, Bob." She explained that the song had been written for last year's team, but no one in the crowd seemed to really take that in. She was standing on the stage, and her head was level with the head of Karl Nelson, who was sitting. She began to sing. Her voice was high and pure, and her face was flushed. Occasionally, she interrupted herself to explain again about the line in the chorus and last year's record, or about the name of a former player; in the end, it turned out that she was too nervous to make any substitutions on the fly. Before heading into the last verse, she turned to Bob Papa and said, "Do I have to keep going?"

He said, "Yes, you do, Annie."

Devil's Advocates

WHEN we attended Chrome, Scum, and Celluloid, a twenty-four-night biker-movie festival at the Anthology Film Archives, in the East Village, we noticed that, although there is a Hell's Angels hangout a few blocks away, no bikers were present. There was a smattering of leather and ripped jeans in the audience, but of the kind worn by graduate students in search of an unexamined genre. While we were in the lobby, we heard a woman wearing a rubber tube as a bracelet say, "These films are all wasted space—ticky-tacky houses, wrecked airplanes, empty parking lots. For the bikers, something as simple as wolfing down a hot dog becomes a *cri de cœur* in post-industrial America. The food fight in the convenience store in 'Devil's Angels' speaks to this."

We picked up some festival literature. It described "Devil's Angels" and seventeen other movies from the sixties and seventies which were to be screened, including "The Losers" ("Five Angels are recruited by the C.I.A. for a secret mission in Cambodia"), "Bury Me an Angel" ("First biker film directed by a woman; she later directed 'Humanoids from the Deep' "), "She-Devils on Wheels"

(“The Maneaters, an all-women gang whose motto is GET OFF THE ROAD!”), and “Angels, Hard as They Come” (“ ‘Rashomon’ on bikes”). The double bill that evening began with Roger Corman’s “The Wild Angels,” in which Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and their gang tear wickedly around and take over Bruce Dern’s funeral with bacchanalian frenzy: they prop up the corpse, put a joint in his mouth, and pour beer on themselves. A clergyman asks what they want—why are they so bad? “We want to be free to ride our machines without being hassled by the Man,” Peter Fonda says. “And we want to get loaded.”

During intermission, we met Ivan Lerner, the curator of the festival. He wasn’t shy about tossing around concepts like “latter-day cowboy” or about dignifying bikers with Johnsonian wisdom. “He who makes a beast of himself gets rid of the pain of being a man,” Ivan told us. He also said that “The Wild Angels” is basically an adolescent slap in the face of Old Hollywood—particularly Henry Fonda and Frank Sinatra—and he added that it’s probably no coincidence that Joel McCrea’s son Jody and Bing Crosby’s son Lindsay appear in another biker flick, “The Glory Stompers.” Ivan said that he grew up in Sheepshead Bay, and that he was a science-fiction-movie addict until, at fifteen, he met Roger Corman at a science-fiction convention, and Corman took time out to answer Ivan’s questions: What ever happened to the model crab monster in “Attack of the Crab Monsters?” Did Jack Nicholson really play one of its eight legs? Ivan subsequently became an aficionado of the rest of Corman’s œuvre, and, inevitably, of biker movies. At the moment, he said, his preferred example is “Satan’s Sadists,” starring Russ Tamblyn, of “Twin Peaks,” and “Tom Thumb” fame. Russ oversees a rape-and-murder rampage from the saddle of his Harley-Davidson, and the female characters say things like “Doesn’t he know I dig him?” Ivan added, “The action never stops.”

After listening to Ivan talk about the Shakespearean quality of Dennis Hopper in “The Glory Stompers” (“It was his tragic flaw that he just had to kidnap this blond girl with false eyelashes and head for Mexico”), we ducked out to a nearby bookstore and browsed through a volume of Corman’s memoirs. One chapter discusses the research he and Peter Fonda conducted on the Hell’s Angels. “Their beer parties were just like anyone else’s, except they listened to the Stones doing ‘Satisfaction’ about a hundred and fifty times in a row,” Fonda recalls. Then we strolled past the Angels’ headquarters on East Third Street, an ordinary building with signs on it saying “HELLS ANGELS WELCOMES YOU TO NEW YORK CITY” and “I NEVER THOUGHT FREEDOM WAS CHEAP.” A man with a Kool tank top straining over his belly was sweeping around a tub of flowers on the sidewalk. We noticed that stores in the vicinity, apparently catering to a biker clientele, sell items like fake beer cans you can crush on your head. We bought a magazine called *Outlaw Biker*, which contained articles entitled “What’s an Ol’ Lady?” and “Zen and the Art of Prison.”

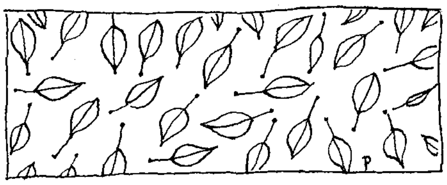
Back at the theatre, we polled audience members on their favorite lines from the movies. Among the answers were “I’ve had broads hit me harder than that” and “That’s steppin’ on my personal toes” and “You hired scooter trash for this job. What’d you expect—Camp Fire Girls?” Nobody seemed to find the bikers scary, and that may be in part because wear and tear from strong projector bulbs at drive-ins have tinged most of the films with pink. The soundtrack lyrics tend to be pretty mild, too. They generally go like this: “It doesn’t hurt a bit to eat your cigarette.”

“So the bikers destroy beauty pageants, country fairs, and mobile homes,” a man in the lobby said. “I mean, think about it—they’re really doing you a favor.”

Sofa

WHEN we got to Janet’s apartment, two men were about to carry a brown corduroy sofa out the living-room door, and Janet was telling them about a twenty-nine-year-old who didn’t like brown. “Who?” one of the movers asked.

“Quentin,” she said, or a name to that effect. “A guy I met on the train to White Plains. He doesn’t allow you to pronounce his name in English. I made a mistake and invited him over here. He walked in and took one look at the sofa and said, ‘I don’t like brown.’ ‘It has to go’ went on in my head. He’s very perceptive. When I told him I was a wonderful mother, he said, ‘No, you’re a wonderful woman.’ I may be scared of him. I’m not really scared, he just intimidates me.”



Janet looked thoughtful. “I told him to call Erica,” she said.

The movers made a ninety-degree turn in the hallway and wedged the sofa into a doorway across the hall.

“I’ve had that sofa bed for twenty years,” Janet said. “It’s a pullout bed, but when my ex-husband comes he refuses to pull it out. He always sleeps on it closed. My daughter’s going to be furious. I may have to move it back later in the day.”

Janet called “What are you doing over there?” to the movers, who were wrestling with the sofa in the other doorway.

“It won’t go in,” one of them said.

“Don’t be silly,” Janet said. “You have to do it sideways.”

“Mumble, mumble, mumble,” the other one said.

“Sideways,” Janet said. She went out into the hall to give advice at closer range. We were alone in her apartment with a black-and-white cat.

“They’re taking the sofa apart,” she said when she came back in. She stared for a minute at the bare space in the living room where the sofa had been.

“I may have to buy another sofa,” she said. “Which means I have to sell that one to Andrew. You want some hot coffee?”

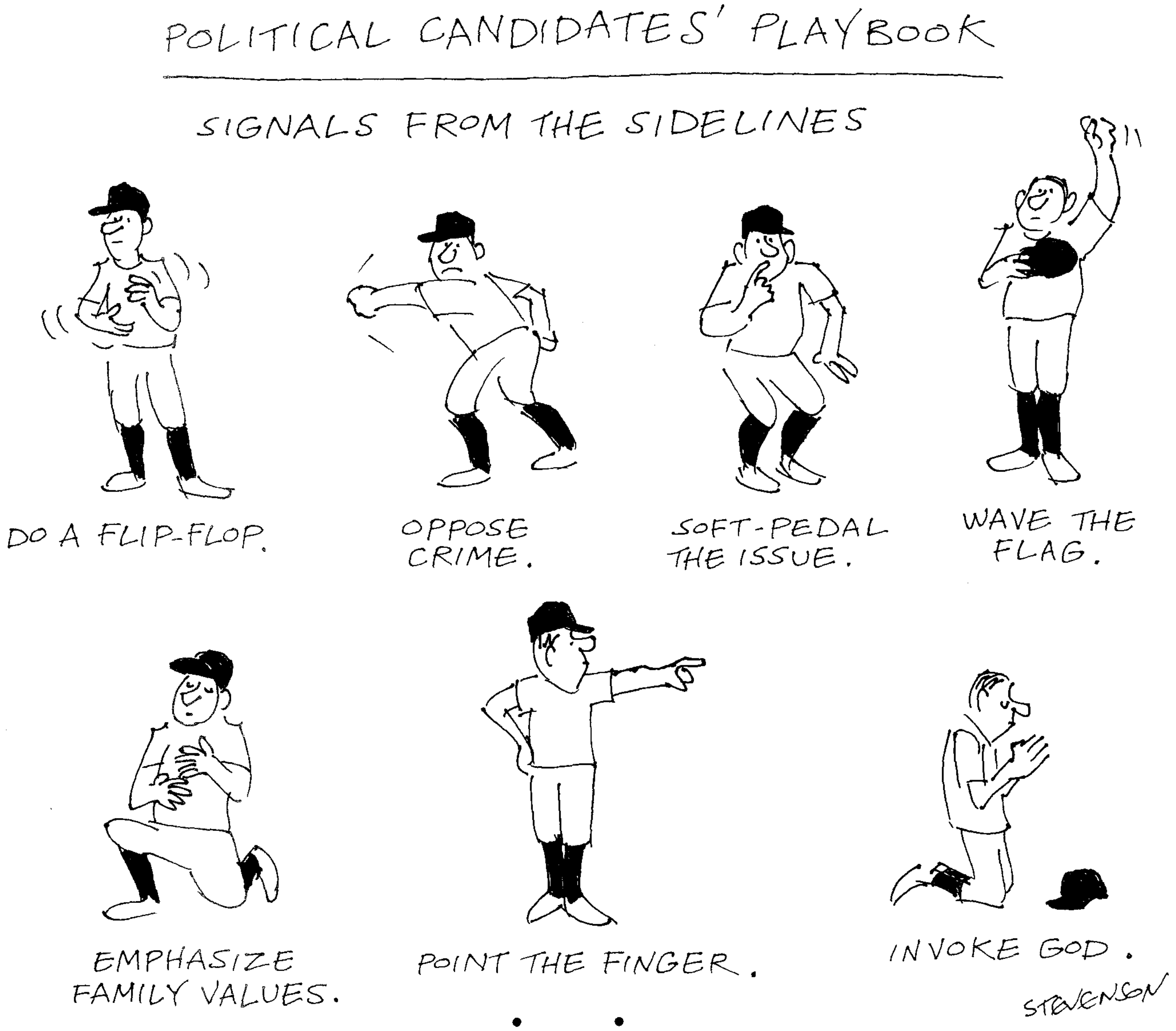
We said yes.

“I should never call Vladimir Margovsky at the last minute, because he’s a very busy cellist,” Janet said, and she left the apartment again to check on the sofa. We watched the cat chase a stuffed mouse around the living room. We noticed that the six-candle chandelier overhead had four burned-out bulbs. We turned on the radio.

Janet came back in with one of the movers and handed him a stack of brown cushions. “This is Andrew,” she said to us.

“These cat hairs are going to be tough on the allergies,” Andrew said.

“You’ve got allergies?” Janet asked. “I should have known. Quentin told me I had to throw everything out. No wonder I was intimidated. He liked my


POLITICAL CANDIDATES' PLAYBOOK
SIGNALS FROM THE SIDELINES
DO A FLIP-FLOP.
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INVOKE GOD.
STEVENSON

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curtains in the evening. In the daytime, he said I needed a window-washer. There's more space in here now, which may make up for the fact that there's nothing comfortable left to sit on."

We helped push a red sofa from in front of the windows into the brown sofa's former space.

"Do you like this better than the brown one?" Janet asked.

We weren't sure.

"I do. It's not comfortable, but I like it better. Red velvet. It's either Queen Victoria or French. It's from another time. What's that music? Did you turn the radio on?"

We said yes.

"I would listen to the radio, except that I never think of it," Janet said. "It's the advanced technology that's got to me—television. I watch television and I don't listen to the radio at all. Do you realize we've been doing all this moving to something called 'Time of the Cuckoo'?" She listened for a moment. "Come to think of it, it's Beethoven."

She sat in a wooden chair and said, "Everyone wants this chair. It's the world's most comfortable chair. Andrew's been trying to get this chair. Every time he comes over, he sits in this chair and says, 'I want this chair. I'll buy this chair.' No one's getting this chair. I'm willing it to my children."

We admired the chair.

"It certainly looks less cluttered in here now," Janet said.

"Uh-huh," we said.

"Can't have everything," Janet said.

"No," we said.

"It's called giving up comfort for space," Janet said. "I think I made a mistake. I think I liked comfort better. I'm not used to this space. I don't know what to do with this space. I'm not going to give Andrew this chair. That torn lampshade has to go. This comfortable chair doesn't look right anywhere in this room."

Janet headed into her bedroom, and we followed. "I'm not going to talk about Cuomo and Pavarotti anymore," she said. "But I've decided that I would like for us all to go to dinner at the Vances', whose name I don't want to mention. I went to a fund-raiser for Child Care something, and they called me the next day. All I had to do was send them forty dollars right away and they would send me a letter saying I had won a consultation with a plastic surgeon. I may want to have the pouches taken out from under my eyes. I sent them forty dollars and I haven't heard from them. It may have been one of my bounced checks."

Janet told a story about a stolen pocketbook and twenty checks that bounced. They were either yellow or green.

We listened.

"I can't keep asking men to carry sofas out," Janet said. "Do you mind if I take a bath?"

DIRTY WEDDING

I LIKED to sit up front and ride the fast ones all day long, I liked it when they brushed right up against the buildings north of the Loop, and I especially liked it when the buildings dropped away into that bombed-out squalor a little farther north in which people (through windows you'd see a person in his dirty, naked kitchen *spooning soup toward his face*, or twelve children on their bellies on the floor, watching television, but then instantly they were gone, wiped away by a movie billboard of a woman winking and touching her upper lip deftly with her tongue, and she in turn erased by a —*wham*, the noise and dark dropped down around your head—tunnel) actually lived.

I was twenty-five, twenty-six, something like that. My fingertips were all yellow from smoking. My girlfriend was with child.

It cost fifty cents, ninety cents, a dollar to ride the train. I really don't remember.

OUT in front of the abortion building picketers shook drops of holy water at us and twisted their rosaries around their fingers. A man in dark glasses shadowed Michelle right up the big steps to the door, chanting softly in her ear. I guess he was praying. What were the words of his prayer? I wouldn't mind asking her that question. But it's winter, the mountains around me are tall and deep with snow, and I could never find her now.

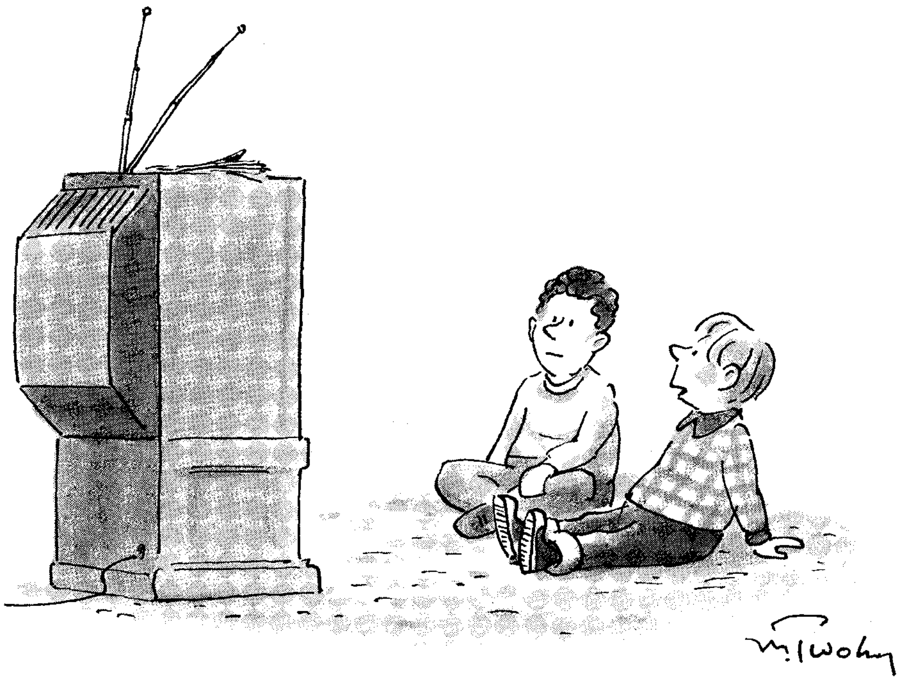
Michelle handed her appointment card to the nurse on the third floor. She and the nurse went through a curtain together.

I wandered over across the hall, where they were showing a short movie about vasectomies. Much later I told her that I'd actually got a vasectomy a long time ago, and that somebody else must have made her pregnant. I also told her once that I had inoperable cancer and would soon be passed away and gone, eternally. But nothing I could think up, no matter how dramatic or completely horrible, ever made her repent or love me the way she had at first, before she really knew me.

Anyway, they showed the movie to two or three or four of us who were waiting for women across the hall. The scene was cloudy, because I was frightened of whatever they were doing to Michelle and to the other women and, of course, to the little fetuses. After the film I talked to a man about vasectomies. A man with a mustache. I didn't like him.

"You have to be sure," he said.

"I'm never getting anybody pregnant again. I know that much."



"I like everything Big Bird's ever done."

"Would you like to make an appointment?"

"Would you like to give me the money?"

"It won't take long to save the money."

"It would take me forever to save the money," I corrected him.

Then I sat down in the waiting area across the hall. In forty-five minutes the nurse came out and said to me, "Michelle is comfortable now."

"Is she dead?"

"Of course not."

"I kind of wish she was."

She looked frightened. "I don't know what you mean."

I went in through the curtain to see Michelle. She smelled bad.

"How are you feeling?"

"I feel fine."

"What did they stick up you?"

"What?" she said. "*What?*"

The nurse said, "Hey. Out of here. Out of here."

She went through the curtain and came back with a big black guy wearing a starched white shirt and one of those phony gold badges. "I don't think this man needs to be in the building," she said to him, and then she said to me, "Would you like to wait outside, sir?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," I said, and all the way down the big stairs and out the front I said, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah."

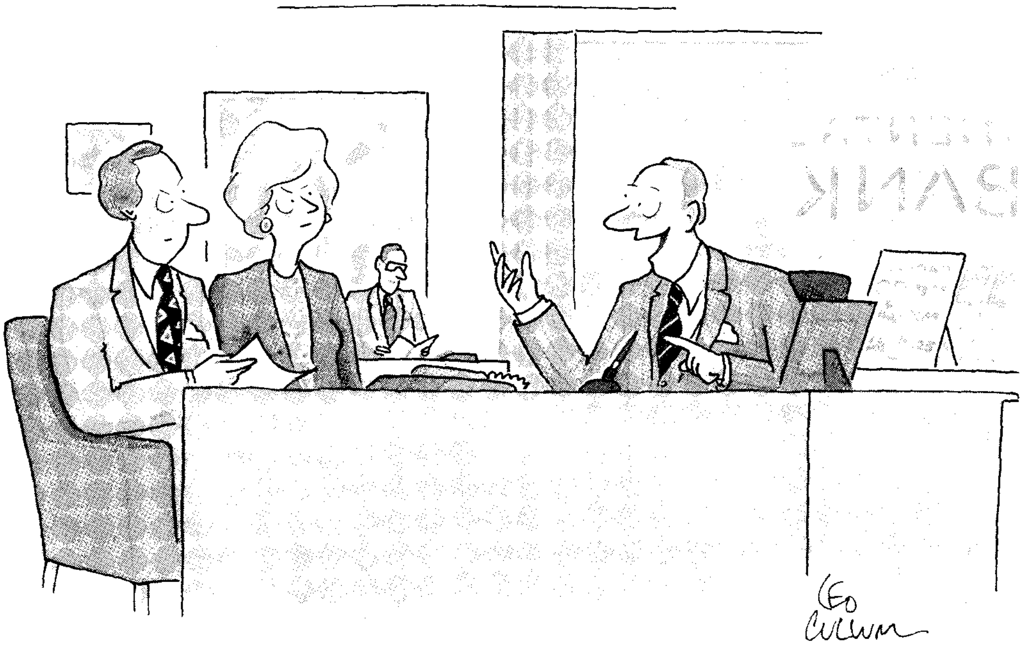
It was raining outside and most of the Catholics were squashed up under an awning next door with their signs held overhead against the weather. They splashed holy water on my cheek and on the back of my neck, and I didn't feel a thing. Not for many years.

I didn't know what to do now except ride around on the elevated train.

I STEPPED into one of the cars just as the doors closed; it was as though the train had waited just for me.

What if there was just snow? Snow everywhere, cold and white, filling every distance? And I just follow my sense of things through this winter until I reach a grove of white trees. And she takes me in.

The wheels screamed, and all I saw suddenly was everybody's big ugly shoes. The sound stopped. We passed solitary, wrenching scenes. Through



"Your money was working for you, but it suddenly quit and now it's working for me!"

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the neighborhoods, and past the platforms, I felt the cancelled life dreaming after me. Yes, a ghost. A vestige. Something remaining.

At one of the stops down the line there was a problem with the doors. We were delayed—those of us who had destinations, anyway. The train waited and waited in a peculiar sleep. Then it hummed softly. You can tell it's going to move before it moves.

A guy stepped in just as the doors closed. The train had waited for him all this time, not a second after his arrival, not even half a second, and then it broke its inertia. We'd picked him up and now we were moving. He sat down near the front of the car, completely unaware of his importance. With what kind of miserable or happy fate did he have an appointment across the river?

I decided to follow him.

Several stops later he left the train and went down into a section of squat, repetitive brownstone buildings. He walked with a bounce, his shoulders looped and his chin scooping forward rhythmically. He didn't look right or left. I supposed he'd walked this route twelve thousand times. He didn't sense or feel me following half a block behind him.

It was a Polish neighborhood somewhere or other. The Polish neighborhoods have that snow. They have that fruit with the light on it, they have that music you can't find. We ended up in a laundromat, where the guy took off his shirt and put it in a washer. He bought some coffee in a paper cup from a coin machine.

He read the notices on the wall and watched his machine tremble, walking around the place with only his sharkskin sports jacket on. His chest was narrow and white, and hair sprouted from around the small nipples.

There were a couple of other men in the laundromat. He chatted with them a little. I could hear one of them say, "The cops wanted to talk to Benny."

"How come? What'd he do?"

"He had a hood up. They were looking for a guy with a hood up."

"What'd he do?"

"Nut'n. Nut'n. Some guy got murdered last night."

And now the man I was following walked right up to me. "You were on the El," he said. He hefted his cup, tossing a sip of coffee between his lips.

I turned away because my throat was closing up. Suddenly I had an erection. I knew men got that way about men, but I didn't know I did. His chest was like Christ's—that's probably who he was.

I could have followed anybody off that train. It would have been the same.

I GOT back on to ride around some more above the streets.

There was nothing stopping me from going back to where Michelle and I were staying, but these days had reduced us to the Rebel Motel. The maids spat out their chew in the shower stalls. There was a smell of insecticide. I wasn't going back there to sit in the room and wait.

Michelle and I had our drama. It got very dreary sometimes, but it felt like I had to have her. She was the only person at these motels who knew my real name.

Out back they had all these dumpsters stuffed with God knows what. We can't imagine the shape of our fate, that's for sure.

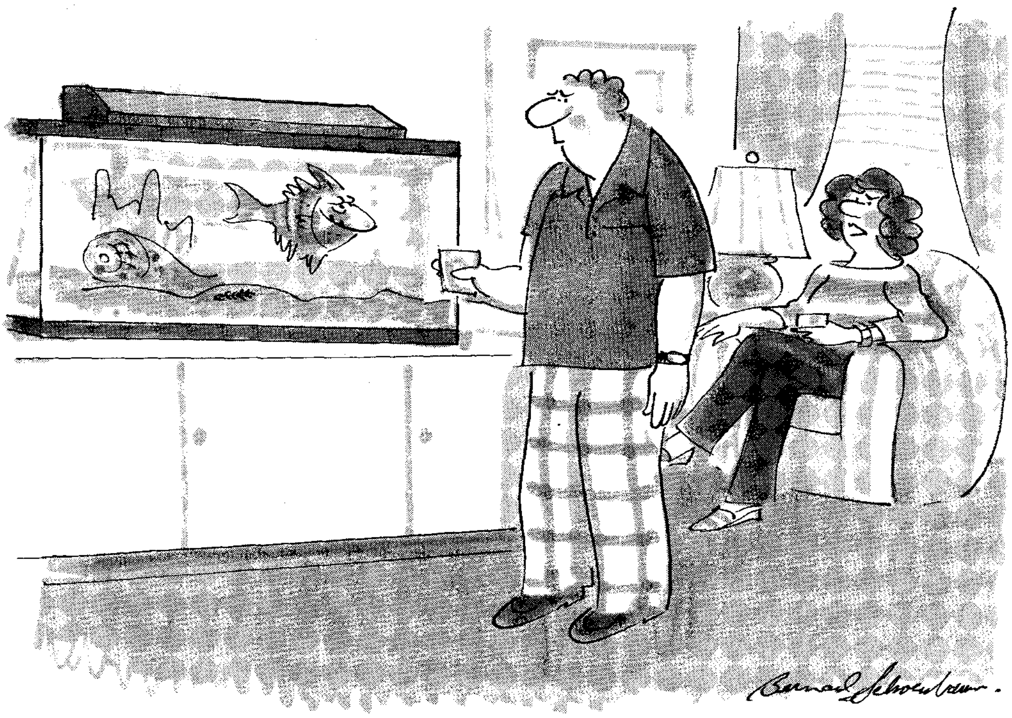
Think of being curled up and floating in a darkness. Even if you could think, even if you had an imagination, would you ever imagine its opposite, this world the Asian Taoists call the ten thousand things? And if the darkness just got darker? And then you were dead? What would you care? How would you even know the difference?

I SAT up front. Right beside me was the little cubicle filled with the driver. You could feel him materializing and dematerializing in there. In the darkness it didn't matter that the driver was a blind man. He felt the future with his face. And suddenly the train hushed as if the wind had been kicked out of it, and we came into the evening again.

Catty-corner from me sat a dear little black child maybe sixteen, all messed up on scag. She couldn't keep her head up. She couldn't stay out of her dreams. She knew: we all might as well have been drinking a dog's tears. Nothing mattered except to be alive.

"I never tasted black honey," I said to her.

She scratched her nose and closed her



"*Well, you always said you liked a winner.*"

eyes, her face dipping down into paradise.

I said, "Hey."

"Black. I ain't black," she said. "I'm yellow. Don't call me black."

"I wish I had some of what you have," I said.

"Gone, boy. Gone, gone, gone." She laughed at me. I didn't blame her.

"Any chance of getting some more?"

"How much you want? You got ten?"

"Maybe. Sure."

"I'll take you down here," she said. "I'll take you down over to the Savoy." And after two more stops she led me off the train and down into the streets. A few people, mumbling and singing, stood around trash cans with flames leaping up out of them and that sort of thing. The street lamps and traffic lights had wire mesh screens over them.

I know there are people who believe that wherever you look all you see is yourself. Episodes like this make me wonder if they aren't right.

The Savoy Hotel was a bad place. The reality of it gave out as it rose higher above First Avenue, so that the upper floors dribbled away into space. Monsters were dragging themselves up the stairs. In the basement was a bar making three sides of a rectangle, as big as an Olympic pool, and a stage with a thick golden curtain hanging over it that never moved. Everyone knew what to do. People were paying with bills they'd made by tearing a corner off a twenty and pasting it onto a one. There was a man with a tall black hat, a helmet of thick blond hair, and a sharp blond beard. He seemed to want to be here. How did he know what to do? Beautiful women in the corners of my sight disappeared when I looked directly at them. Winter outside. Night by afternoon. The Happy Hour. I didn't know the rules. I didn't know what to do.

The last time I'd been in the Savoy, it had been in Omaha. I hadn't been anywhere near it in over a year, but I was just getting sicker. When I coughed I saw fireflies.

Everything down there but the curtain was red. It was like a movie of something that was actually happening. *Black pimps in fur coats.* The women were blank, shining areas with photographs of sad girls floating in them. "I'll just take your money and go upstairs," somebody said to me.

MICHELLE left me permanently for a man called John Smith, or shall I say that during one of the times we were parted she took up with this man and shortly after that had some bad luck and died? Anyway, she never came back to me.

I knew him, this John Smith. Once at a party he tried to sell me a gun, and later at the same party he made everyone quiet down for a few minutes, because I was singing along with the radio and he liked my voice. Michelle went to Kansas City with him and one night when he was out she took a lot of pills, leaving a note beside her on his pillow, where he'd be sure to find it and rescue her. But he was so drunk when he got home that night that he laid his *cheek down on the* paper she'd written on, and went to sleep. When he woke up the next morning, my beautiful Michelle was cold and dead.

For many weeks after she died, John Smith confided to people that Michelle was calling to him every night from the other side of life. She wooed him. She made herself seem more real than any of the visible people around him, the people who were still breathing, who were supposed to be alive. When I heard, shortly after that, that John Smith was dead, I wasn't surprised.

She was a woman, a traitor, and a killer. Males and females wanted her. But I was the only one who ever could have loved her.

WHEN we were arguing on my twenty-fourth birthday, she left the kitchen, came back with a pistol, and fired it at me five times from right across the table. But she missed. It wasn't my life she was after. It was more. She wanted to eat my heart and be lost in the desert with what she'd done. She wanted to hurt me as only a child can be hurt by its mother.

I KNOW they argue about whether or not it's right, whether or not the baby is alive at this point or that point in its growth inside the womb. This wasn't about that. It wasn't what the lawyers did. It wasn't what the doctors did, it wasn't what the woman did. It was what the mother and father did together.

—DENIS JOHNSON

OVER DOYLES' DROP-OFF

Mrs. Doyle leaned over the edge of the rowboat and raised her pole above her head to see if she still had a worm on. "When I was your age, my sister Alice told me she was going to hang herself from the track of the garage-door opener."

I was stirring the worms to find a big one, but when she said this I stopped. "What did you tell her?"

Mrs. Doyle turned to look at me. "I don't even remember."

"Did she do it?"

She lowered her line again and shook her head. "Alice would have liked the attention, but she couldn't solve the problem of not being able to enjoy it because of being dead."

I pictured it in my mind. "She probably had it planned that when your father drove in from the office and pressed the button"—I aimed an imaginary remote control toward the front of the boat and pressed—"she would ride up the track toward the back of the garage"—my hand hung limp with two fingers dangling and inched up the track—"until she jerked to a stop and her toes touched the windshield at exactly the spot where he was supposed to park."

Mrs. Doyle laughed. I liked the way her laughs rolled up inside her chest on their way out. "I would have become an only child," she said. She let out more line. "Where're the fish, Samuel?" She stuck her pole between her knees and pulled on the thin polka-dot blouse she wore over her bathing suit.

I pictured one of my brothers strung up in the basement. We didn't have a garage. "Of course," I said, "becoming an only child at fourteen isn't like growing up being an only child." I was fourteen myself, with four older brothers, and there probably wasn't room to hang them all.

She saw me glance up to her house for signs of Mr. Doyle. We were anchored at the edge of the drop-off, ten yards beyond the end of Doyles' dock, waiting for him to get home from the office. This was last August, and we were having one of those hot spells we get. From where we sat you could see the whole lake. Most of the houses sit back in the trees and have steps to the shore and wooden docks sticking into the lake on posts. This was a Friday afternoon. Here and there you could make out people on the docks or in the water, and every so often you could hear a door slam across the lake or hear somebody holler.

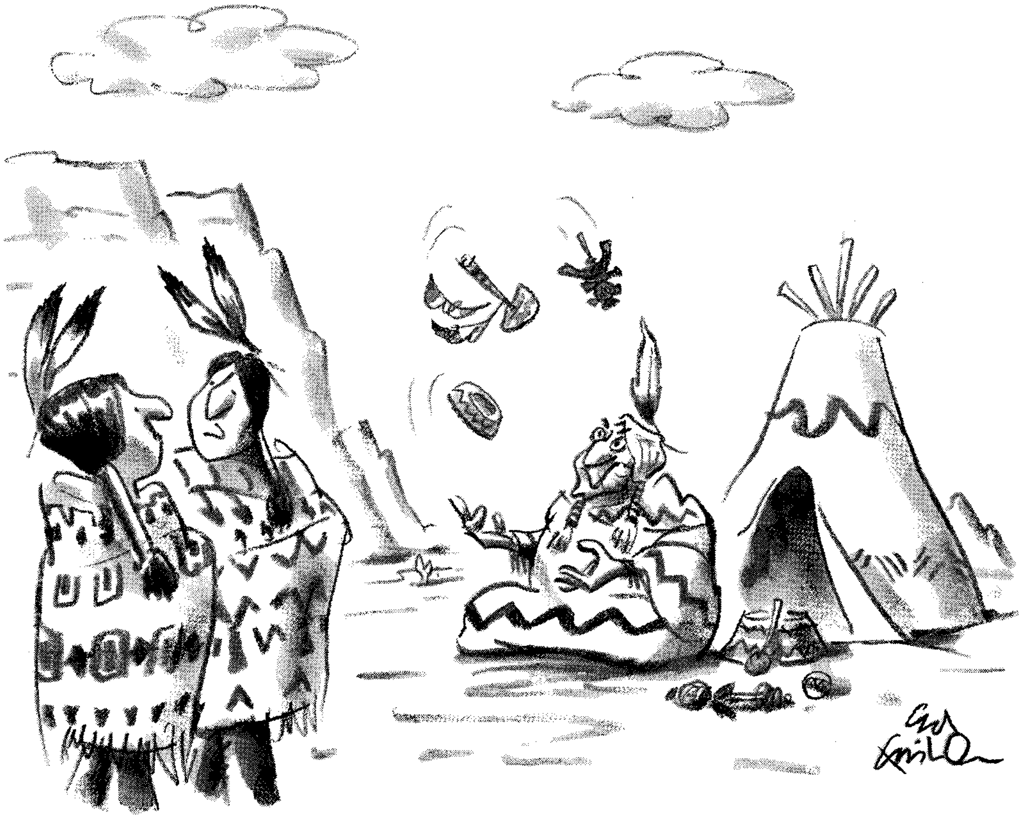
Our house was put together by my grandfather from two summer cottages. The Doyles, who moved out from town, bought a cottage up the shore and tore it down so they could build a modern house that Mr. Doyle designed. He's a lawyer. It's a dark, one-story house with a flat roof and small windows, and when you're inside it's like you're stuck someplace, peeking out. Mrs. Doyle made him add a screened porch so she could have lawn parties for her bridge group. Their lawn goes right down to the water, but it's all spotted and brown from their two wiener dogs. The Doyles' dogs do their business wherever they feel like it except indoors. Mr. Doyle says the worst thing you can do to a dog is to shame it.

I thought I heard a door close, and had a feeling he was in there somewhere.

"Should be any time," Mrs. Doyle said.

It drives my father crazy, the way Mr. Doyle spoils his dogs, but Mr. Doyle always says it doesn't cost anything to be nice, and that includes to dogs. When people are nice back to him, he seems a little surprised and really appreciates it. One time Mr. Doyle said he personally would rather be nice or be dead. Mrs. Doyle said that was bunk. Mr. Doyle said no nicer person ever walked the earth than his mother, but she was gone. Mrs. Doyle told me it was too bad Mr. Doyle couldn't have married his mother.

Mr. Doyle was in a situation at work that week. On Monday, his partner, Mr. Jacobs, had left in the middle of the night and took a lot of papers and some of Mr. Doyle's most important clients. Every day since then, when Mr. Doyle came home in the evening, he started drinking and told Mrs. Doyle the latest development. Usually it ended up having something to do with Mrs. Doyle. One evening he said that the clients who lost them money over the years were the ones he took as a favor because they were friends of Mrs. Doyle's, and now that it was too late he realized he should



"He's old, all right, but not steeped in lore."

have been more concerned about whether they were quality clients than about making her happy. I wasn't there, but she told me about it. The next day, I hung around until he got home, and after his second drink he said it wasn't so surprising that some of his best clients had left. They were important people who were used to being paid some attention, but she never even entertained them. In thinking back he realized she had always been rude to his partner, and his partner's wife, too, as if the Doyles could afford to offend the Jacobses. He thought at the bottom of it maybe she didn't like Jews. She told him that he was full of baloney and the truth of it was, if he cared to admit it, with Mr. Jacobs gone Mr. Doyle didn't have anybody to blame his problems on but himself. That Friday Mrs. Doyle and I were out in the boat thinking that when he got home and discovered she wasn't there, we could lure him down to the lake and put him in a better mood.

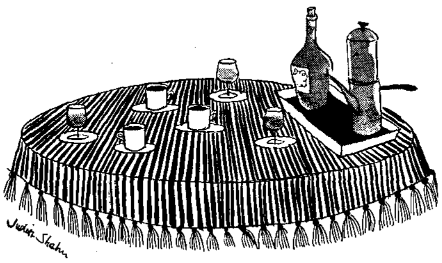
I squeezed my forearm and let go to see if I was burning. I'd worked up a pretty good tan. I liked sitting in nothing but a bathing suit and smelling like Coppertone. I was completely brown except under my nails, on the bottoms of my feet, and under my trunks. Now and then I checked under my trunks to see how white it was. I turned around on my seat and put my other side to the sun. I moved the bait can to make room for my feet and set it down carefully, because in an aluminum boat like the Doyles' you could be very noisy without half trying.

Lydia Lake was clear as a cat's eye. Waves turned the sun into worms of white light that wiggled across the bottom and dissolved. You could see where clams poked up in the mud with moss on their shells and sunfish hung still in the slanty shadow of the swim raft with their gills going open and shut. When you go in, the water holds you up as gentle as warm air, and if you want you can let out your breath and nudge along the bottom past the sandy hollows where the crappies lay their eggs. The drop-off catches some people by surprise, but when I'm in the lake I always know where I am in relation to the drop-off. If you swim over it with goggles and a snorkel—and that means you have to swim through the weeds first to get there, unless you're very early in the season—you come out on the far side of the weeds like flying slowly through a forest, and then it opens up and you can see the soft muck slant away to black-green and no telling how far down.

I thought I saw something dart past a window inside the Doyles' house. "I think he's home," I said in a low voice.

"Shhh!" she said. She leaned over the edge of the boat again and raised her pole. "I feel a nibble." I leaned the opposite way to keep the balance.

"Play it a little," I whispered. I looked up at Doyles' and looked back at her. She held her breath and the tip of her pole twitched. She brushed her hair back from her forehead. Her hair is about half gray and half brown and she had it clipped in the back with a plastic comb. Mrs. Doyle is more than fifty years old, older than my mother, plus she smokes Salems. My mother never smokes except at parties. My mother has a normal body, but Mrs. Doyle's stomach kind of pooches out and she has long fingernails. She always has on lipstick and nail polish like she's expecting to be invited out or has extra she's trying to use up. I was teaching her that you have to let a fish work on your bait awhile before you set the hook. She looked at me and raised her eyebrows like a question.



"O.K.," I whispered. "Jerk it!"

She had the pole so high she didn't have any arm left to do the jerking and had to get up a little off the seat. She

GRANITE

New England doesn't kid around;
it wears its bones outside.
Quartz-freckled, time-rumpled granite—
your tombstone everywhere.

At night I wake and warily gaze
at outcroppings on my lawn.
These moonlit humpbacks, do they sleep
or do their blanched surfaces sense my eyes?

By day, you can see how earth
engenders itself over aeons:
pine needles silt in, and tender weeds
take hold in the cracks, then wild roses

and hairy-stemmed sumacs find enough
for a footing, and oak rootlets,
and out of the mesh comes a mulch, a soil—
trapped particles breed trapped life.

There is no way not to die,
can it be? What do these stones
coldly know? Or is moonlight warm,
and the granite a pledge

to which consciousness clings?
Better rock than the mud
of a meaningless mercy, such as men
would devise. This outcrop

is a wide gray glow the night has grown.
I think with awe of the man
who will gaze down upon it, awake,
when I'm blinder than stone.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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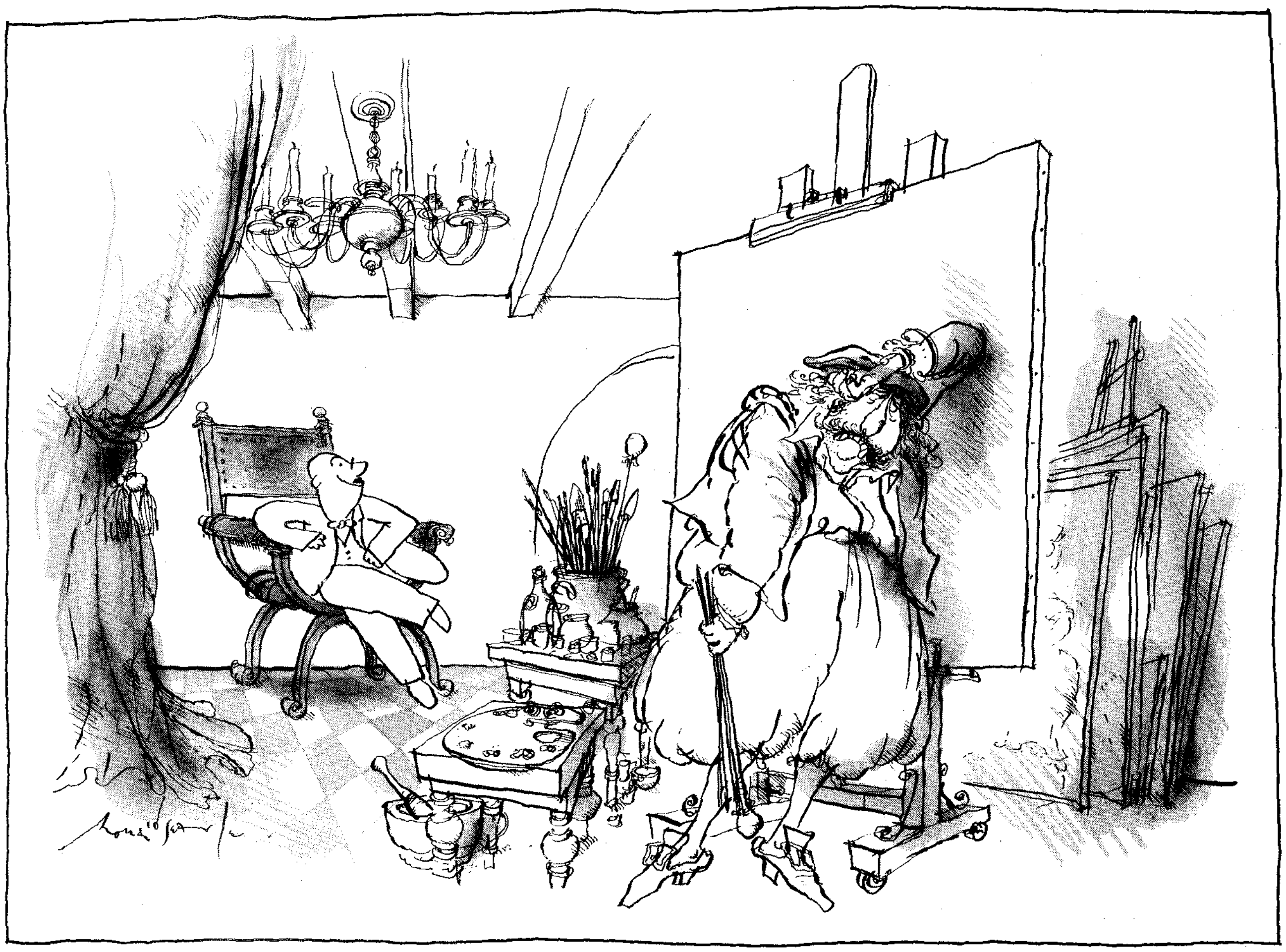


CROSSED PATHS

Thurber Meets Rembrandt

• •

has a big butt, and it was all pale below her bathing suit, except where it had a flat red crease across it from the aluminum seat. The red crease stopped at the V-shaped part covered by her suit, which was turquoise, and started again on the other side. "There!" she said. When she was excited her voice got deep and she forgot to whisper. "Got him!" Her sleeve slipped off her shoulder and the loose part of her arm that would be muscle on a man jiggled as she worked the fishing pole. I grabbed the net. It was a pan-sized sunfish. I got out the stringer and put him on.

I looked down the shore toward our place. One of my brothers was doing something in waist-deep water, but I couldn't tell what. Maybe rigging his spear gun. I looked back to Doyles' and was sure I saw a face in the den window. I started to wave, but it disappeared. "Think we should go in?" I said.

"He'll think we're coming up. Better to stay put and hope he comes out." I watched the porch door. "When he's depressed like this it will take him a while to decide to come out," she said. "He's used to having things his way. It's what happens when you're an only child raised by a mother who would rather be drawn and quartered than let you suffer so much as a passing moment of unhappiness." She rolled out another laugh. I pictured Mr. Doyle as a boy being wrestled for fun by his mother. She probably had dark hair and creamy skin. Then I imagined him sitting in a long white chair on the lawn with his feet up while she served him lunch from a tray.

"What about his father?" I said.

"I never knew him. Willis says he only wore suits."

"Did his father spoil him?"

"His idea was to teach Willis self-discipline. If you ask me, what he should've done was make a couple more kids so Willis would've learned to work things out when they didn't go exactly his way."

"Maybe," I said. "But what if they just had fights?"

"Fighting's one way of working things out," she said.

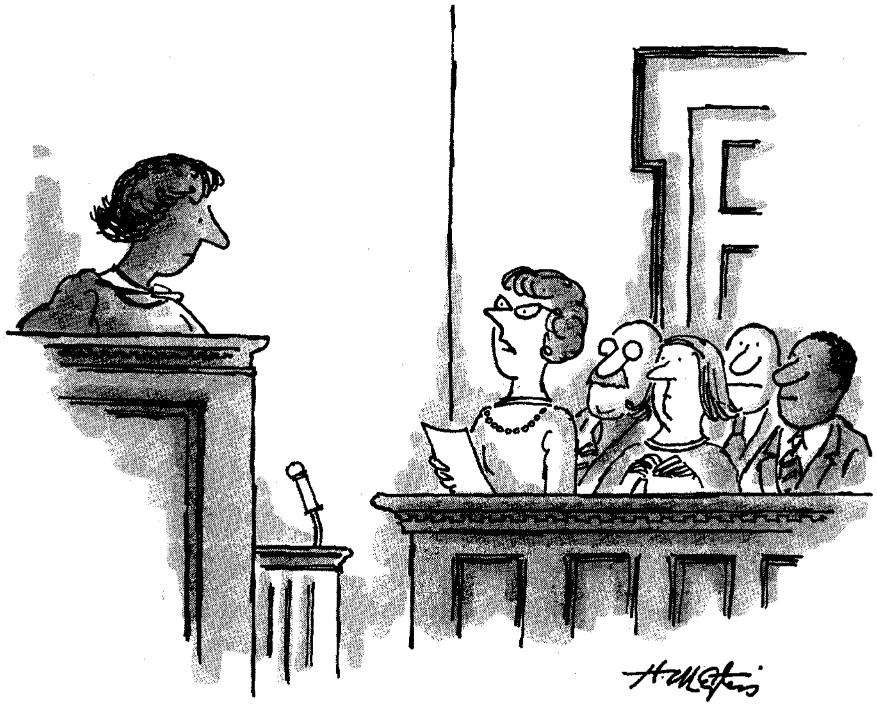
"If you're oldest," I said. "If you're not, forget it."

Mrs. Doyle laughed and shrugged her shoulders. "Besides," she said, "if there are no other people around, it's harder than heck to get away with anything." She leaned over the side of the boat, stuck her hand out to make a shadow on the water, and tried to see if any more fish were near her bait. She made a laugh that was kind of a snort and said, "Knowing Willis, he never tried to get away with a thing in his life." I couldn't think of anything I tried to get away with, either. I didn't say so, though, because Mrs. Doyle made it sound like you should.

I wondered what he could be doing

in there. Probably making a drink or digging through his drawers looking for his bathing suit. Usually, if I was there when he came home from work, Mrs. Doyle and I would be sitting on the porch and he would walk in and say something funny like "What's the gnus on the home front? Yak yak," and then, "Why don't you do the honors, Louise." While she poured him a bourbon-and-Coke, he would loosen his tie and fold himself—he's tall and soft—into one of those reedy, round porch chairs that look like upside-down Chinamen's hats, and then he would drink while we talked. He liked to tell me pointers about being in business, like having a grip on your fundamentals. He said if more businessmen had a grip on their fundamentals they would be putting money in the bank instead of going to the government with their hands out. If he was in a good mood he might tell some jokes, and I'd stay for supper, and afterward we'd play gin rummy. Other times when he'd get home he'd be in a really bad mood. You couldn't tell in advance. And if you went by their house after dark sometimes they would be shouting things at each other that made you walk fast because you didn't want to hear it.

I started coming over to Doyles' when they hired me once to get a dead muskrat off their lawn. I took it home to my brother Martin, who collected dead animals at the time. He would store them in the freezer and then thaw them out so he could try stuffing them. Every dead animal was worth ten minutes using Martin's train set. Mrs. Doyle began hiring me to cut the grass. She brought lemonade out to the porch, and we talked. I was a little envious of Mrs. Doyle's situation for my own mother, not so much because Mrs. Doyle seemed particularly happy as because everything in her house was in order, and I could imagine what a comfort that might be for my mother. While Mrs. Doyle and I fished, or while we were sitting out on the screened porch, I told her funny things about my four older brothers, like how when I went through the house at night I slammed the doors open. I did this in defense from my brother Norman, who hid behind them and jumped out at me. I told her how in my family when you got up from your chair you had to shout "Get my place back" or anybody could take your seat. Sometimes Norman cheated by saying whoever's older gets best dibs. Once when we were waiting for my mother at the drugstore I had to get out of the car to see if a cat I saw was dead. I said, "Get my place back," but Norman slid right over to my window and said, "Best dibs." I tried to squeeze onto the seat, but he wouldn't shove back where he belonged. He gave me his stupid grin, and I decided I'd rather walk home than give in. Our turnoff was three miles up the road, and I kept checking over my shoulder for the blue Ford. Finally I saw them coming. When they stopped to let me in I was going to make Norman shove over, but they didn't stop. They just waved.



"Your honor, we find the defendant not guilty, because the prosecution simply didn't do its homework."

One time, when Mrs. Doyle and I were sitting on her porch, I told her that my father's philosophy for raising boys was to put them all out in the spring and not let them in until fall.

"Sheez," Mrs. Doyle said and laughed. She had on a green blouse with no sleeves, and when she poured the lemonade I could see the edge of her brassiere.

"My mother's philosophy is just to buy all our clothes in the same size," I said. I took the glass Mrs. Doyle handed me.

"If I was in her shoes, I'd do exactly the same thing," she said. She lit a Salem and blew out the smoke. "Your mother's a saint."

"I know," I said. "Sometimes I do secret things for her. Then I wait to see if she notices."

Mrs. Doyle adjusted herself in her chair and tugged a little on her blouse. "What kinds of things?"

"Well, a couple of times I slipped peanut brittle into her top bureau drawer," I said.

Mrs. Doyle laughed.

"She's crazy for it, but you can't have it in the house or somebody eats it."

"I can believe that."

"Or sometimes I get up early and sneak into the basement and match up the socks in the clean-clothes pile."

"Oh, go on. You do that?" The ash was getting really long on her cigarette, and I thought it might fall in her lap.

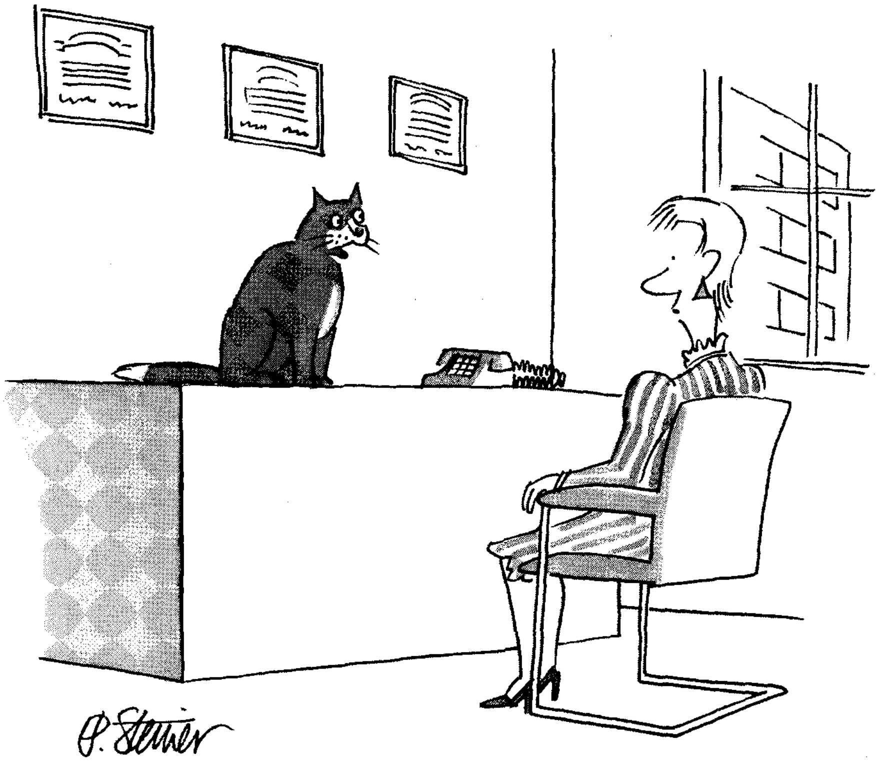
"She hates to sort socks. She tries to get us to pin our pairs together when we put them in the dirty clothes, but nobody remembers."

"Isn't she surprised when she finds them?"

"She's never mentioned it," I said. The ash fell and Mrs. Doyle just brushed it onto the floor. "But she probably knows it's me."

Another time, the Doyles invited me to spend the night with them at a cabin they were going to, but my parents weren't home, so I couldn't ask their permission. John was in charge, since he's the oldest, and he didn't care, so I went. Mrs. Doyle called my mother right away the next morning to tell her when they'd be bringing me home. I could hear my mother laugh at the other end. She said she hadn't even noticed one was missing. Even though I wasn't on the phone, I can hear her exact words, and I can see her standing in her blue sundress at the breakfast counter with her brown hair curling over the black receiver that she has tucked under her left ear. She's wiping toast crumbs from under the toaster when Mrs. Doyle says that part about bringing me home, and she laughs in an easy way and says that she hasn't even noticed one was missing.

MY father is editor for the local paper, but mostly he likes to invent things in his workshop. He invented a wire thing on a handle, which branched out so you could roast six hot dogs at one time, and he made a kayak that was just like the kind the Eskimos had. We're always using inventions that other kids have never even seen, and when they ask what it is and where you got it, you say, "Made it," and they just have to hope you'll let them try it. My father invented a giant slingshot out of an inner tube and a tree branch once, but we had to take it down after the first demonstration because a rock we shot hit a car. Since my father knows how to do anything, people are always calling him up for ideas or coming by to see if he has certain tools. My mother says she hopes somebody in the family will grow up discovering how to make money. I told my father that to make money you have to practice the art of management, and the art of management is learning how to get other people to do things instead of having to do them yourself. (Mr. Doyle explained it to me.) Eventually all you have to do to make money is just spend it getting other people to do stuff. My father laughed and said he was sure I was probably right. I wondered whether Mr. Doyle had practiced the art of management on Mr. Jacobs. I could tell sometimes that he practiced it on Mrs. Doyle, but it didn't always work the way he wanted.



"I'd like you to have a CAT scan."

THE sunfish kicked up a small splash of water and scraped the stringer alongside the boat. The Doyles' porch door slammed and I saw Mr. Doyle walk slowly down the lawn. He still had on his suit pants and a necktie, and held a drink in his hand. He stopped halfway to the shore and looked at us.

"I suppose," he called, "since you-all are so intent on your fishing, I'm going to have to cook the supper around here."

"Gawd," Mrs. Doyle said to me. "Must be his third drink already." She called back to him, "We thought you might like a swim before supper." He stood watching us. I waved at him. He didn't notice and took a drink.

"Maybe we should go in," I said.

"Wait," she said. "Don't pull up the anchor until he comes down to the dock." She called to him, "We'll bring the boat in if you want to go for a swim." He stood and watched us like he hadn't heard. I held my fishing pole. Mrs. Doyle checked her worm. The waves were catching the afternoon sun like flames spreading toward us from shore. Mr. Doyle took another swallow and crossed the lawn a few more steps. The wiener dogs came around the house and circled him, sniffed his cuffs, and ran back up the hill. He looked at the dock. Finally he started walking toward it.

I was glad when Mrs. Doyle reeled in her line. I pulled up the anchor and put the oars in. We switched seats so I could row, and he was standing on the dock when we reached it.

"Must be nice to go fishing when the rest of the world's going all to hell," he said. I wished we hadn't tried our plan to lure him down. I grabbed hold of the dock while Mrs. Doyle climbed out, and then, without looking at Mr. Doyle, I climbed over the other side of the boat into the lake and made myself busy with the moorings.

"Wouldn't you like to cool off?" she said.

He leaned against a dock post. "I come home from another day trying to save our financial ass, nothing on the table when I walk in. You, out of consideration for me, are out fishing. Right?"

"Look," she said. "If you don't want to take a dip, I'll put the food out." She looked at him and waited but he didn't answer. She picked up the fishing gear and started toward the house.

"Can't find my bathing suit," he said.

She stopped and frowned at him. "Did you check the bathroom door?"

"Oh," he said. "I get it. You didn't

have an opening in your busy schedule to straighten up the house?"

She sagged her shoulders and shook her head. "Willis?" He didn't say anything. He looked at me. I retied the rope on the boat.

"How's the water, Sambo?" he said.

"Good." I worked on my knot.

Then she said, "I'll go get it." She started toward the house again, but he kicked off his shoes. He walked up the dock toward shore and stepped off into ankle-deep water. "That's one of your best suits!" she said.

"It's a bathing suit now," he said. He drained his glass and tossed it onto the lawn. He stretched his arms, faking a dive, and looked at me. "Ready to swim, Sammy?"

Sometimes he says things in a way that makes it seem like you're taking sides when you aren't. I looked at Mrs. Doyle to see what she was going to do. She gave me a "what now" look and put down her stuff.

"O.K.," I said to him. I turned and looked down the shore toward our place. I could make out two of my brothers and my mother. She sat on the dock with her legs in the water, facing our direction.

Mr. Doyle put his hands on his hips and peered into the water. He began whistling to himself and taking small steps into deeper water. The wet ran higher up his pants with every step. I walked out until it was over my waist and then went under and stood on my hands with my feet in the air. When I came up, Mr. Doyle was in to his knees. I watched him lie back and let the lake sweep over his tie and dress shirt. He isn't a strong swimmer, and I could tell he was crab-walking on his hands, trying to make it look like he was swimming.

Mrs. Doyle got an air mattress from shore and walked it into the water. She launched herself on it toward Mr. Doyle. He made a grab for it and tipped her off. "Hey!" she said. He got on the mattress on his stomach and made funny little duck motions with his hands and feet. His white shirt looked pink, and you could see he had a hairy back. The long hair he combs over his bald spot hung down his cheek. His black socks were half off his feet and flopped when he kicked. I said maybe we should have some kind of contest, but Mrs. Doyle grabbed the edge of the air mattress and tried to tip Mr. Doyle off. He was too heavy. He backed away from her and she reached for his tie. "There!" she said, and began to tow him by the neck toward deeper water. She's a good swimmer. "Look what I caught, Samuel!" At first he squirmed and tried to splash her. Then he grabbed his tie and tried to pull it free. She laughed and kicked at the air mattress, and he had to let go of the tie to catch his balance. Then they were in the weeds.

"Not in the weeds! God damn it, Louise!" He got one leg on each side of the mattress the way you sit on a horse, but it folded in the middle and he had to lean forward because she still had a hold of his tie. They stayed that way for a minute, breathing hard, and she worked her legs and free hand to stay afloat.

"Samuel!" she called. "I got a big one. Help me land him!" Then she jerked the tie. All of a sudden Mr. Doyle turned over and went under.

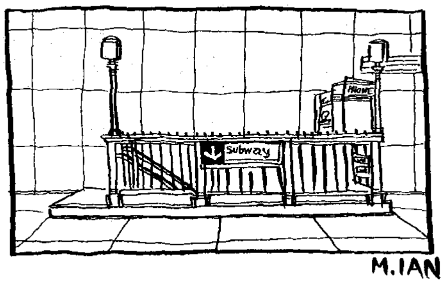
"Willis!" She lost hold of the tie. "Willis!"

The mattress popped free and began to drift away. I swam to catch it. By now they were at the edge of the drop-off. I pushed the mattress to Mr. Doyle and he flopped an arm over it. His hair was in his eyes but he didn't wipe it clear. He coughed and breathed hard. Mrs. Doyle grabbed the other side and panted, too, and I hung on to the end.

They watched each other.

He tried to loosen his necktie. A breeze blew up and I kicked my legs to try to move us toward shallower water. I looked down the shore to our beach. Now I could make out my entire family, including my father. Some of them were in the water and the others were on the dock, and it seemed they were all looking at something on the dock. I wondered what.

Mr. Doyle got his tie loose enough to pull it over his head, and at that moment Mrs. Doyle made a lunge and yanked the mattress under her. "Hah!" she said between breaths. Mr. Doyle had to let his tie float off.



"Haven't had enough?" he said. He grabbed her feet and started kicking the mattress further out. His socks were gone, and he made small grunting noises as he worked.

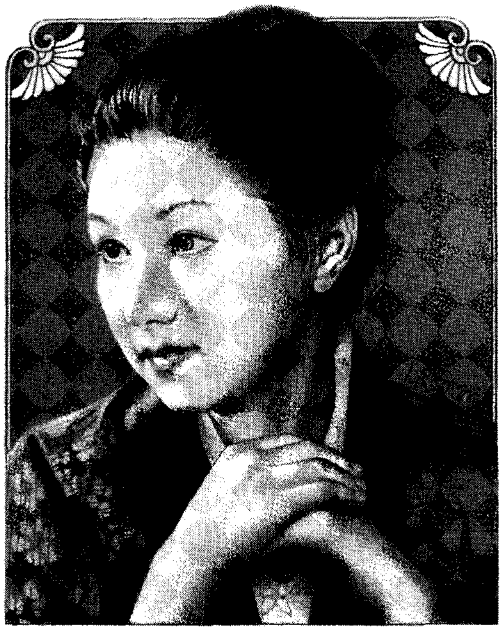
"Think we should go in now?" I said. Mr. Doyle pushed over the drop-off and kept working his wife into deeper water, helped by the breeze. I called after them, "This way," but they didn't look around. I treaded water. I heard barking and turned and there were the dogs on shore all excited about the Doyles' being so far out.

I raised my arms and began to sink. I leaked out my air and let myself fall free in the way I like to do. Silence flooded my ears and my feet fell ahead into the cool dark layers, and I let myself hang there until I was starved for air. Then I swept my arms down hard and pulled toward the light and at the very last possible moment pushed my head through the water's silver skin and grabbed air, rolled over and blew some bubbles and thought about Mr. Doyle. I wondered why he was kicking out so deep. Probably so Mrs. Doyle would be forced to stop messing around. I didn't know, and I let myself slip under again and turn like a slow question to aim along the edge of the drop-off toward our place. I stretched my arms ahead of me and swam with my eyes open. I hooked my thumbs together and flattened my hands like fins. With a turn of my wrists I could swim up or down, left or right, and I thought that the thing about water I liked most was how it always makes a place for you. When you sink it opens below and closes above, so smooth you don't know it's happening, and once you're under, nobody knows where.

I surfaced and looked back. Mr. Doyle was lying on the mattress with his legs crossed and his hands tucked under his head for comfort. He was pushing water through his teeth in small jets the way I sometimes do, as Mrs. Doyle was swimming behind and shoving him slowly over the weeds and in to shore. I slipped under again. I was thinking that if I steered myself in through the weeds and sneaked my breaths in quiet breaks I could return to my family undetected. If I surfaced under the dock and listened carefully to what they were talking about, I could say something remarkable and make them laugh. —PETER C. BROWN

PROFILES

THE ODOR OF PICKLED RADISHES



WHEN "Floating Clouds" was being filmed, in 1954, Hideko Takamine had still not shed the effects of a long stay in Paris. Camembert cheese and fresh croissants had been a serious part of her overseas experience, and by the time she returned to Tokyo she had put on weight. Since Yukiko, the character she portrayed in "Floating Clouds," was supposed to be starving in impoverished postwar Japan, artistic sacrifice called for a diet. Not only was Takamine thick in the hips but her co-star, Masayuki Mori, was also having trouble conveying an image of undernourishment. "There we were, supposedly as emaciated as stray dogs, scrounging around the black market looking for food and clothing . . . and Mori's stomach was sticking out," Takamine recalls in "My Professional Diary," a two-volume autobiography she published in 1976. The two made a secret pact, pledging to reform their eating habits. Takamine may have dreamed of shrimp tempura, but on the set she broke her fast only for a hard-boiled egg or something equally meagre at lunchtime. Abstinence was rewarded; Takamine's Yukiko soon took on a truly haggard and desperate appearance. No one could have doubted the hunger of this heroine who had to sell tattered futons to pay for a winter coat. By the time Yukiko breathed her last, on a rainswept Japanese island—and her lover felt moved to apply lipstick to her corpse—Takamine herself was not in the best of health. "About halfway through the shooting," she wrote, "I would be saying my lines and feel so weak that I thought I was really going to pass out."

With Mikio Naruse directing these dieting principals, "Floating Clouds" makes its way among the freezing *sake* shops and tuberculosis infirmaries of a ruined, defeated Japan. The film is, beyond matters of survival, a love story—the saga of Yukiko and Tomioka, who met when both were working in Japanese-occupied Indo-China during the war. Yukiko is gifted in love and suffering, while Tomioka is handsome and charming but also cowardly, faithless, selfish, and constantly on the verge of financial ruin. Yukiko, among others, cannot resist him, and she follows him from the tropical forests near Da Lat to Tokyo shacks without heat, on to a hot spring and later to the island of Yakushima, and through his alliances with his own wife and somebody else's, sticking by him in the face of scandal and lung disease and the failure of a lumber business. Everyone has a favorite section of this prizewinning film, and some Japanese especially relish the couple's *waruguchi*—their reproachful arguments. ("Ah, the *waruguchi* is wonderful!" one critic happily exclaimed.) The mad love of Yukiko and Tomioka does not always require dialogue, though, for Takamine and Mori display a magisterial command of sighs, grunts, and silences. When they do talk, they try not to waste a word. Their conversation about whether to die together upon Mt. Haruna is as hot as the steamy Japanese bathtub in which they are soaking.

With the release of "Floating Clouds," Hideko Takamine was widely proclaimed a great actress. Critics agreed that the picture spoke of nothing less than the grand and terrible nature of life, and one awed reviewer wrote, "This film has opened up a territory never before touched upon by Japanese cinema." The Takamine of "Floating Clouds" is an unforgettable sight. Wearing a sweater and cotton work trousers, with only wooden geta on her feet, she rushes through the bedlam of Tokyo, hardly pausing to notice the oddness of seedy alleys where Japanese might be eating traditional meals of noodles with bamboo shoots while listening to "Jingle Bells" on the radio. Her round face and troubled eyes make her seem to be always asking why she just can't find herself a little peace and quiet, and she has the most expressive eyebrows east of Suez.

Takamine moves through extremes of mood with a splendid ease. When Yukiko encounters Tomioka for the first time after the war, she gives way to lovesickness ("Remember the first time I came to your room barefoot in the middle of the night and your door was unlocked?"), but a few scenes later, when she has been forced to take up with an American soldier in order to stay alive, she finds less reason to swoon over her wishy-washy Tomioka. Here we see a debating champion fed up with the verbal imprecision of a dim opponent: "Listen, I wouldn't underestimate women if I were you. Don't you dare look down on me when you can't do anything properly yourself!"

Takamine's voice can come as a surprise, for the emphatically nasal sound does not seem to match the big, round face. When I sought comments on it in my local Tokyo drinking establishment, a Japanese man said, "I'd call that voice charming, and very friendly, like the girl next door." But a female patron rose in dissent: no, no, the noise winding through Takamine's nose was "irritating and *becha-becha*." I needed clarification of that word, and the woman explained, "She sounds like what happens when a piece of candy gets stuck in your throat. You try to get it out, but it sticks—*bechaaaa*." *Becha-becha* or not, Takamine's voice has modulated into the clear, authoritative tones of a tour-bus guide (she has

WHITE BEARS: TOLSTOY AT ASTAPOVO

The wheels of the train were a runner's heartbeat—
systole, diastole, the hiss-tick of stasis—
as they flipped through the scrub trees and autumn grasses,
slowing at last at the station lamps.
And perhaps the fever had carried this memory,
or the journey, or, just ahead in the darkness,
the white, plump columns of lamplight.

He is five, six, locked at the center
of the day's first parlor game:
Go stand in a corner, Lyova, until you stop thinking
of a white bear. To his left
there is pipe smoke. Behind him
a little laughter from the handkerchiefs.
And in his mind white fur
like the blizzards of Tula! He studies the wall cloth
of vernal grass and asters, a buff stocking, trouser cuff,
but just at the rescue of a spinet bench
two claws scratch back. A tooth. Then
the lavender palate of polar bears.

I cannot forget it, he whispers. And would not,
through the decades that followed—
the white, cumbersome shape
swelling back, settling, at the rustling close
of an orchard gate, or the close
of a thousand pen-stroked pages,

white bear, in the swirls of warm mare's milk,
at the side of the eye. White bear,
when his listless, blustery, aristocratic life
disentangled itself, landlord to
shoemaker, on his back a tunic, in his lap
a boot, white bear, just then,
when his last, awl-steered, hammer-tapped peg
bit the last quarter sole.

In the gaps between curtains. And now,
in the lamp-brightened gaps between fence slats,
there and there, as if the bear
were lurching at the train's slow pace,

and behind it—he was certain—the stifling life he fled
rushing to meet him: family, servants, copyrights,
just over the hill in the birch trees.
Simplicity. He sighed. Dispossession.
A monastery, perhaps. Kasha in oil. At eighty-two
his body erased to the leaf-scrape of sandals.
And even the room near the station, the small bed
with its white haunch of pillow,

even the mattress, where he shivered
with fever or a train's slow crossing, and whispered,
and, just before morning, died,
was better. Deep autumn. Already the snows
had begun in the foothills, erasing
the furrows and scrub trunks, erasing at last
the trees themselves, and the brooks,
and the V-shaped canyons the brooks whittled.
There and there, the landscape no more
than an outreach of sky, a swelling, perhaps,
where an orchard waited, then boundary posts, fence wire,
then, below, the lavender grin of the clover.

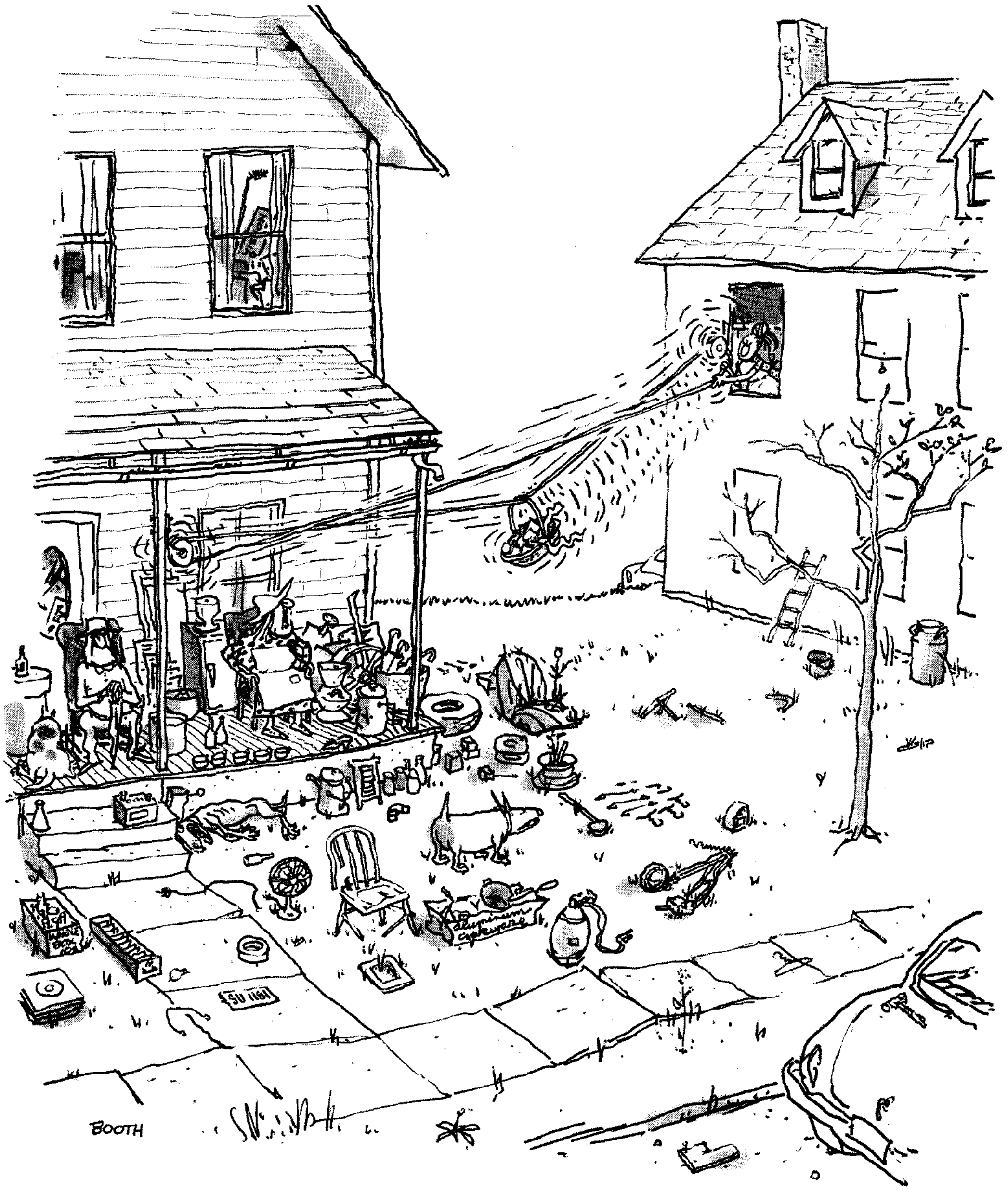
—LINDA BIERDS

• •

portrayed one on two occasions), the affectionate bellow of a young girl calling across fields to her pet pony (in "Horse," of 1941), and even the plaintive cadences of a blind Chinese waif in pigtails singing in an opium den of how the wind blows off the sea and she can't find her sister (in "The Opium War," of 1943). But this voice has served Takamine most effectively of all in her *waruguchi* scenes, when her complaints about the man of the moment hover around her vocal cords longer than normal. She puts a lot of misery into a word like *iya* (loosely translatable as "No, that's not for me"), as in "*Iya*, I don't need your money. I came here with only one thought in mind, to meet you, and now you . . ." Richer still is her extended rendition of *datte* ("but") —a word that even under ordinary circumstances has more syllables in Japanese than one might suppose. Taken in combination with Takamine's heavily knit eyebrows, a sentence like "*Datte* I'm suffering, and you won't pay any attention to me" goes a long way toward confirming the swinishness of whatever man she is reproaching.

Takamine's voice was most memorably heard during the golden years of Japanese cinema, soon after the war. "In 1951, when Akira Kurosawa's 'Rashomon' won the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival, the Japanese film industry turned its eyes outside the country for the first time," she writes in her autobiography. "Everyone ran around in high spirits: 'Just wait until I show them—I can do that, too!' " Takamine was the favorite actress of Mikio Naruse and Keisuke Kinoshita, two of the most esteemed directors of the period, but she also found time to appear in the films of other notables as a nineteenth-century mistress, a trapped housewife, and an advertising barker. For many Japanese, she was as much a part of postwar Japan as the strange-tasting powdered milk distributed by the American military. Takamine's way of speaking was strictly her own, but the restlessness of the characters she portrayed could trace its origins back to the misfortunes [illegible] many other Japanese film heroines. In those days, women on the screen were often noble and long-suffering, facing hideous abuse in the harsh male world. If hardship was women's lot, then steadfast endurance enhanced their inner and outer beauty. The actress Kinuyo Tanaka, for instance, suffered terribly in the 1952 film "The Life of Oharu" (directed by Kenji Mizoguchi). Her lover is slaughtered, her

Anne Burgess



"Oh, good! Lucille is sending me some stuff!"

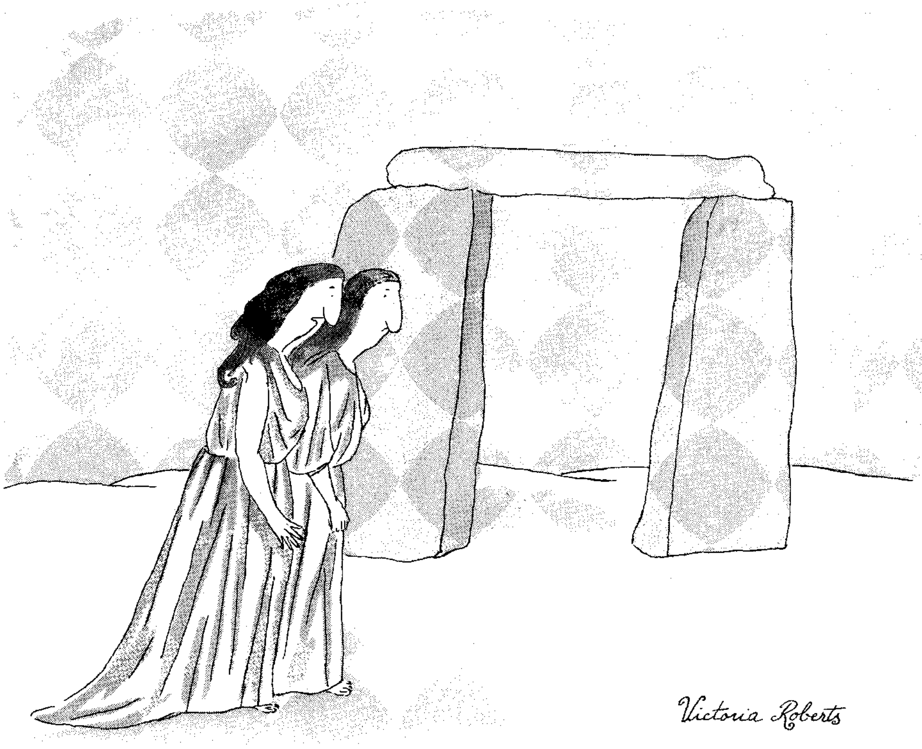
• •

child taken from her, but she soldiers on to face still further tragedy. Westerners in comparable dire circumstances plot murderous revenge, but makers of such Japanese films prefer to offer only the milder consolations of Buddhism. Time and again, actresses had to portray the ordinary Japanese woman as having the simple goodness to forget her own trials for the sake of others. Self-sacrifice could create extraordinary moments on screen, as in "The Sound of the Mountain," when a wife played by the adored and idealized actress Setsuko Hara tries to turn her mind from a philandering husband by speaking rapturously of the moon.

Hideko Takamine became known for suffering in a more modern way. She was at her best when her heroines, on sensing imminent disaster, indulged themselves in outright complaint rather than a study of the evening sky. In postwar Japan, where Takamine's films were often set, her heroines did not lack for encounters with bone-crushing disappointment. "Many of Takamine's heroines were typical of the women who had grown up after the war," the film historian Donald Richie told me. "Like so many Japanese women then, they wanted more out of life, but couldn't get it. The war may have been over, women found, but they weren't better off. They were still fairly unhappy. So the kind of roles Takamine played fit the zeitgeist, may have even made that zeitgeist."

Many Japanese say they never tire of seeing Takamine play Kiyoko, in the 1952 "Lightning," also directed by Naruse. Kiyoko's mother has had four children, each by a different father, and they have been brought up in a déclassé section of traditional Tokyo. Kiyoko, who has ambitions to better herself, broods through much of the film about how to get away from the sordidness of her family and the clutter of noodle shops around her. "You have to think about how things were then," a friend told me. "After the war, we thought we were going to have democracy, like the Americans. We were dying to get out of the house, just like Kiyoko, but we still had the strict Confucian family system to contend with. We were still trapped by the old obligations, duties, customs. We had to go along with our elders' wishes." Kiyoko does manage to leave her turbulent home and move to a more civilized neighborhood, in the suburbs, and there she meets a brother and sister whose conversations focus upon piano lessons instead of the day's winnings at the pinball machines. But in the film's final scene Kiyoko's escape seems less than assured: her endearing, unfashionable mother visits this haven of bourgeois harmony to remind her of family ties. Earlier in the film, Kiyoko and her mother have a startling exchange at home one afternoon. Chatting on the veranda, they come fearlessly to the heart of the matter. "Mother," Kiyoko asks, "you married four men, didn't you? Tell me, were you happy?" Her mother does not require even a moment's pause before replying, "Happy? Now, where do you get such fancy ideas?"

WHEN "Lightning" appeared, Hideko Takamine was twenty-eight years old. One might have as-



"There are Druids and there are Druids."

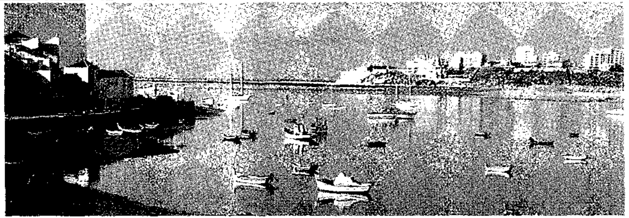
sumed her to be in the early stages of her career, but the fact is that at twenty-eight Takamine had already been a movie star for twenty-three years. She has often told the story of how when she was five, in Tokyo, her uncle took her on a sightseeing trip to Shochiku, one of the major film studios, carrying her on his back, in the Japanese style. She was dressed in plain, everyday clothes, but there happened to be an audition that day for a child's part in a new film, and, on a whim, she and her uncle joined the line of gorgeously attired aspiring child stars. Hideko was selected for the role, and "Mother," the film in which she made her début, broke booking records when it was first shown, in 1929. Her talents as an adorable little girl established, she began playing little boys as well, benefitting from her extremely slender hips. Takamine says that she took to these sex changes without alarm. "If you put me in a girl's costume, I was a little girl. If I wore shorts, I was a little boy. No problem."

Along the way, she acquired the nickname Deko-chan, and it stuck much beyond her years as a little girl/boy star. She became everybody's sister/brother, or the kid next door. It was the engaging young girl weeping over a horse who remained in the public's mind even after Takamine became an adult beset by more subtle anxieties. And, since mysteriousness is apparently part of feminine allure, a child who had driven the entire Japanese nation to tears by reciting an essay about a pair of rabbits, and whose big, healthy teeth had first appeared in Lion Toothpaste advertisements when she was eleven, was obviously going to have difficulty establishing herself as an adult female idol. Here Takamine could not compete with the enigmatic Setsuko Hara, who is known in the West for her starring roles in many of Yasujiro Ozu's films. Hara was called "the eternal virgin," or even "the eternal Madonna," because she seemed to possess the purity of a heavenly emanation. "After seeing a Setsuko Hara movie," the novelist Shusaku Endo writes, in a typically reverential response, "we would sigh or let out a great breath from the depths of our hearts, for what we felt was precisely this: Can it be possible that there is such a woman in this world?" Endo is one of several men I know who dream of meeting Hara just once before they die. Hara, who was only forty-two when she made her last film, in 1962, was so refined, so moral, so beautiful, so representative of all that Japanese men valued in women that she remained excitingly out of reach for the hordes of males who adored her. Her appearance, too—her long face and broad shoulders—did not seem completely Japanese to the scrupulous native eye, and rumors of foreign blood flowing in her veins only fed the fantasies. Hara added to this air of mystery when she abruptly retired and, though persistently sought by eager paparazzi, she has never emerged from her seclusion, in the fashionable Tokyo suburb of Kamakura. Some say that she did not wish to show her aging face in public; others speculate that she had problems with her eyes. Hara herself has remained silent on the subject, and unapproachable—the Garbo of Japan.

It is still said that Takamine was never able to match this immaculate white rose. During the recent sumo-wrestling season, when the jargon of the sport was current, a Japanese professor soberly took me aside to remark that Hara remains the *yokozuna* (champion), while Takamine will always be the second-ranking *ozeki*. Takamine, with her round face and excellent teeth, struck her Japanese fans as cute and lovable but at something of a remove from the sublime. If the Hara of Ozu's films carried the Japanese tradition of feminine grace on her wide shoulders, Takamine, in the only Ozu film she made as an adult (she was in his "Tokyo Chorus," among others, as a child), played a tomboy who liked to stick out her tongue. Her portrayals of the kind of genteel upper-middle-class women who were Hara's specialty had an awkwardness about them. In particular, Takamine's hearty appetite threatened to disrupt the decorum of austere Japanese sitting rooms, which she looked as if she might at any moment help herself to double portions of rice or seaweed-covered crackers. Takamine was more at home with Japan's *shomin*, the people of the lower middle class. She could munch at her leisure among the revellers at street festivals, and catch up on the gossip at the public baths. She took to *shomin* roles as if she had been playing them since she could talk, which was almost

THE SEASIDES

OF



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the case; and her fans always believed her to be one of their own. "If Takamine turned up here tonight, she wouldn't mind serving drinks to help me out," the owner of my local bar said. "You'd never find Setsuko Hara doing that." Even Takamine's walk, with her hips sometimes following slightly behind the rest of her body, has a hale aspect, as if she had just finished hauling a heavy object behind her, perhaps a rickshaw. The closest she came to this activity, however, was in "Rickshaw Man," in which Toshiro Mifune, as her devoted admirer, played the title role.

Takamine more easily finds a place beside the actress Kinuyo Tanaka, who was born in 1909 and died in 1977. Although Tanaka came from an established middle-class provincial family, she had no difficulty living among the less elegant *shomin* in her films. As a brothel keeper, a maid in a geisha house, or a ticket hawker at the bicycle races, Tanaka could put a surly edge into a Japanese sentence which insured her survival in any rough neighborhood. Her voice, too, had a nasal quality, and, especially in the early years of talkies, her pronunciation made no secret of country origins. When Tanaka starred in Japan's first all-talking picture, every syllable she uttered was received with awe. The way she called her husband—"*Nee, anata*" ("Listen, dear")—in her down-home accent thrilled the crowds. Her private life, a succession of histrionic scenes, made her the darling of journalists. (She supposedly once became so furious with a certain gentleman that she urinated right in front of him on the tatami floor.)

Tanaka treated Takamine like a younger sister, and often invited her out to her palatial Kamakura home. When they appear together in films, their camaraderie amid the bean-cake shops is obvious. But there was almost a generation between them, and when Tanaka's characters suffered, their distress came to seem old-fashioned. In her films, the men had too much power and could spurn her for a richer girl; the family system kept her taking care of her children alone while her husband wandered off to seek his fortune or the fast woman next door. The enemy loomed as clearly as the rising sun itself, as Tanaka joined the ancient female struggle against feudalism and unequal pay scales and Confucianism. When Takamine stepped forward to complain, the same samisens may have twanged in the background, but the enemies she faced were too disparate to be so easily categorized. In "Where Chimneys Are Seen," a 1953 film directed by Heinosuke Gosho, Tanaka and Takamine occupy the same house in wretched postwar Japan. Downstairs, Tanaka has problems with a slow-witted husband and an abandoned baby who won't stop crying; her situation is further complicated by a family-registration system that had its beginnings many centuries ago. Upstairs, in equally drafty quarters, Takamine is getting ready to wreck all her chances for happiness without the help of customs left over from premodern civilization. Next to her lives an attractive and intelligent young man who adores her. Takamine, however, is not one to settle into contentment without putting up a fight. She harangues her would-be lover about his character flaws or the nature of the human struggle while the baby bawls downstairs. In her desire to eradicate all traces of sloppy thinking from the world at large, this Takamine can be a wearying presence. Were her boyfriend not so enamored of her, he would see that living with a woman like this could take years off his life. In the final scene, he must chase her down the street while she leads a discussion on the likelihood of his being able to predict accurately whether or not he will be an unfaithful husband.

A woman who puts such a fine point on things will not have to look far to find imperfections in life. The banter of "Where Chimneys Are Seen" moved on to more sombre ruminations in other movies. Takamine's heroines often found themselves in contemporary quandaries that went beyond disputes with the old Chinese sages. With an intensity that makes you gasp, these women ask the largest, most painful questions: Why am I working? Why am I suffering? And, in "As a Wife, as a Woman" (on whose script her husband, Zenzo Matsuyama, collaborated), Takamine dares to pose the most extreme of these: "Can you tell me," she inquires of her professor lover, who won't leave his wife, "why I am living?"

I MET Hideko Takamine for the first time last October, at the Kawakita Memorial Film Institute, in the Ginza section of Tokyo. The late Nagamasa Kawakita began importing foreign films to Japan more than sixty years ago. (He also showed a Mizoguchi film to Berlin audiences in 1929—more than two decades before any Westerner ever dreamed of pronouncing a word like *Rashomon.*) Kashiko Kawakita, his widow, has continued his work, and the institute now organizes Japanese-film screenings for film-festival directors, scholars, and journalists. Noteworthy foreign films are also shown in its screening room for the enlightenment of Japanese buffs.

Takamine made her last film—"Oh My Son!," directed by Kinoshita—in 1979, and considers herself retired. She joined me for a screening of the 1964 "Yearning," which was directed by Naruse from a script by her husband. In this film, she plays a capable war widow who lives with her late husband's mother and her young brother-in-law. The widow runs the small family shop, but the lower prices of a new, modern supermarket down the street threaten her business. She furrows her brow and considers discounts. Although Takamine has complained about her face ("My face, my eyes, my nose are all round, my upper lip is too short; it's a child's face, and there's nothing I can do about it"), to a Japanese her soft features and full cheeks are the very picture of a *shomin.* A more aristocratic Japanese face needs sharper features and angles—something along the lines of Meryl Streep's face. To movie audiences in Japan, an upper-class Japanese Meryl Streep would look odd running a grocery store, but tie an apron around Hideko Takamine and you're in business.

Trying to remain competitive during an egg-price war, the widow must also contend with relatives who are plotting to sell the store out from under her. Egg prices do not distract her from her devotion to her work and to her husband's memory, but she does get flustered when her brother-in-law declares his love for her. The widow cannot bring herself to accept the sincere advances of this very appealing young man. She refuses him, he resigns himself to the rejection, she then shows signs of weakening, and he decides to take over for the delivery boy, just to be on hand in case she wants a private word. Finally, she cannot bear the strain of dealing with her relatives and

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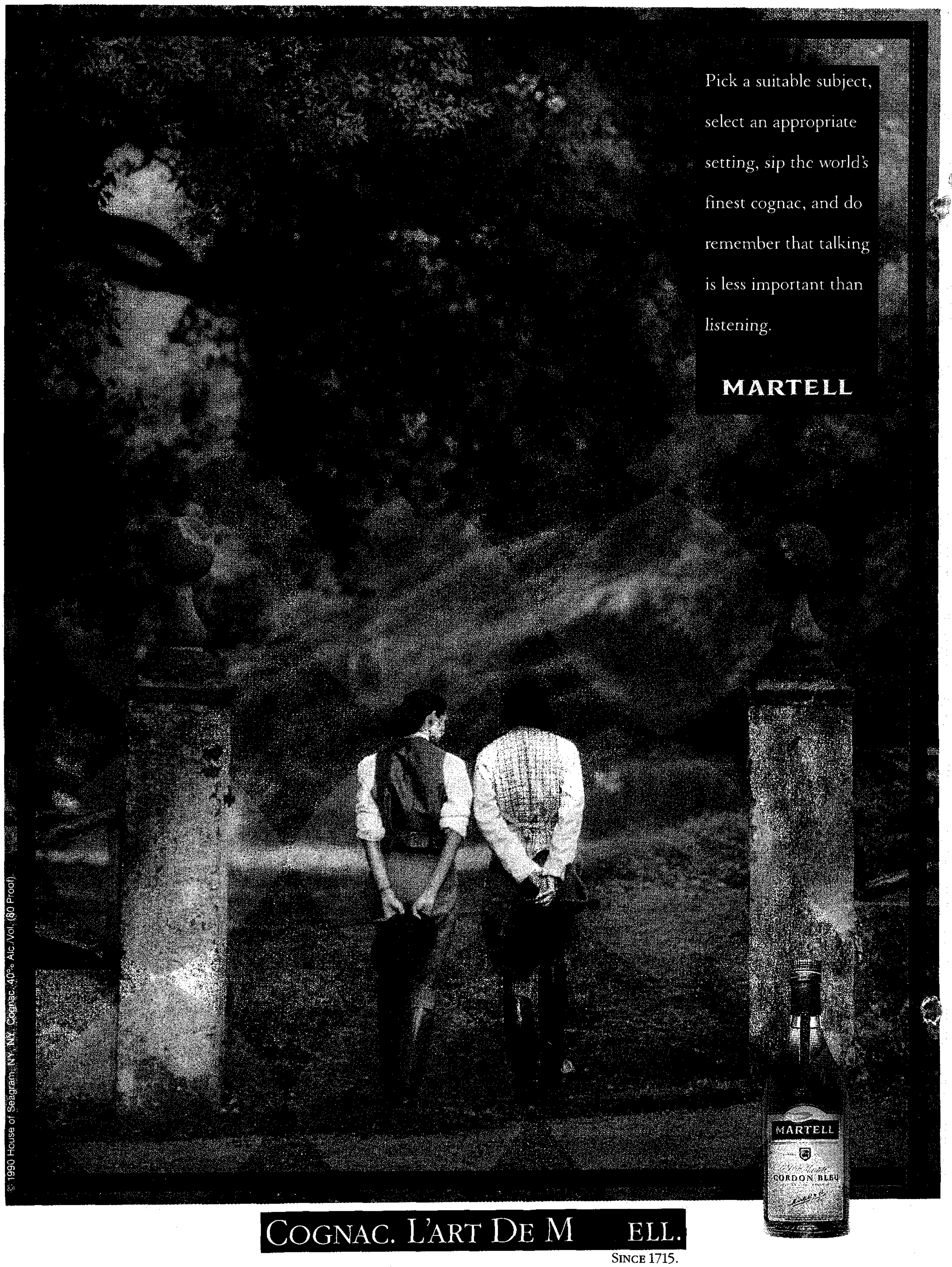

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with her admirer's importunate glances. Renouncing shop and in-laws, she gets on a train to return to her own family. No sooner has the train started, however, than her brother-in-law comes down the aisle to take a seat next to her. What follows is one of the most emotionally complex train rides in the history of cinema. No, she cannot sully her love for her dead husband by taking up with the attractive relative sitting so close to her. No, it is unthinkable. But then, a couple of box lunches later, the unthinkable appears more tempting. After a few more train stops, her resistance vanishes. The widow and the brother-in-law get off together at a hot-springs hotel. When they are at last ready to put an end to all wavering, she again rejects him. The distraught young man goes on a drunken binge, and is carried in, dead, on a stretcher, having thrown himself off a nearby cliff.

The Japanese title of this film is "Midareru," which means confusion highly seasoned with anguish. In the Japanese classics, love-racked heroines are often found in this state of *midareru*. On the train, Takamine's face, registering dozens of nuances between fastidiousness and passion, offers superb *midareru* that is every bit a match for the ancients. She can take you to the brink even on such frail material. When the lights went on in the screening room, I found Takamine crying in her seat. She explained that until then she had seen only parts of the film, in daily rushes. "But it's a Naruse film," she said, wiping her eyes. "So it's too long, too slow. And all that hesitating." Here she mockingly imitated the quivering chin of her screen widow, and asked, "Do you think that's easy to do?"

Takamine took a moment to compose herself, while Mme. Kawakita, among others, came by to offer formal greetings. At sixty-five, Takamine was impeccably dressed and coiffed. She favors smart black suits, without much jewelry. Although she likes to eat, both onscreen and off, she told me that, at about a hundred pounds, she can still fit into the wedding dress she wore thirty-five years ago. In any one of her tasteful outfits, she could be just another of the many petite matrons who are out shopping everywhere in Tokyo now, busily taking advantage of Japan's economic miracle. But the run-of-the-mill wife of a White Plum Heavy Industries executive does not have to fend off fans wherever she alights. As soon as the film ended, people began requesting autographs. After drying her eyes, she showed none of the indecisiveness of the widow in "Yearning" but crisply begged off signing just then. Perhaps she caught the surprise that registered on my face when the contrast sank in. Her grin might have been asking me, "Didn't they tell you I can act?"

After the flurry of autograph seekers receded, we adjourned to a *shabu-shabu* restaurant down the street. "You know, that brother-in-law in the film was supposed to get drunk and die accidentally in the snow," Takamine said, once we had settled down on the restaurant's tatami floor. "That kind of thing happens all the time. But we waited and waited out there on location and no snow fell. So Naruse finally got tired of waiting for a snowstorm and had the brother-in-law kill himself."

Takamine's distinctive voice has lowered over the years to a smoker's tenor. The sound, when she is calm, is clipped and matter-of-fact, but when she is impatient she can easily shift into a more tart mode. In this country of subtle modes of discourse, where you can lose sleep trying to figure out exactly what someone really meant to be telling you that morning, Hideko Takamine has gained a reputation for extreme forthrightness. Her admirers find her pleasantly open and honest in her opinions, a welcome relief from the ordinary obfuscations of polite conversation. Her detractors say they wish she would let people finish their sentences before she cuts them off with her sharp tongue. Even in Japan, where psychological probing isn't customary, there are those who like to refer to childhood experiences in explaining adult character. Such analysts speculate that this manner of speaking frankly started when Takamine was made to play naughty, outspoken little boys so long ago. I was told that, while her blunt style can pass in Tokyo, she would terrify a visitor from the Japanese countryside.

Shabu-shabu is a beef fondue cooked

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This holiday season, surrounded by your friends and family, you may wonder how you could possibly feel any luckier. Here's one suggestion: look for an establishment displaying the symbol for Meals-On-Wheels America or, in New York City, City Meals-On-Wheels. Go in. Sit down. Order a Martell Cognac. Then, enjoy the rich, warm feeling that comes from knowing a portion of the purchase price will go to these organizations that bring much-needed meals and smiles to thousands of elderly homebound people. Organizations that have raised the simple act of caring to the level of an art.

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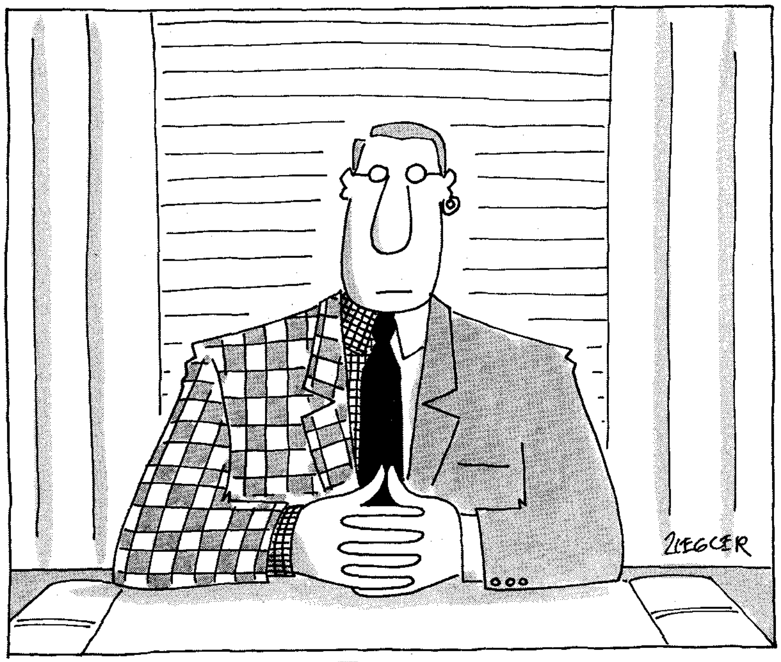
at the table with assorted vegetables. Takamine likes to cook, and expertly took over the job of swirling cabbage around in the steaming pot, meanwhile responding to my questions. Takamine has been interviewed since the start of her career, in 1929. Reporters have pursued her to the studio, to her home, to her koto lessons. Hunted down a few times too many, she told me, she has come to suspect that journalists are in search of her very self. Boundless enthusiasm is therefore not her principal response to yet another question-and-answer session. Nevertheless, she leaned forward stalwartly to start coping with the ordeal.

Because Takamine began working at such an early age, she has had, to her regret, very little formal education. She studied at the studio during free moments and read whatever came her way. She has written a number of books, however—besides the autobiography there are books on her travels, a book on the artist Ryuzaburo Umehara, and, of course, a cookbook—and their strong, candid style has won considerable praise. It must have pleased this intense autodidact when an essay she wrote was cited as an example of excellent Japanese on the University of Tokyo's entrance examination, some years ago. "How did I start writing?" she mused as she cooked our meal. "I didn't think anything of it. Oh, it just came to me naturally, like writing a letter. When I was young, I would write for some of the publications they put out at the studio. Then, when I was twenty-seven, I went to Paris for half a year and wrote a diary, and it was later published as a book."

Takamine does not like to take herself seriously, and the eyes start rolling if she is asked to make weighty pronouncements about her acting career. "I'm telling you, acting is no different from being taught to do tricks, like a cat or a dog," she said. There is, of course, much Japanese modesty in her unwillingness to utter a single positive word about her screen appearances, which number more than four hundred, but Japanese reticence goes only so far. Takamine has not failed to let it be known that a pack of increasingly greedy relatives destroyed her childhood by turning her into a "money-making machine" in the film world. For decades, she has struggled with a substantial supply of anger and bitterness. In an interview she has said:



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> When I was a child, my mother would put on my makeup. In those days, the face makeup came in a hard compound that was the devil to apply. You had to heat the makeup over the fire or else the thing wouldn't soften. So my mother would put this stuff over the flame and then paint it on my face, spreading it out all over. That hurt, really hurt. I hated it. That's why I didn't like working in films. I was miserable all the time. I can't remember a single instance when I thought I liked my work. It's all the aftereffects of my childhood.

On talk shows, in interviews, in her books—even while downing a hamburger with me—she has been consistently generous in informing the public about her attitude toward her profession. She has written:

> Every time I finished a film, I would feel that being an actress was a hateful occupation. A script I had treated as reverently as a god during the shooting—I would feel like ripping it apart page by page and then stomping on it. That's how much I hated it. Because I had the feeling that I was being bullied while I was working, I would feel a sense of liberation but, at the same time, this strange desperation. And then, just when it was over and I thought I could breathe a sigh of relief, go out to have a good time and relax, I'd have to prepare for the next film. Tell me, do you think the film world is the only place I can live?

From these pronouncements Takamine can effortlessly arrive at outspoken appraisals of the most famous names in Japanese cinema.

On Kurosawa: "He can make his actors miserable, twisting them around, trying to get them to do what he wants. Directors like that make me very nervous." On working with Yasujiro Ozu: "Ozu was very particular. Me, I can be pretty shameless about not letting things like that bother me, but others on his set would be quivering with fear. Chishu Ryu—why, he shivered and shook all the time. I'd take a look at him and start shaking myself."

On Naruse (she has more than once cheerfully entertained audiences with her routine about this formidable director): "He never spoke to me. Not once. When I went over to him, I'd get so nervous that I felt I couldn't breathe—as if there weren't enough oxygen in the room. I really wondered if I should carry a portable oxygen tank around with me. It was that awful. I never did have a real conversation with him, even though we worked together for decades. I suppose you could call this a little odd." Takamine and Naruse worked at the same studio when she was a young girl. "When we were filming 'A Wanderer's Notebook,'" she recalled once at a public interview, "I thought I'd better say something to him, and so I asked him, 'Naruse-sensei, what kind of kid was I?' 'You were too smart for your own good,' he said. You can see that from there the conversation isn't going anywhere."

Naruse, who died in 1969, was, like Takamine, in his element among the struggling *shomin*. His view of the world was bleak, at best. It was his conviction, after years of reflection, that all the energy spent seeking happiness brought no more results than if one had decided to sit absolutely still, studying cloud patterns, until the end came. "I have thought that the world we live in betrays us," he has been quoted as saying. "This thought still remains with me." Nonetheless, the stymied bar hostesses and typists in his films never cease scurrying forth on errands of self-improvement. Hideko Takamine fashioned magnificent heroines from these wiry, doomed women: she does not flinch at catastrophe, even though Naruse relentlessly heaps every misfortune imaginable upon his protagonists. When she's in charge of a character, there is no hesitation about wringing the frightening truths from heartbreak, lingering illness, insolvency, betrayal —the stuff of melodrama in lesser hands. Toward the end of his life, Naruse suggested to her that they make a film together without props or color, just a stark white background. He was well aware that Takamine did not require a well-appointed movie set to get to the heart of things. Although the taciturn Naruse's communication with his actors relied heavily on silences, Takamine does not deny that those wordless exchanges conveyed sufficient meaning. She has written that she felt Naruse's death so keenly that she has never been able to bring herself to visit his grave.

As we started our meal, Takamine launched into one of her favorite stories. "As I told you, Naruse and I hardly ever talked," she said. "So this is how our days went. I would go to the set every day and just stand there where the lights and the camera were. But Naruse, he was out there somewhere in the dark, and so I thought it was affected to shout out into nowhere, 'Good morning!' And I'm nearsighted, you see, so I thought that instead of my trying to find him it would be easier for me to stand in front of the lights, where he could easily find me. Then he would surely say something. So I'd do that, but then there'd be only a voice from somewhere saying, 'O.K., let's start.' And I'd say, 'O.K.' We'd go on like that until evening, until he said, 'That's it for today.' I thought it was too much trouble to go looking for him to say goodbye, and so there were many days when I never saw his face at all. There would just be this voice coming from somewhere. But, you know, I heard later that Naruse told one of the producers, 'Hide-chan comes to the set and doesn't even say "Good morning." ' Can you believe he said that?" When pressed, she admitted that

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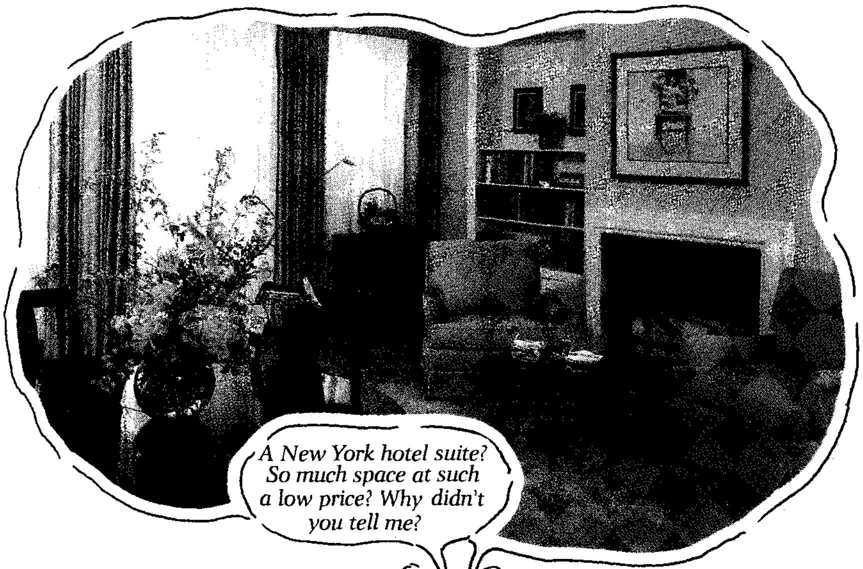
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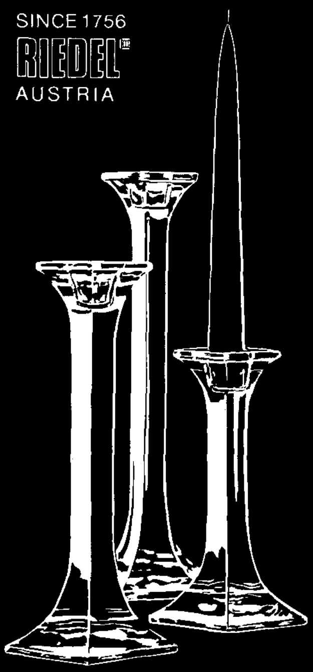

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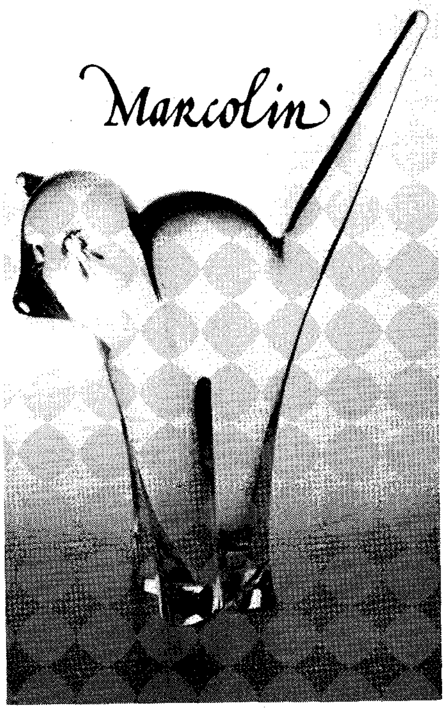

Naruse could express himself if necessary. "I suppose that he didn't talk in public, he talked through his films," she says. But she feels more comfortable in her ironic vein. "When we were shooting 'Untamed,' " she often recalls in interviews, "I asked him, just to make conversation, how the heroine Oshima should behave in a particular scene. He said to me, 'You'll just do it and soon it'll be over.' Now, is that any way to talk? 'You'll just do it and soon it'll be over.' "

Takamine conceded that in the case of actors who could not respond so intuitively to his ideas Naruse was not all that opaque. "If he didn't like something, he could spend the whole day on it," she said, animated over her chopsticks. "Once, during the filming of 'When a Woman Ascends the Stairs,' he was late. Usually, if he said we would start at nine in the morning, by nine he'd be working on the first cut. When I asked where he was, they told me that he didn't like the actor who was playing the bartender. In that film, I'm the mama-san of a bar, and there's a scene when I come in to work, before any customers have arrived, and the bartender is wiping a glass. The bartender looks over at me and says, 'Good morning.' Well, Naruse didn't like the way he said 'Good morning.' He had the bartender repeat it through that whole day and night, but he still wasn't happy. When I got to the set the next day, there was another actor playing the bartender. I could see from that what a frightening person Naruse was."

Soon after Takamine had regaled me with this story, she and I walked back to the Kawakita Institute for tea and more talk, and then she excused herself so that she could catch the last showing of a film that was playing at a theatre around the corner. As she prepared to leave, well-wishers appeared, eager to help her to the door, into the elevator, onto the sidewalk, out to her car. Determined to elude these volunteers, she quickly gathered her possessions together. Since, as she has often said, fate works in mysterious ways, the moment she was ready the elevator arrived to take her down. She bowed a firm, solitary farewell to all of us as the doors closed.

TAKAMINE has had good reason to call fate mysterious, for no one could have predicted that she would one day be ranked, along with salmon, as one of the most famous products of Hokkaido, Japan's northernmost major island, where she was born, in 1924. Her grandfather was enterprising, but his fortunes were subject to wild fluctuations, and at the time of her birth he owned a *soba* (noodle) restaurant in Hakodate, a coastal city. Geishas served their guests on the second floor, and Takamine remembers being taken upstairs as a baby to attend their *sake*-drenched nightly festivities. Before Hideko was born, her mother had produced only sons—three of them—and when she became pregnant again the prospect of another male offspring did not stir great interest, so her husband promised to give the new baby boy to his childless younger sister, who lived in Tokyo. The parents' delight at the birth of an adorable girl was diminished by the arrival of this sister, who exhibited a tenacity and hysteria that were to blossom extravagantly in later years. The cute baby, she argued, belonged to her. She gave the baby the name Hideko and kept travelling to Hakodate to demand that the goods be handed over. "She would come for me, and my father would just disappear from the house, carrying me on his back," Takamine recalls. Finally, the family grew tired of this harassment, and Takamine's real mother formally told her sister-in-law that the couple intended to keep their daughter. But soon afterward Takamine's mother developed tuberculosis and died. The father, never a stalwart presence in Takamine's chronicles, decided that Hideko, then four years old, should be given over to his sister's care. "My new mother was delighted when my real mother died, because she got me," she told me. "If my real mother had lived, I'd still be in Hakodate. You can see how mysterious fate is."

Takamine moved to Tokyo with this new maternal influence, who was to bedevil her through the years to come. "My new mother became consumed with trying to convince me that she was my real mother," she recounts. "Even though I was only four years old, I knew exactly what had happened—that my real mother had died and I had to go with this new woman. But my new mother insisted that she had always been my mother. I think that's when I started to distrust people."

Nevertheless, Takamine soon began to address her aunt, and refer to her, as

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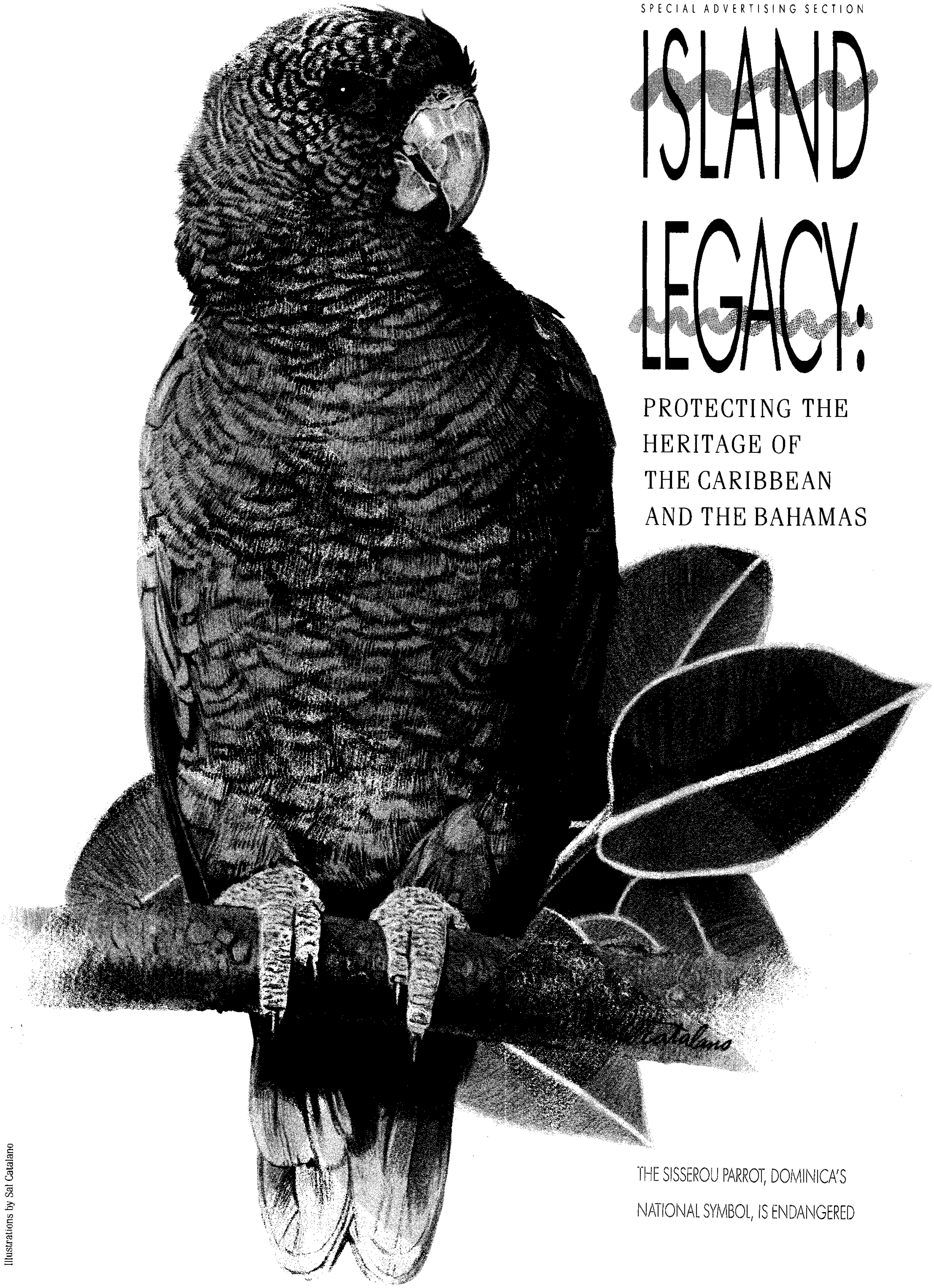


THE SISSEROU PARROT, DOMINICA'S NATIONAL SYMBOL, IS ENDANGERED

Illustrations by Sal Catalano

NATURAL, PRISTINE BEAUTY STILL ABOUNDS

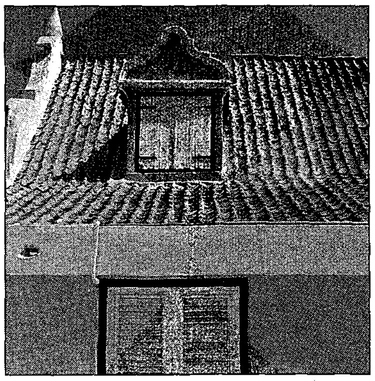
It is written in many a school text as a colossal mistake: Christopher Columbus, in 1492, set sail for the Far East, but instead stumbled onto a string of jewel-like islands surrounded by a glistening turquoise sea. On those islands, Columbus was treated to the sight of a land so lushly green that it was almost blinding; where cascading waterfalls were towered over by smoking volcanoes; where colorful birds flew overhead and strange, exotic sea creatures swam in the warm waters; where the fragrant aroma of flowers filled the air and succulent sweet fruits grew in abundance. Columbus realized he was witness to a natural beauty that he could only describe as Edenic, that his mistake was the discovery of a true paradise.

But that was almost five hundred years ago. What of the Eden now? Would Columbus still consider the islands of the Bahamas and the Caribbean a paradise if he were to sail by them in 1990? Civilization, especially five hundred years' worth, tends to take its toll on nature. Much of that wild, unspoiled paradise no longer exists. But the region has, so far, withstood the onslaught of progress. Natural, pristine beauty still abounds on these islands.

Lately, protection of that natural beauty has become a primary concern. There is an awareness in the Bahamas and the Caribbean that conservation of those natural treasures and preservation of archaeological artifacts and historic monuments can co-exist with tourism; that tourism, in the long run, will ultimately benefit these concerns. In response to this increased environmental awareness, many of the islands of the Caribbean and the Bahamas have established trust funds and other non-profit organizations to aid in conservation. Along with the private sector, governments have passed stricter laws protecting natural areas on the islands.

Jashina A. Tarr

THE ISLANDS' BEAUTY REMAINS INTACT



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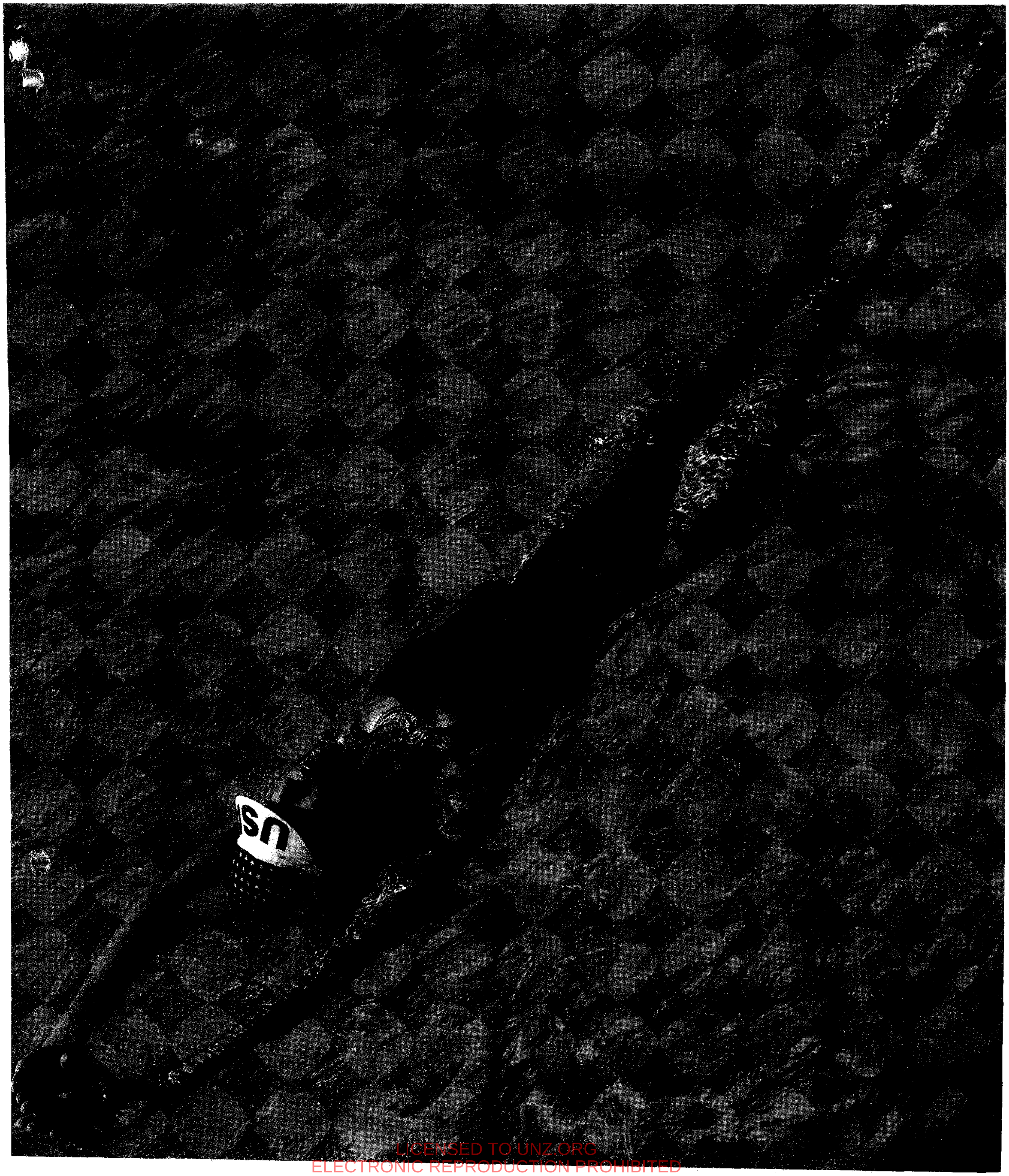

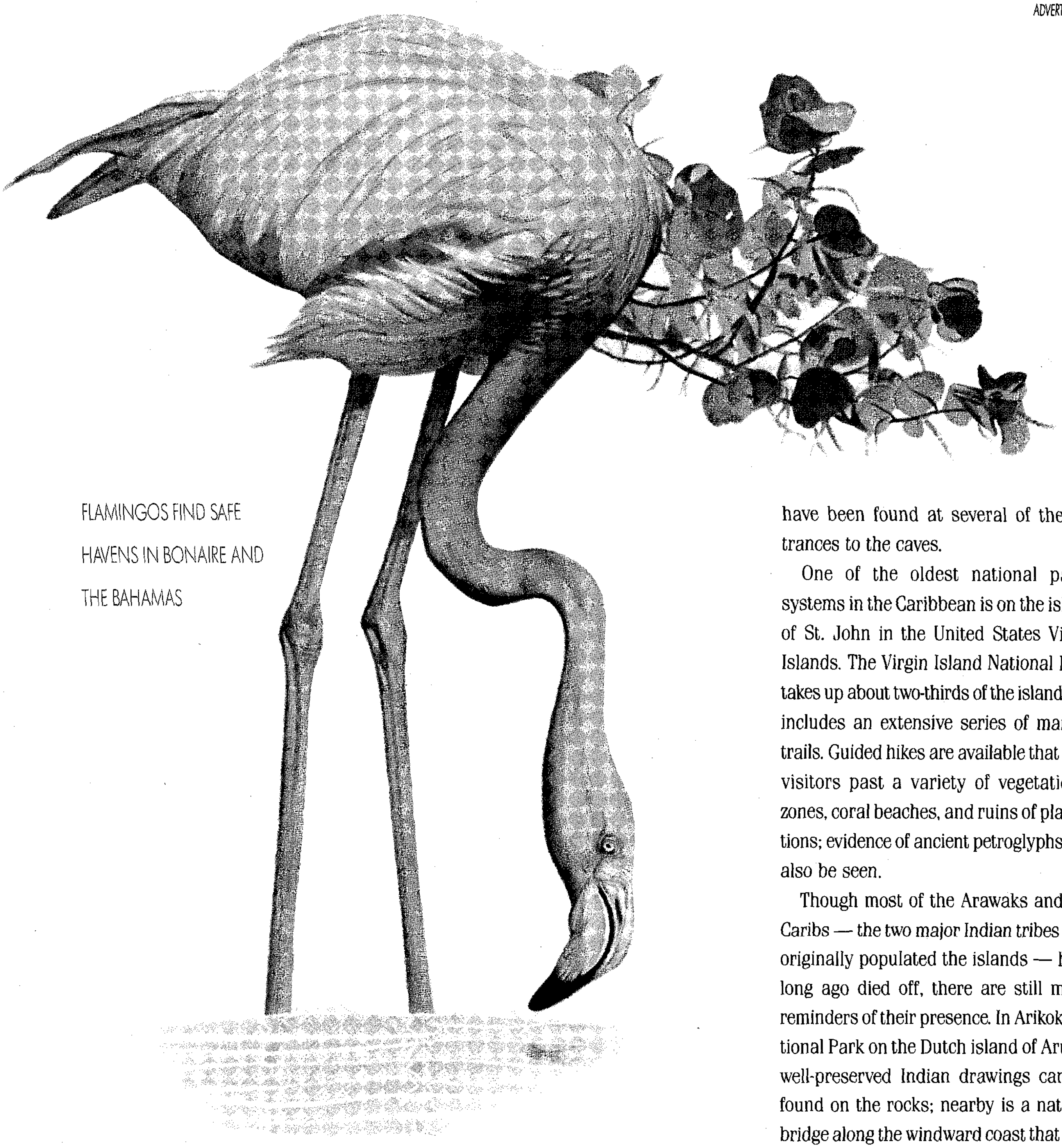

FLAMINGOS FIND SAFE HAVENS IN BONAIRE AND THE BAHAMAS

MAINTAINING THE ISLANDS' VERDURE

One result of the increased environmental awareness has been the emergence of more and more protected national parks on the islands, parks where visitors can see some of the most beautiful, unspoiled terrain on the planet. Among these parks, Lucayan National Park stands out. Named in honor of the Lucayan Indians, the first inhabitants of the Bahamas, the park was created on the island of Grand Bahama by the Bahamas National Trust, a non-profit organization involved in the preservation of places of historic and natural beauty. The park features a dense pine forest, but its main attraction is the five-mile cavern system that lies underneath the forest. Billed "the largest underwater cave system in the world," artifacts of the Lucayan Indians have been found at several of the entrances to the caves.

One of the oldest national parks systems in the Caribbean is on the island of St. John in the United States Virgin Islands. The Virgin Island National Park takes up about two-thirds of the island and includes an extensive series of marked trails. Guided hikes are available that take visitors past a variety of vegetational zones, coral beaches, and ruins of plantations; evidence of ancient petroglyphs can also be seen.

Though most of the Arawaks and the Caribs — the two major Indian tribes that originally populated the islands — have long ago died off, there are still many reminders of their presence. In Arikok National Park on the Dutch island of Aruba, well-preserved Indian drawings can be found on the rocks; nearby is a natural bridge along the windward coast that was formed over the centuries by the pounding surf. And in Indian Point Creek, on the British Leeward island of Antigua, excavation of an Arawak village is currently taking place.

ARUBA'S DUNES

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Two of the islands in the French West Indies chain, Guadeloupe and Martinique, have very extensive national parks systems. Parc

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ST. LUCIA'S LUSH RAIN FOREST IS PROTECTED BY LAW

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Naturel on Guadeloupe's Basse-Terre, the western region of the butterfly-shaped island, is a 74,100-acre preserve. On the preserve there are over two hundred miles of marked foot trails that are color coded for levels of difficulty. At the heart of Parc Naturel is Soufrière, a semi-active volcano that still occasionally emits sulfurous belches. Martinique, the island the Carib Indians called "island of flowers," also has its own volcano, called Mount Pelée. Mount Pelée, located in Martinique's Parc Naturel, is dormant now, but in 1902 it erupted, wiping out the then-capital city of St. Pierre. Other islands with semi-active volcanoes in the Caribbean include Montserrat, Dominica, Grenada, St. Vincent (where one erupted as recently as 1979), and St. Lucia.

Not all of the mountains on the islands of the Caribbean are volcanic. St. Lucia's Pitons, the most stunning pair of peaks in the Caribbean, tower a half mile above sea level. Perhaps the most famous range in the Caribbean, however, is the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, a designated national park, and the home of the celebrated Blue Mountain coffee bean. Guided hikes through the forest and up to the 7,388-foot Blue Mountain Peak can be easily arranged. The highest peak in the Caribbean is Pico Duarte (over 10,000 feet) in the Dominican Republic. Climbing Pico Duarte, however, requires the permission of the army, and the assistance of a mule is advisable. Other popular climbing peaks include two in the British Virgin Islands: Mount Sage, a 1,710-foot peak that offers spectacular views of Tortola; and 1,370-foot Gorda Peak, in Gorda Peak National Park on the island of Virgin Gorda.

THE RAIN FORESTS OF THE CARIBBEAN ARE VITAL

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Jashina A. Tarr

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the Luquillo Mountains in Puerto Rico. It's the only tropical rain forest in the United States National Park system and encompasses over twenty-eight thousand acres of bright, verdurous vegetation. There are many different excursions available to experience the flora and fauna of El Yunque, where wild orchids, giant ferns, trumpet trees, and ancient redwoods make up just a few of the two hundred and forty different species of plants.

St. Vincent, Grenada, and St. Lucia, in the British Windwards chain, all have lush tropical rain forests that are, by law, protected areas. But possibly the most breathtaking rain forest in the Caribbean is on the island of Dominica. Often referred to as "the nature island of the Caribbean," Dominica is said to be the most lushly landscaped island in the Caribbean today. Dominica's rain forest is located within Morne Trois Pitons National Park, a huge area that covers almost all of the southern part of the island. Within the park are natural wonders such as the Boiling Lake, an immense, flooded fumarole that most definitely lives up to its name,

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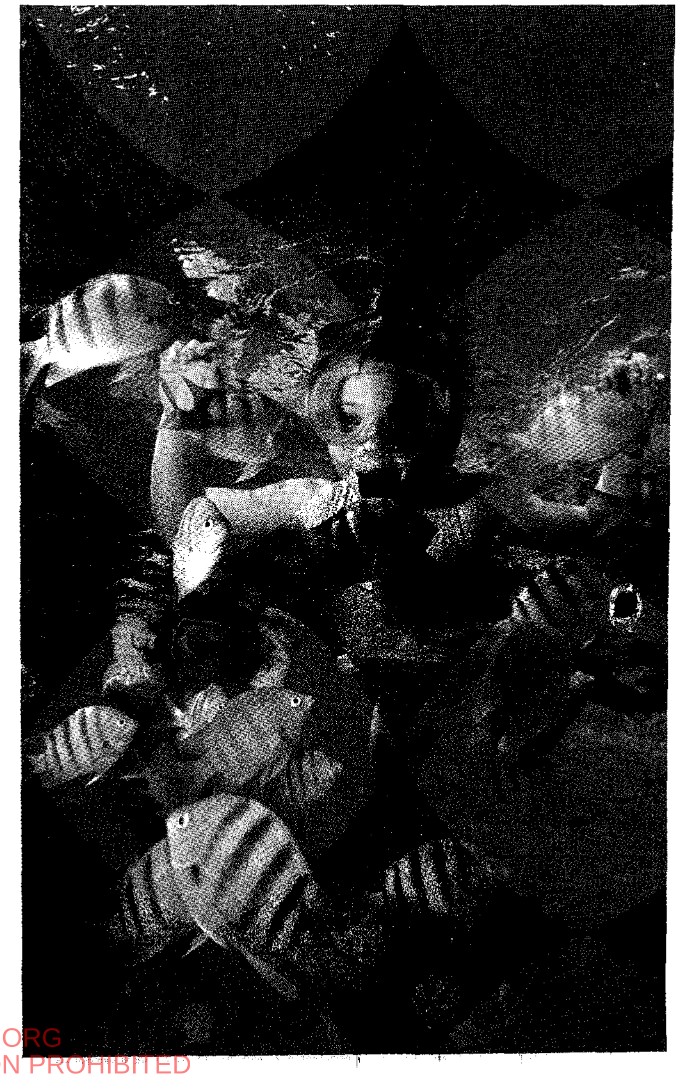

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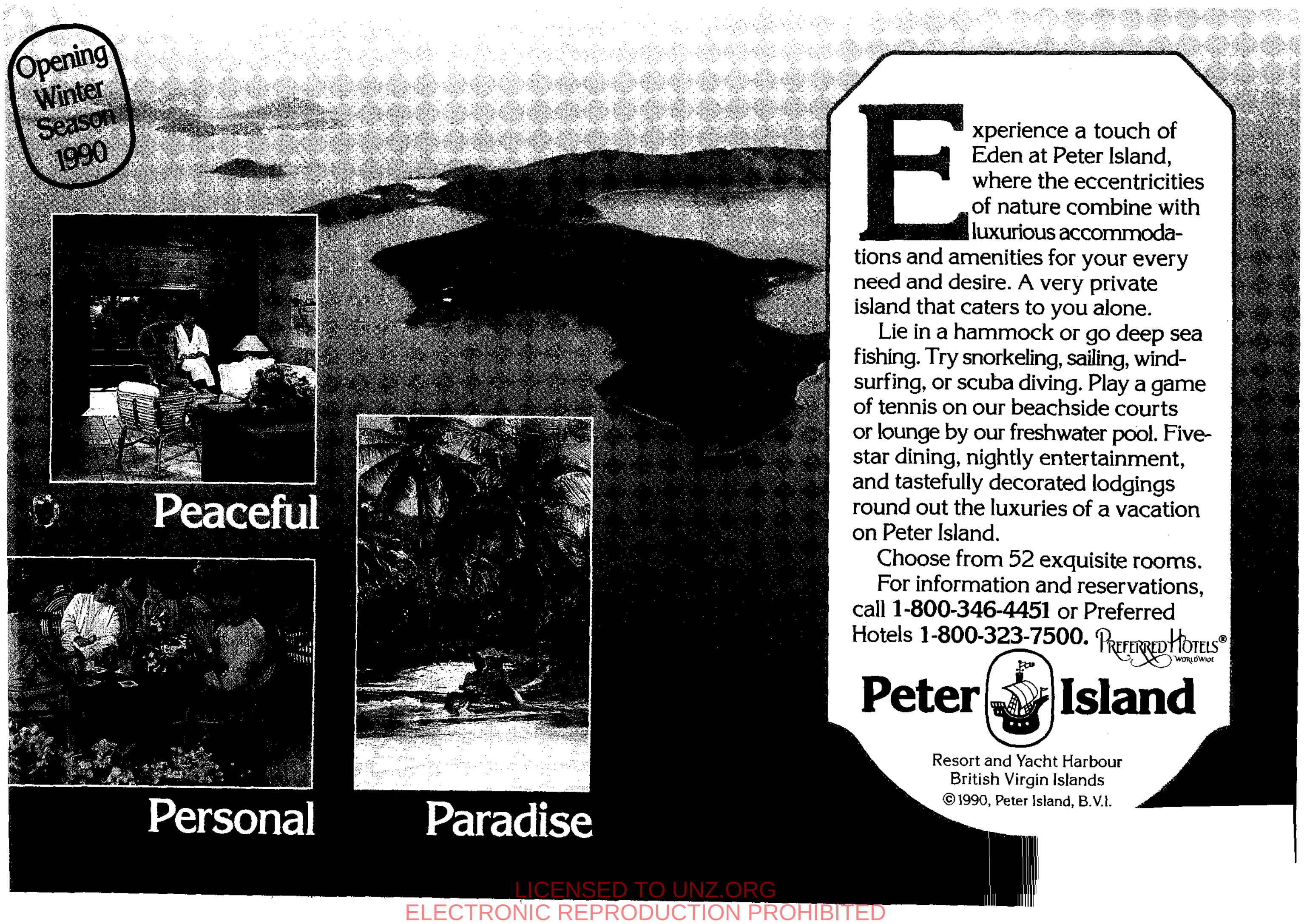
PROTECTNG ENDANGERED SPECIES

Within the gorgeous scenery of the national parks live other natural wonders. In Morne Trois Pitons National Park, for instance, are the one hundred and sixty-two species of birds indigenous to the rain forest. One of those species, the Sisserou parrot, is Dominica's national symbol. But the Sisserou, like so many of the parrots of the Caribbean, is a highly endangered species. With its colorful plumage and distinctive squawk, this parrot demands a high price on the black market, which has led to years of illegal poaching. Their numbers are dwindling at such a frightening pace that groups such as the World Wildlife Fund, the Audubon Society, and the RARE Center for Tropical Birds have stepped in to work with local governments and park officials to help save the parrots from extermination. Along with Dominica, Puerto Rico, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, the Cayman Islands, and

MANY OF ST. VINCENT'S PARROTS ARE ENDANGERED SPECIES

Luis Villota/The Stock Market



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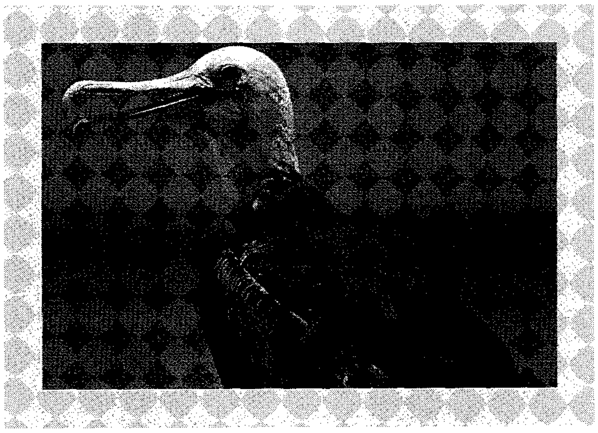


THE MAGNIFICENT FRIGATE BIRD FINDS SANCTUARY IN BARBUDA

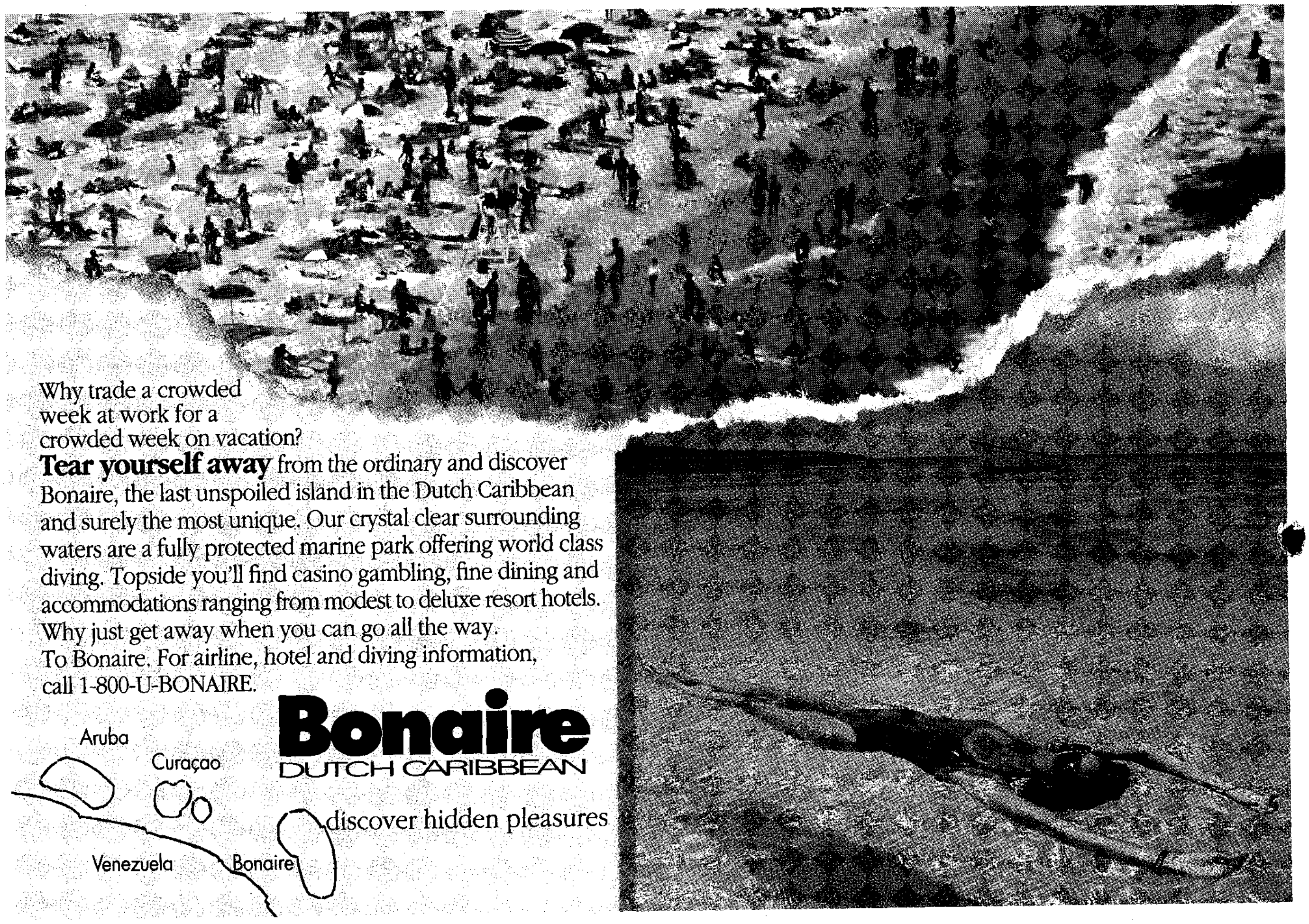
H. Cru[illegible]hank / VIREO

the Bahamas are all homes to parrots listed as endangered species.

But parrots aren't the only impressive birds in the region. There are literally hundreds of species throughout the Bahamas and the Caribbean, and to keep those birds around, many islands have set up sanctuaries and breeding grounds to protect them. On the British Leeward island of Montserrat, you'll find Fox's Bay Bird Sanctuary, where you just might spot the national bird, *Icterus oberi*, a black-and-gold oriole. Vacationers in Aruba make sighting the giant green parakeets that breed on the island part of their itinerary.

Trinidad and Tobago, located just seven miles from the Venezuelan coast, have more species of birds than any other Caribbean island. At the Caroni Wildlife Sanctuary in Trinidad, the scarlet ibis is the main attraction, but the blue and streaked herons are also worth looking out for. Frigate birds and the extremely rare burrowing owl are the highlights at the sanctuary in Barbuda, Antigua's sister island in the British Leeward chain. Living in harmony among the salt pans in arid Bonaire, in a preserved sanctuary, are close to ten thousand flamingos. But the largest flamingo colony in the region is on the Bahama island of Inagua, where fifty thousand of the pink birds reside.

Like the parrot, another highly endangered creature native to the Caribbean and the Bahamas is the lumbering, ancient sea turtle. At one time, the turtles were slaughtered for their meat, which was eaten by sailors on long journeys. Five hundred years later the turtles are still being slaughtered. But now they are being killed not only for their meat, which is often tough and bland, but to make jewelry and handbags from their shells and skins. Protection of the sea turtles has increased lately and islands have taken strides to save these ancient creatures from extinction by



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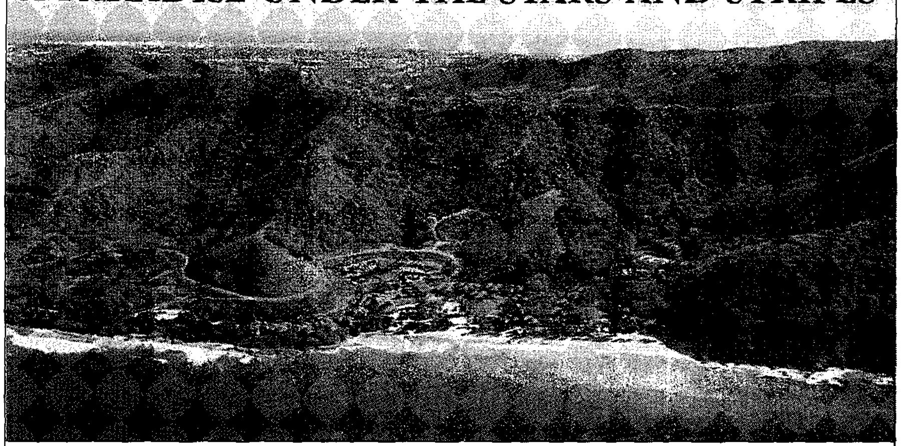

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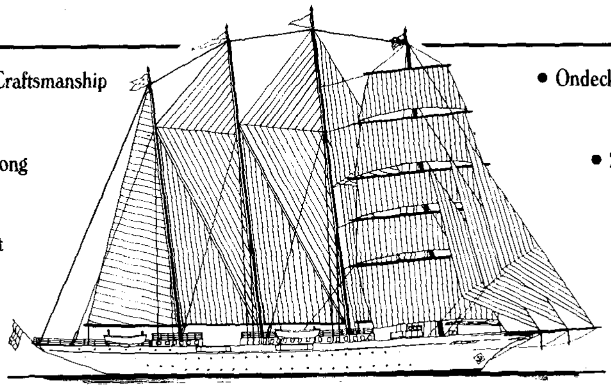

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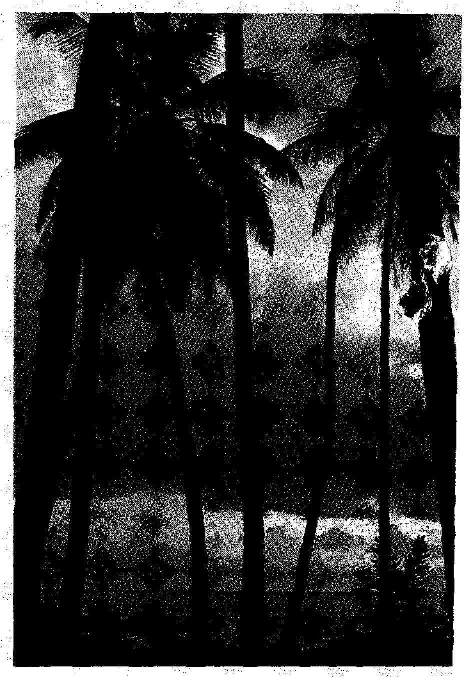
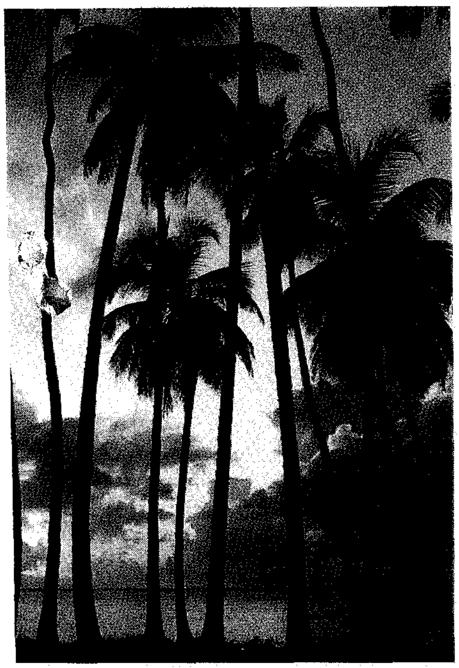


setting up nesting grounds. Provo, in the Turks and Caicos, is a favorite spot for the turtles, and on Sandy Point on St. Croix in the U.S. Virgin Islands, a leatherback turtle recovery program has recently been instituted.

One of the more unusual examples of Caribbean wildlife under protection can be seen on Barbados. Operated by the Primate Research Center, the Barbados Wildlife Reserve is home to the green African monkey. The monkeys were believed to have been brought from Africa during the seventeenth century as gifts to the early settlers. The monkeys also run free in Welchman Hall Gully, a tropical garden owned by the environmentally active Barbados National Trust. The same verdant monkeys can be found on the islands of St. Kitts and Nevis, but spotting them is not easy. They are shy creatures and tend to hide from tourists.

UNDERWATER PRESERVES

The efforts to preserve the lands of the Caribbean have, by no means, overshadowed the work being done to protect the islands' most inviting commodity: the sea.



Luis Villota/The Stock Market

TROPICAL PALMS ARE ONLY PART OF THE BARBADIAN ECOSYSTEM

Just as the land has been damaged by human abuse, so, too, has the sea. In response to that abuse, conservation laws similar to the laws protecting the lands also apply to the waters that surround them.

Diving and snorkeling have become increasing attractions for tourists interested in the Caribbean. The top-rated diving destination in the Caribbean, and one of the best in the world, is located in Bonaire. The coral reefs surrounding Bonaire's beaches contain over a thousand different species of sea creatures. Bonaire is very much aware of the natural gift it possesses and the country has been a leader in underwater preservation. The whole island is surrounded by a protected marine park in which prohibitions against spearfishing or removal of any of those sea creatures are rigidly enforced.

The other two islands in the Netherlands Antilles chain, Aruba and Curaçao, are also blessed with stunning reefs. Like Bonaire, they both have established marine parks. Aruba's seven-mile-long stretch of pure white beach leads into a calm stretch of sea in which visibility can sometimes be as great as a hundred feet.

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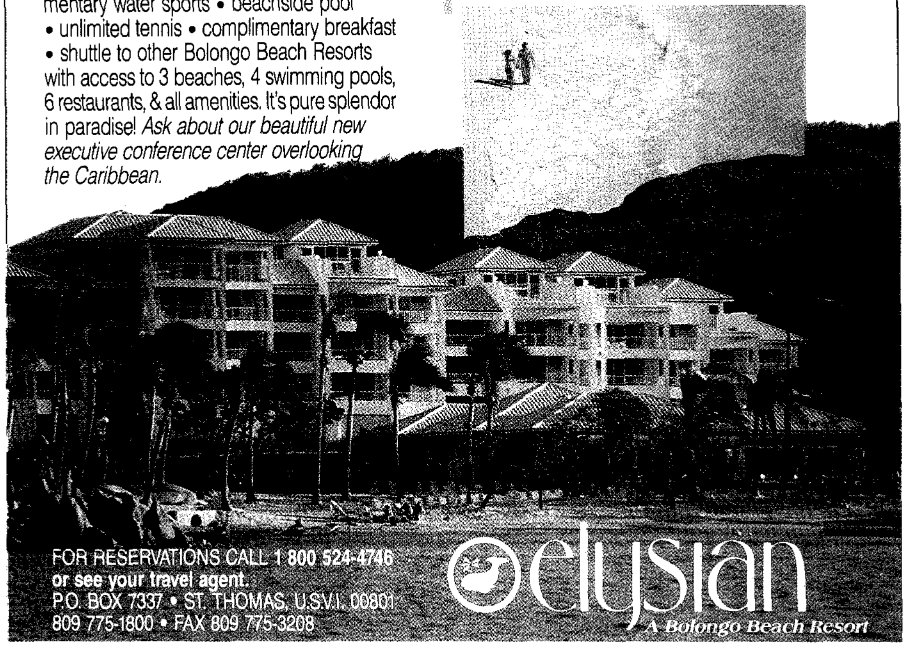

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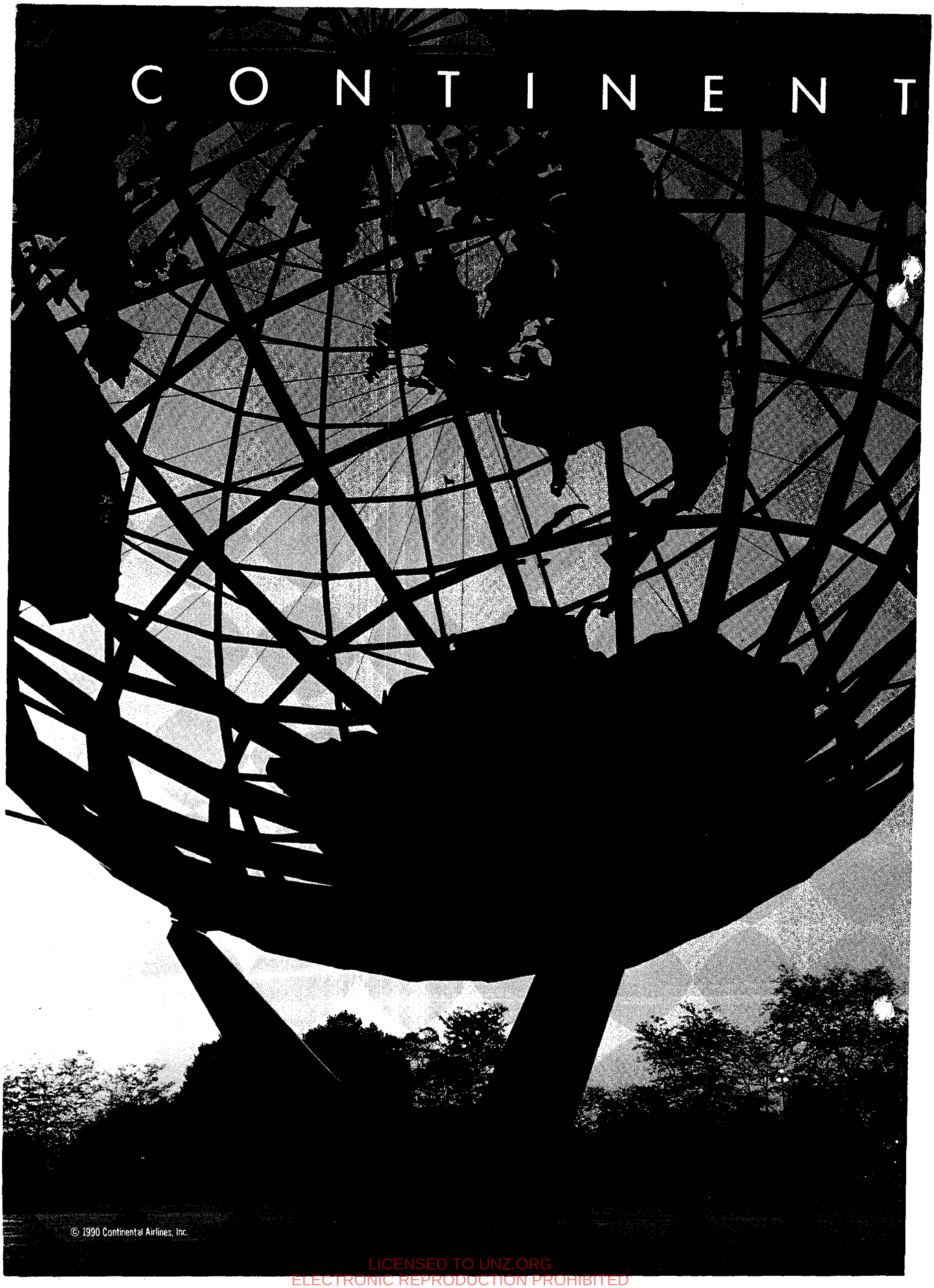

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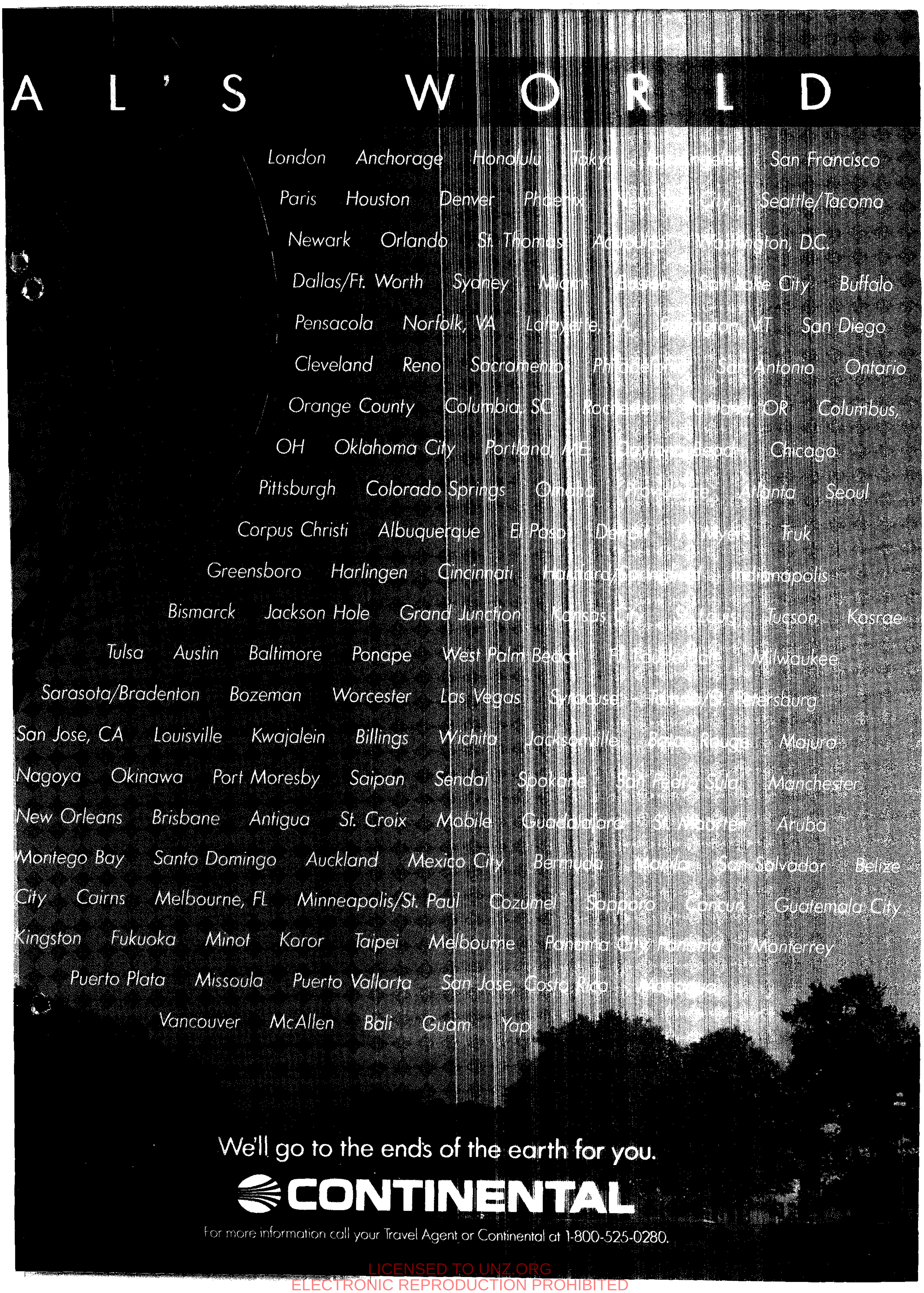

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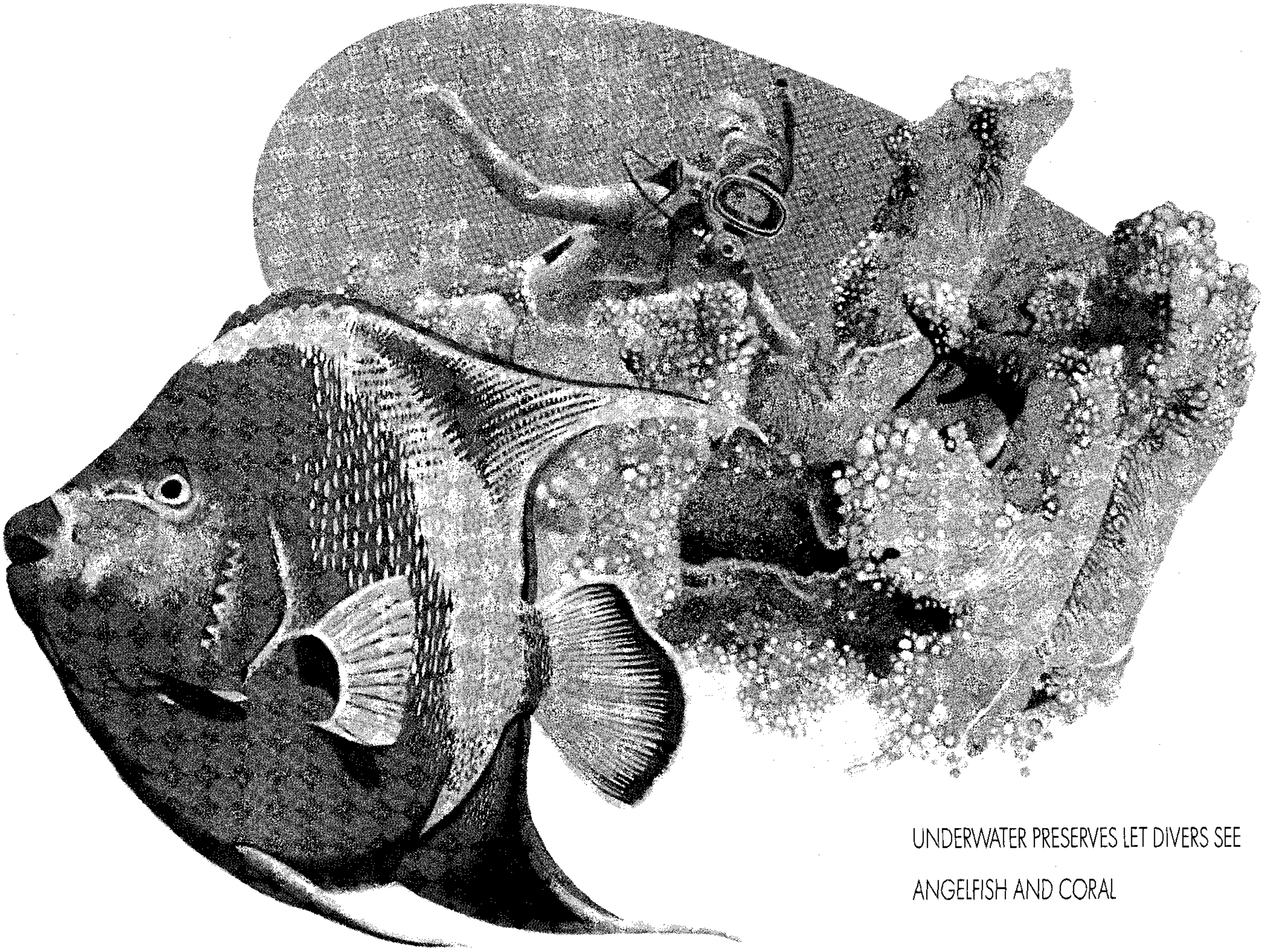
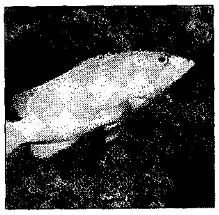


UNDERWATER PRESERVES LET DIVERS SEE ANGELFISH AND CORAL

The Curaçao Underwater Park, at the southeastern end of the island, runs through coral reefs that eventually lead to an eighty-year-old wreck of a boat, the S.S. Oranje Nassau. In Aruba, off the northwest coast, is Arashi Underwater Park where experienced divers can catch a glimpse of the wreck of a World War II freighter, Antillia.

Excellent water visibility makes the Turks and Caicos, islands in the southeastern portion of the Bahamas chain, another favored spot for divers. The Turks and Caicos National Underwater Park off Pine Cay is the preferred site for divers visiting the area. But the place second only to Bonaire in diving desirability is the Cayman Islands. There are estimated to be in excess of three hundred wrecks in Cayman waters serving as reefs to some of the more spectacular sea life. A few years ago, the Cayman government implemented a marine parks plan to better protect those reefs. As part of the plan, permanent moorings were installed in an effort to lessen reef damage from boat anchors. And, as in other marine parks in the Caribbean, removal of reef coral and fish is prohibited.



A YELLOW CONEY

The tiny, rapidly-becoming-chic island of Anguilla, in the British Leewards, has also instituted steps to protect its reefs. This past June, four wrecks were refloated and then sunk again to create a concentrated area of reefs. The reefs will act as nurseries for fish and lobster and provide new sites for divers. Saba, a small mountain of an island in the Dutch Leeward chain, is in the process of establishing a marine park system, as are the Tobago Cays in the Grenadines. St. Martin, Antigua and Barbuda, the Bahamas, Barbados, Guadeloupe, and the British and United States Virgin Islands are just some of the islands with protected underwater parks.

Although visitors rarely think of the Caribbean in terms of inland waters, such resources do exist. The largest such body of water in the Caribbean, on the French side of St. Martin, is the salty, calm Simpson Bay Lagoon. Located a short distance from the sprawling French capital city of Marigot, it offers a refreshing change of pace.

EXPLORING A SHIPWRECK

Alese & Mort Pechter / The Stock Market
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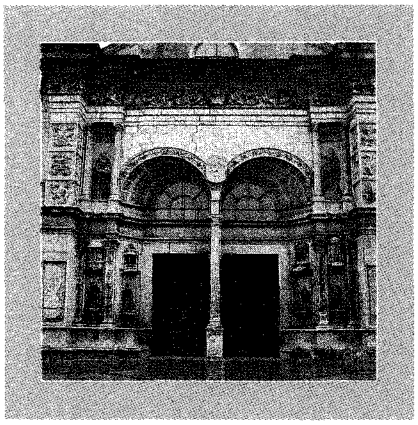
RESTORING HISTORIC STRUCTURES

The Caribbean's splendor is not limited to natural beauty; there is a richness of historical buldings and monuments as well. The explorers who first came searching for wealth began colonizing the islands. The first headquarters of the Spanish colony in the New World was on the island of Hispaniola, now divided between Haiti and the Dominican Republic. The city of Santo Domingo in the Dominican Republic was the island's main port. Many of the original structures — the churches, the forts, and the homes built by those Spanish settlers — still stand today. Restoration of those structures is currently taking place in preparation for the upcoming celebration of the fifth centennial anniversary of Columbus's arrival in the New World.

One of the oldest structures in this hemisphere is Santa María de la Encarnación, the First Metropolitan Cathedral

MANY ORIGINAL STRUCTURES STILL STAND TODAY



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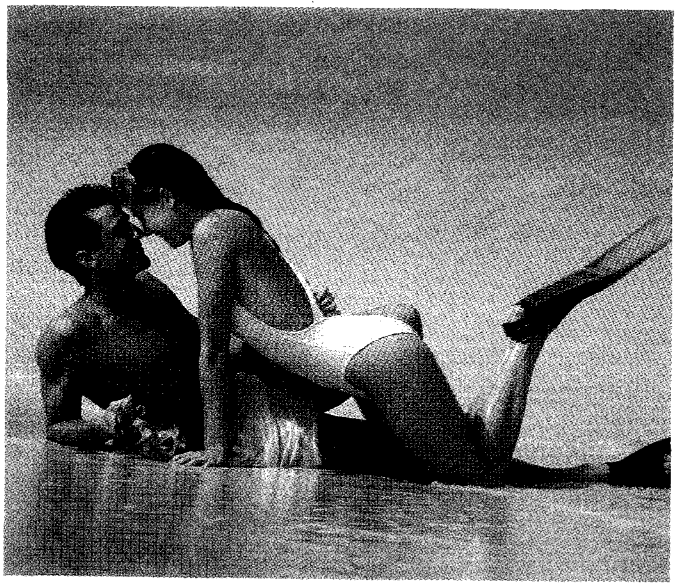

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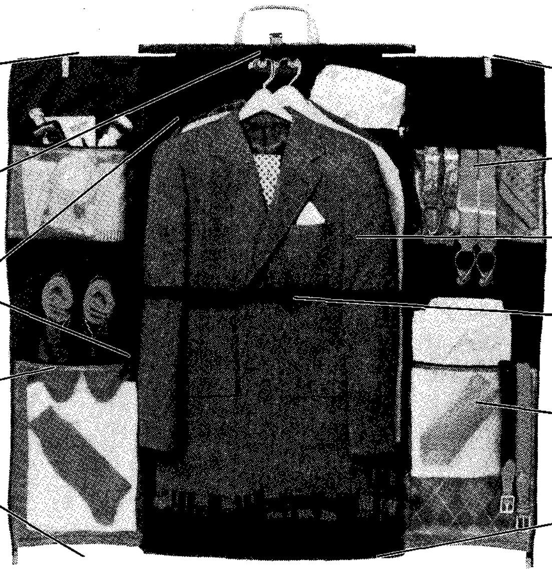

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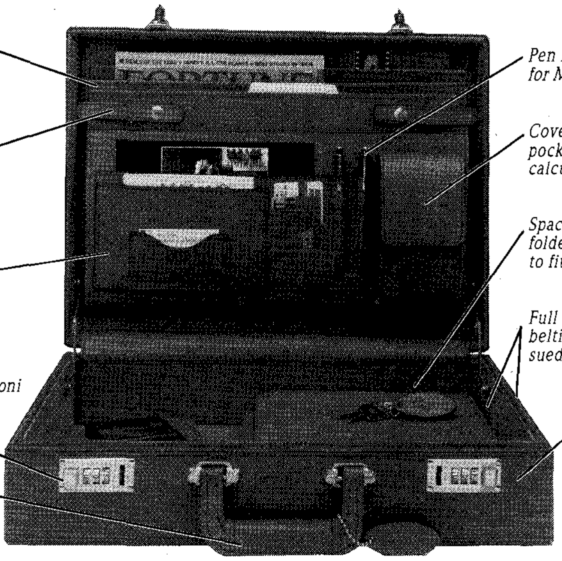

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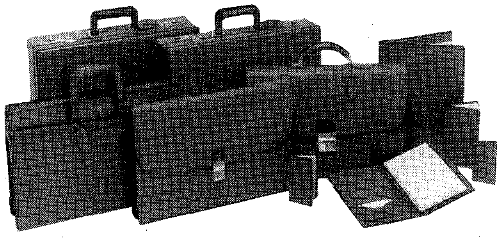

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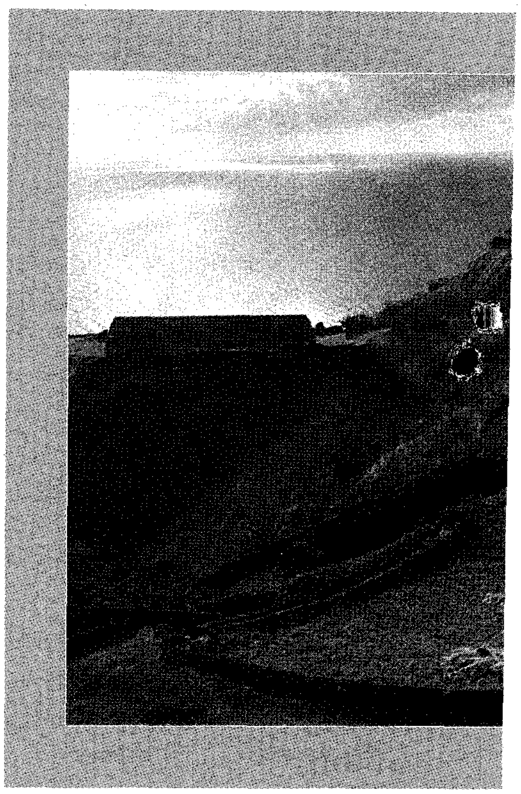
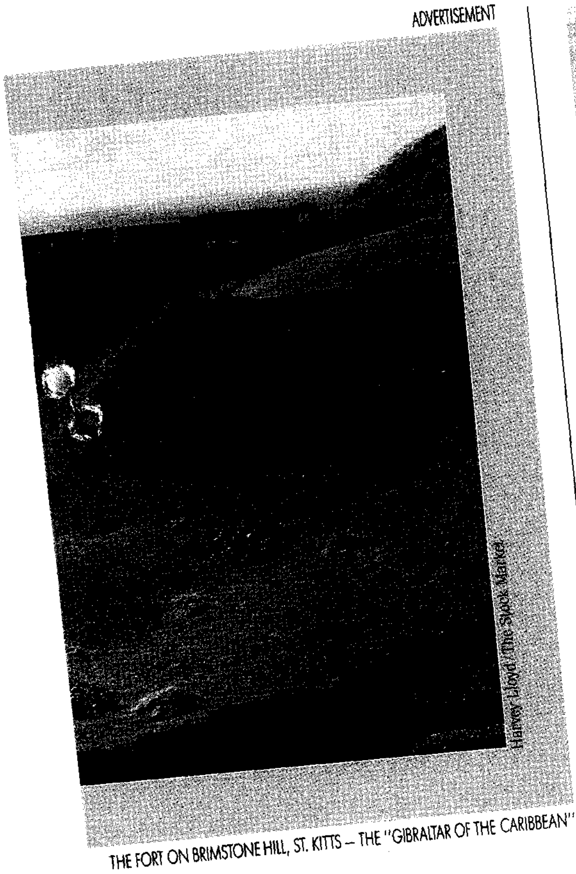


of the New World, in Santo Domingo, built in 1521. The cathedral purportedly houses the tomb of Christopher Columbus, although Spain disputes that claim, insisting that the remains of the great explorer reside there. With the help of the Organization of American States and CARIMOS, a twenty-four-country organization devoted to renovation of historical sites and monuments in the Caribbean, repairs are being made to the floor, ceiling, and walls of the cathedral where dampness has caused deterioration.

Before his search for the fountain of youth, Ponce de León discovered the island of Puerto Rico and claimed it for Spain. Portions of the first city in Puerto Rico, San Juan, remain almost as they were hundreds of years ago. Now a National Historical Site, Old San Juan contains seven blocks of impeccably restored homes, churches, shops, and public buildings. The most awe-inspiring structure in the old city, however, is El Morro Castle. El Morro, now administered by the United States National Parks Service, was completed in 1584. Towering a hundred and forty feet over San Juan Bay, with walls twenty feet thick and six levels of gun emplace-

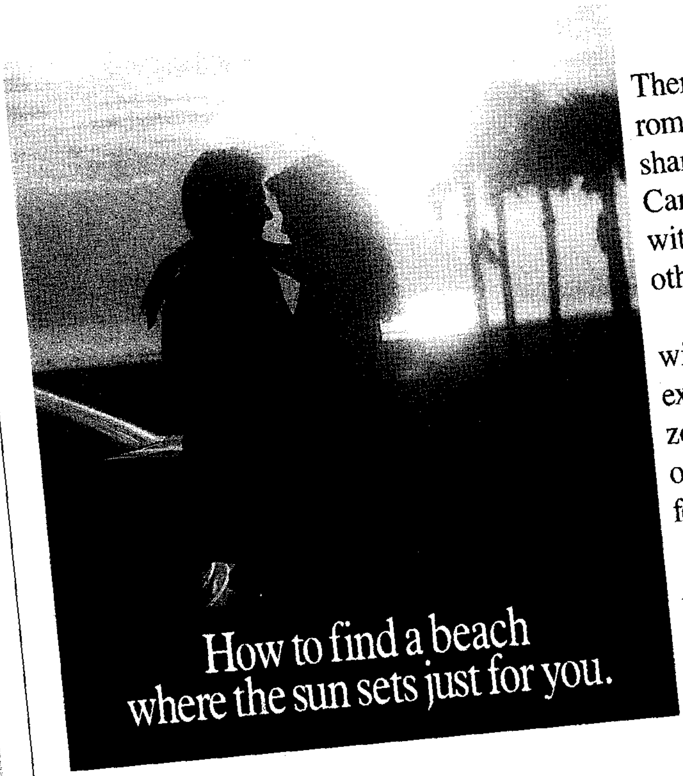

Harvey Lloyd / The Stock Market

THE FORT ON BRIMSTONE HILL, ST. KITTS – THE "GIBRALTAR OF THE CARIBBEAN"

ments, El Morro was a most effective sentry against attacks from the British.

But the British could be held off for only so long. Soon they were establishing settlements in the Caribbean and building their own forts. The first English settlement in the Caribbean's Leeward Islands was started on the island of St. Kitts in 1625. To protect it against foreign, principally French, invaders, the British constructed the fort on Brimstone Hill. Known as the Gibraltar of the Caribbean, the fort sits on volcanic brimstone seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea. Its sturdy walls are seven to twelve feet thick and construction took almost a hundred years to complete. Restoration of Brimstone Hill has been going on since 1965, and now the fort is one of the featured tourist attractions on St. Kitts.

Grenada, the southernmost island in the Windward chain, was originally settled by the French. It was taken over by the British in 1762. With the capture of the island, the British inherited the French-built Fort Royal. The name was quickly changed to Fort George after England's George III. The restored fort offers a view of the harbor of St. George's, Grenada's capital city.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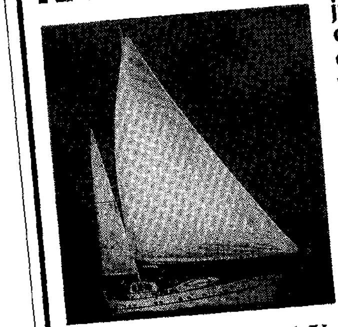

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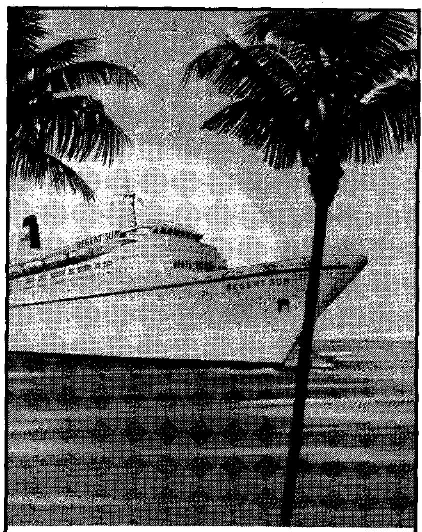

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AWARD-WINNING PRESERVATION PROJECTS FOR 1990

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THE FORT SHIRLEY AND HARBOUR PROJECT IN CABRITS NATIONAL PARK, DOMINICA, WILL RESTORE THE GARRISON

The American Express Preservation Awards Program for the Caribbean recognized seven cultural and architectural preservation projects in September. The awards were based on the impact the projects would have on their communities, the degree of challenge undertaken in the project, the quality of the work, and the degree to which the project is unusual, pioneering, or exemplary. The winners were:

Fort Shirley and Harbour Project, Cabrits National Park, Dominica. This project, currently underway, involves the reconstruction, restoration, and preservation of Fort Shirley, a fortified garrison of more than fifty structures that was built between 1770 and 1815. Fort Shirley is part of a national park and cruise port that is being developed. This award carried with it a ten thousand dollar cash stipend.

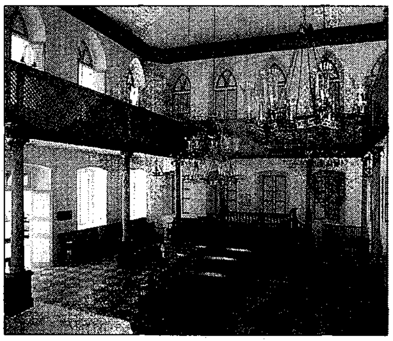
Casa Roig, Humacao, Puerto Rico. This 1919 residence has been restored and preserved by the Eastern Region Arts and Cultural Foundation and Humacao University College; it has been converted for use as an arts and cultural center by the university.

Old Courts Building, George Town, Grand Cayman. The Cayman Islands National Museum has rehabilitated, restored, and preserved the oldest surviving government building on the island, which dates from the nineteenth century and will now house the national museum.

Barbados Synagogue, Bridgetown, Barbados. This work by the Barbados Synagogue Restoration Project involved reconstruction of the 1833 synagogue to return it to its religious use. The synagogue sits on the site of the second-oldest synagogue in the Western hemisphere, which was built in 1654.

Devon House, Kingston, Jamaica. A project of Things Jamaica Limited was the reconstruction, restoration, and preservation of a major plantation house that was built in 1881. It now houses a historical museum with supporting business facilities for visitors installed in many of the outbuildings.

Old Unity Lodge, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands. A combination of historic preservation and social action, this lodge hall, dating from 1836, has been restored from near-ruins by the Council on Alcoholism on St. Thomas/St. John to be used as a treatment center for alcoholics.



AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTED BARBADOS SYNAGOGUE IN BRIDGETOWN

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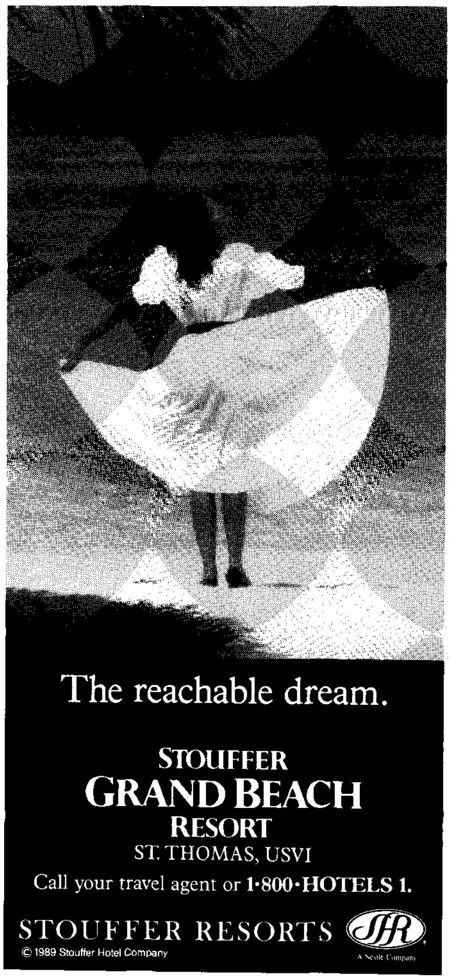

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One of the most ornate of the Caribbean fortresses is the Citadelle la Ferriere in Cap Haitien, Haiti. After the slave insurrection against France's rule in 1791, former slave Henri Christophe declared himself king of Haiti in 1811. As king, Christophe believed his life would be in constant danger, so he put two hundred thousand of his people to work building a majestic fortress where he could reside in safety. The Citadelle still looms three thousand feet over the port of Cap Haitien. Despite Haiti's ongoing political turmoil, restoration of this impressive monument continues.

EARLY SETTLERS ALSO CAME TO DO BUSINESS

Along with the French, Spanish, Dutch, and British, another significant presence in the Caribbean came from Denmark. The Danes tried to protect their island interests by building forts such as Fort Christian, in what is now the United States Virgin Island of St. Thomas, and Fort Frederik in St. Croix. These forts have undergone restoration and are in excellent condition.

The early European settlers did not come to the islands only to do battle with one another; they also came to do business. With the tropical climate, new money-making opportunities were open to farmers from Europe. Crops such as

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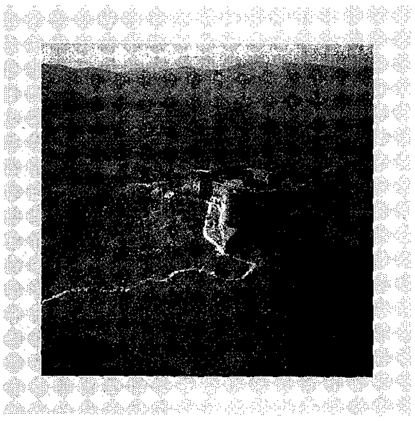
tobacco, coffee, sugar, bananas, and pineapple made many a farmer wealthy and soon huge estates, complete with plantation manor house and slave quarters, began to populate the islands. Through careful restoration there are still many examples of that plantation life preserved in the same form they once had.

On Barbados, a former British colony, sugar was the main crop. The estates housing the plantation owners reflect the grandeur of their English heritage. The oldest and possibly the best example of plantation life in Barbados is St. Nicholas Abbey. The abbey was built in the sixteen-fifties, and most of its original structures are still in place. Sugar was also the main crop on Montserrat and the most prominent estate on the island was Galway's



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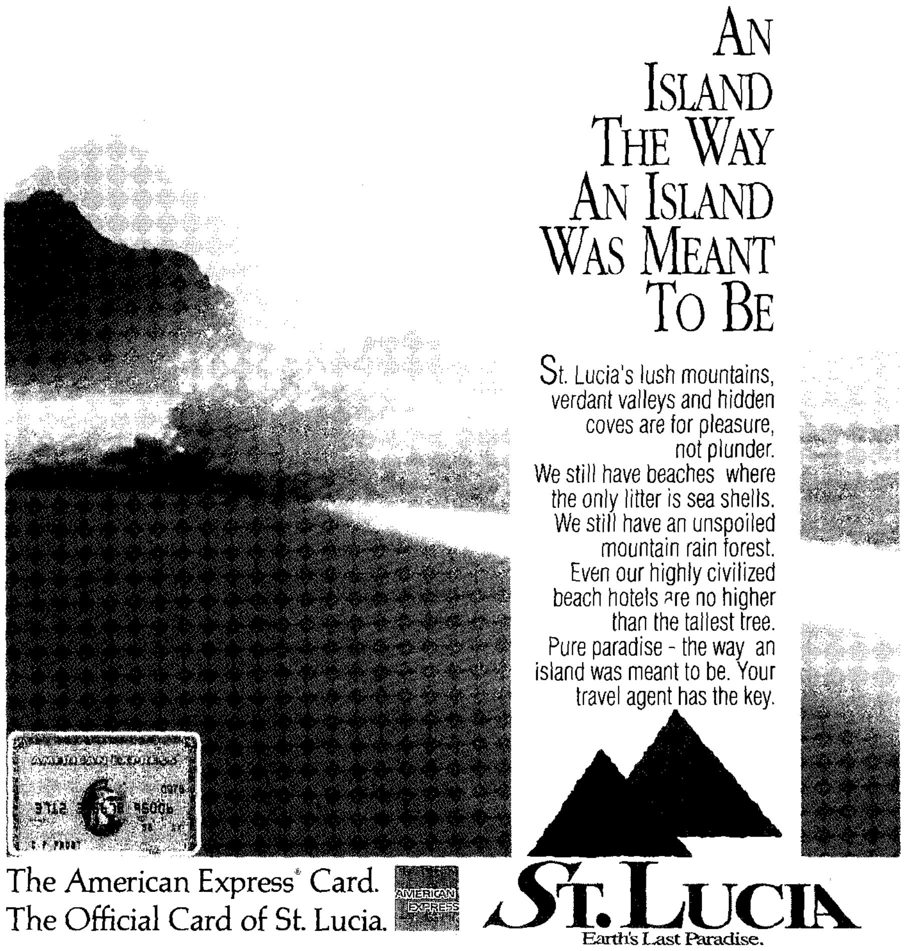
THE CITADELLE LOOMS OVER CAP HAITIEN, HAITI



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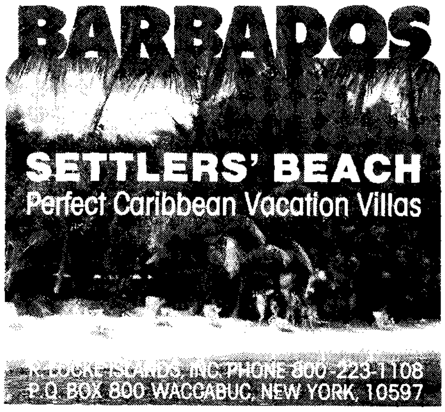

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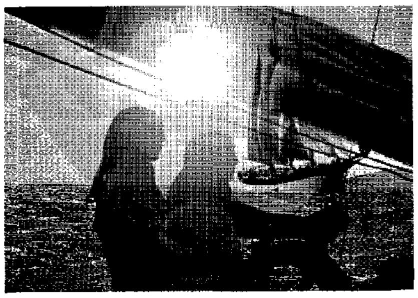

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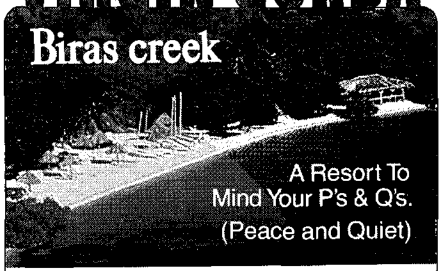

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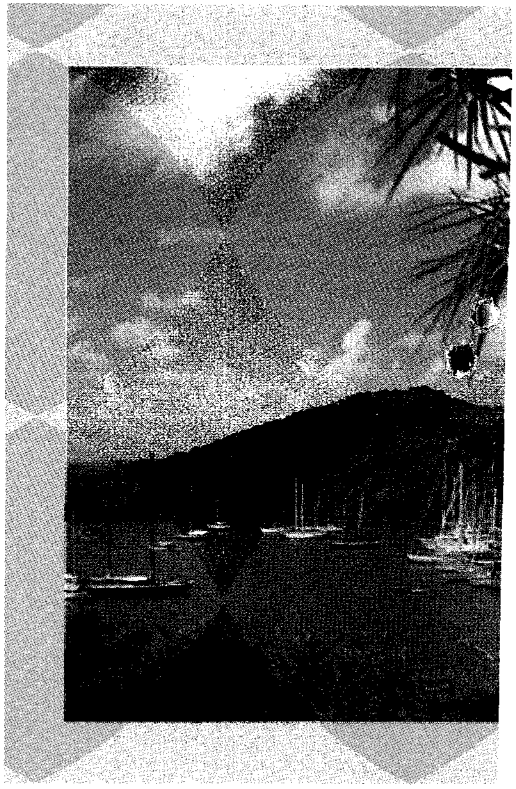

Plantation. The plantation was built in the eighteenth century by a wealthy Irishman. All that remains of the plantation now, however, are archaeological ruins. Restoration of the plantation, sponsored by the Montserrat National Trust, is currently underway.

The fertile land of Guadeloupe has produced a variety of tropical crops. One that was prevalent in the eighteenth century was coffee, but now only one active coffee plantation remains from that era. The plantation, La Griveliere, is located on the western side of the Basse-Terre wing of the island. The Regional Council of Guadeloupe has helped to restore the original manor house, the workers' dwellings, and the buildings that were used in the production of the coffee. La Griveliere not only still produces coffee, but it also acts as a historical museum where life on an eighteenth-century coffee plantation has been faithfully reproduced.

Not all the islands were developed for plantations by the Europeans. St. Barthélemy, now known for its informal yet chic atmosphere, was unsuitable for growing sugar cane. It was settled by farmers and fishers from Normandy and Brittany, and retains the

Claudia Parks/The Stock Market

NELSON'S DOCKYARD IN ANTIGUA IS NOW PART OF A NATIONAL PARK

look of rural France to this day. A drive inland from the eastern beaches leads to meadows surrounded by stone walls and farmhouses with tile roofs.

Some of the European settlers did not remain in rural surrounds, however. When the plantation owners left their estates, they usually congregated in towns like Charlestown on the island of Nevis. Located across a two-mile channel from St. Kitts, Charlestown is one of the best-preserved old towns in the Caribbean.

One of the best re-creations of eighteenth-century British life in the West Indies is on Antigua. This dry island in the Leeward chain was not only known as a major producer of sugar, but also as a strategic base for the British navy. In command of one of the vessels docked at English Harbour on Antigua's south shore was Horatio Nelson, who later went on to earn a lordship and an admiralty. Nelson's heroic status has been further ratified with the naming of English Harbour's restored dockyard after him. The restoration of Nelson's Dockyard was initiated by an Antiguan organization, Friends of English Harbour. The dockyard is a center of historical interest and has been incorporated into a national park.

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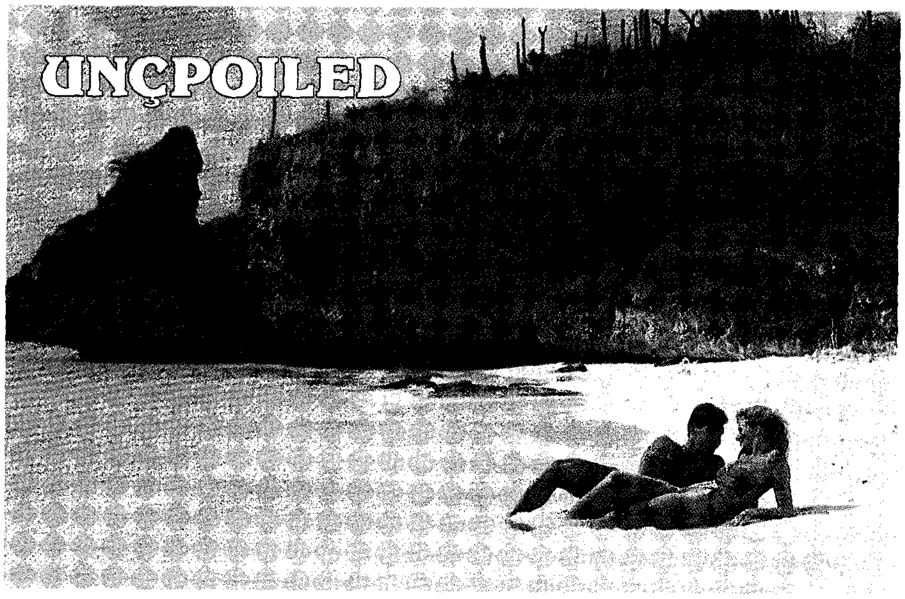

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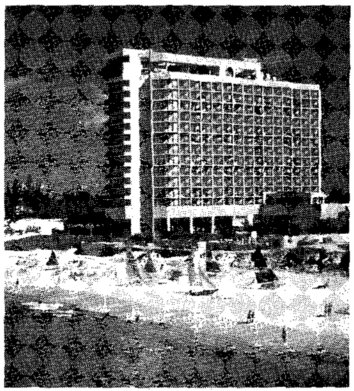

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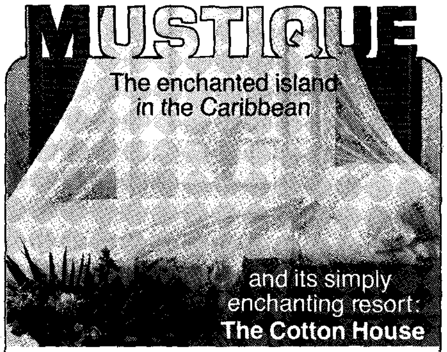

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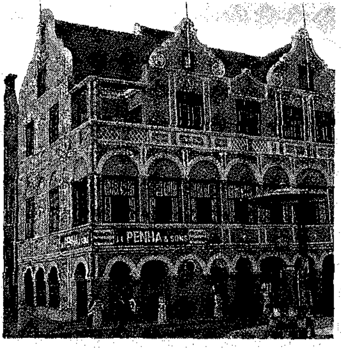
The Dutch architectural influence is evident in Philipsburg, the capital city of St. Maarten, where small shops line the narrow streets and the historic courthouse peers out onto the popular cruise-ship port. The best example of Dutch architecture in the Caribbean, though, is in Willemstad, on the island of Curaçao. With its tall, tightly snuggled together buildings, Willemstad's historic district is reminiscent of Amsterdam. But it's those bright tropical pastels coating the buildings that give the district its very distinct flavor. Walking tours of the city are extremely popular, and a favorite stop is Mikve Israel-Emanuel Synagogue. Dedicated in 1732, the synagogue is the oldest in continual use in the hemisphere.



CARIBBEAN PASTELS COVER DUTCH-STYLE BUILDINGS IN CURAÇAO

Jashina A. Tarr

Dutch history is also alive and well on St. Eustatius, an eight-square-mile dot in the Leeward Netherlands Antilles. Now known for its tranquillity and small-town sensibility, it was once a trading capital of the Caribbean. Its role as a way station on the supply route for matériel headed to George Washington's troops is commemorated at the restored Fort Oranje. The history of Statia can also be explored in the Historical Foundation Museum, housed in Oranjestad's eighteenth-century Doncker-De Graaff House.

Brian Silverman is a free-lance writer who works in New York City.

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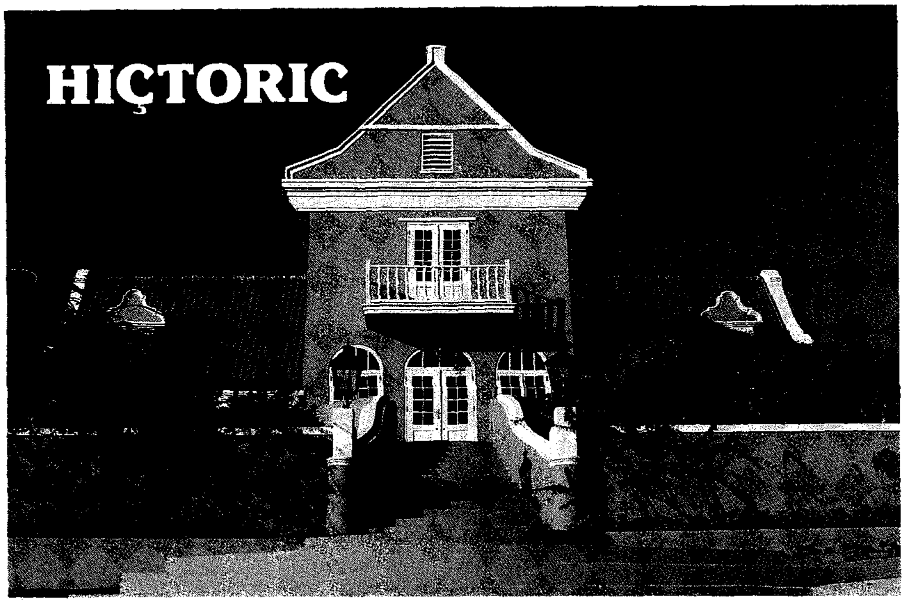

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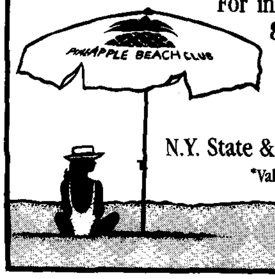

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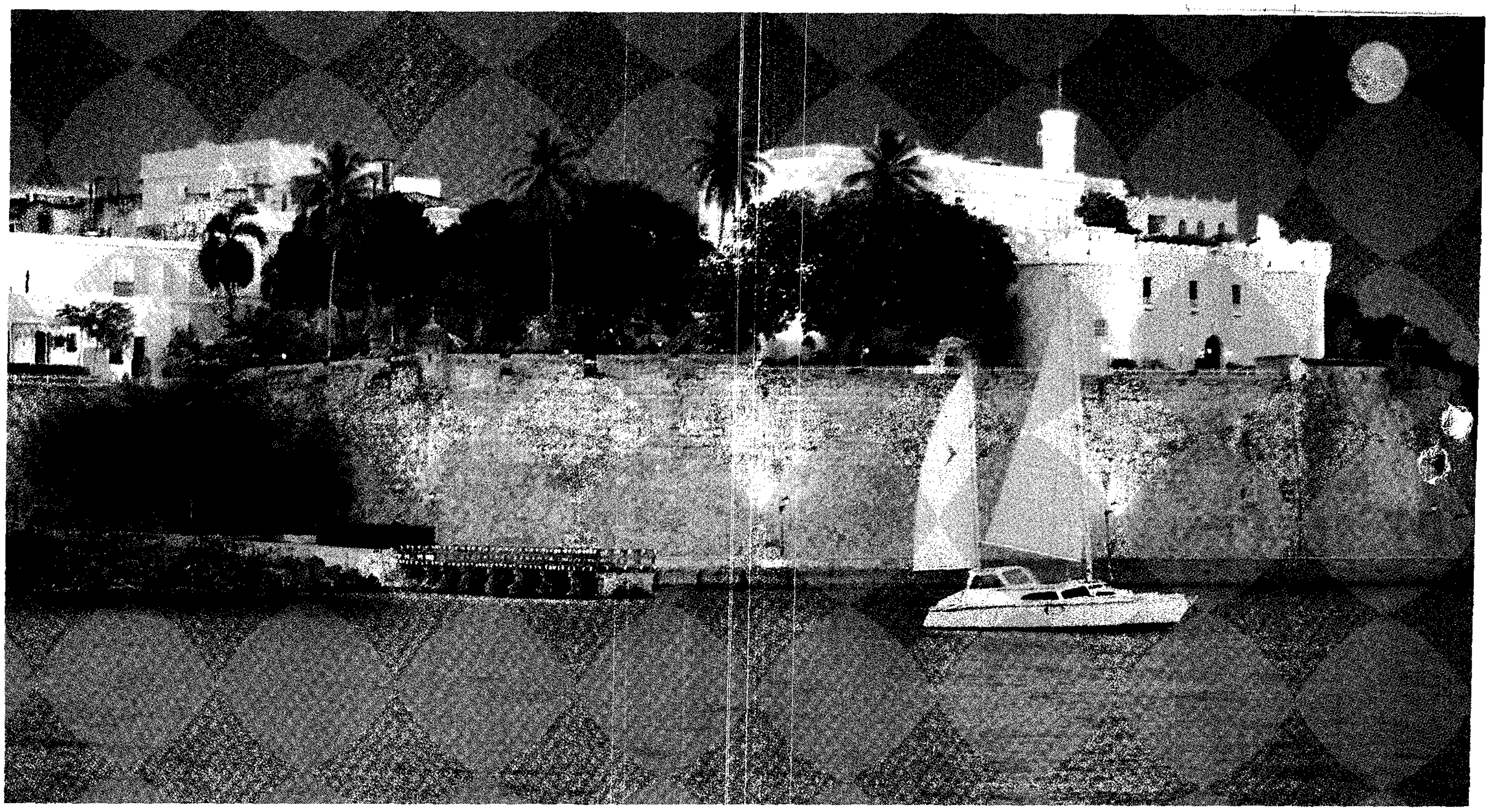

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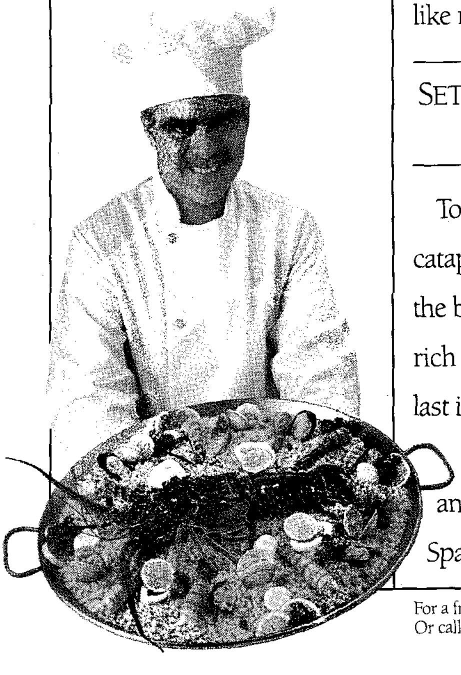

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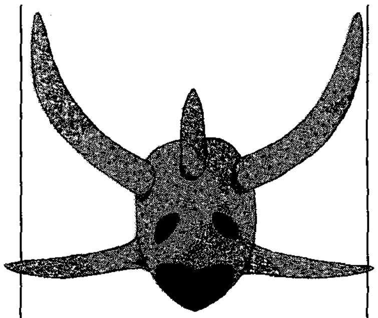

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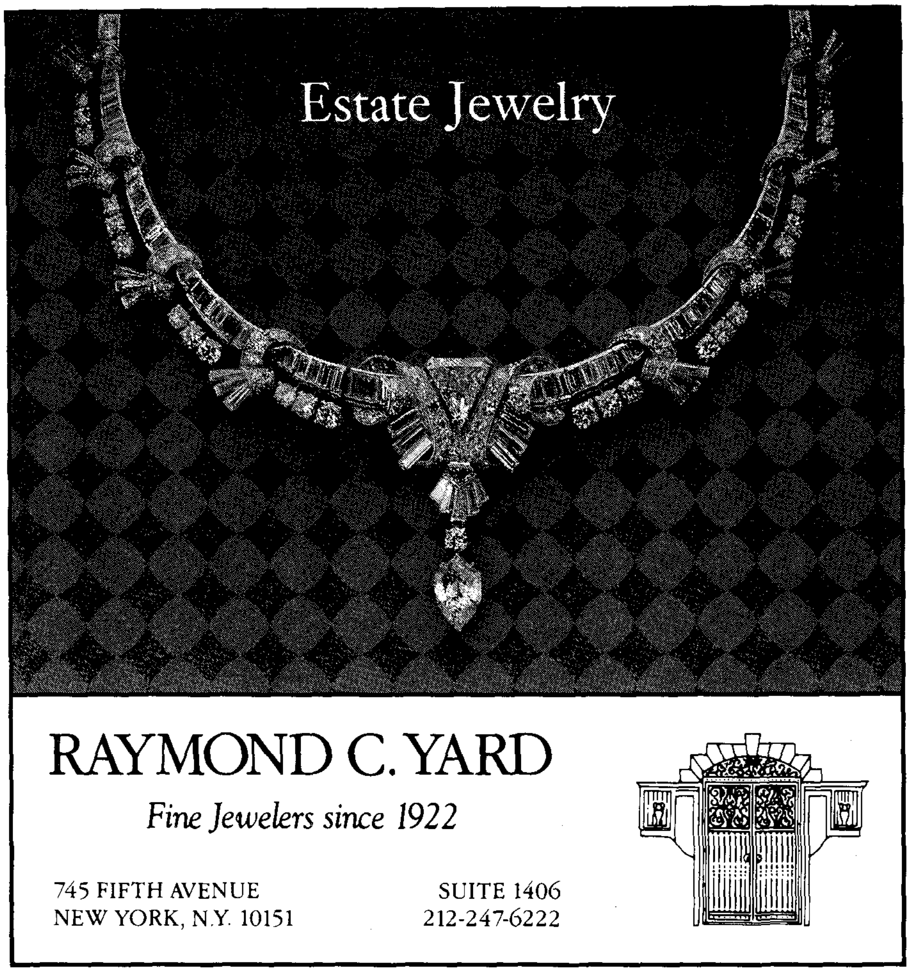
her mother, and has usually done so ever since. The new mother and her husband (from whom she later separated) had both worked as *benshi* in the countryside. *Benshi* served as narrators in Japan's movie theatres during the silent-film era; they adopted stage names, and some were so gifted that they surpassed the actors in popularity. Actors apparently had nothing to fear from the talents of Hideko's new mother, and her ambitions were to find expression elsewhere. After Hideko was "discovered" on that outing to the Shochiku film studio, her new mother ominously changed her child's family name from Hirayama to Takamine—her own stage name. "I think my mother sometimes really believed that she was me," Takamine often says.

The five-year-old Hideko entered films at a time when a truly pathetic child could go far. Dramas about unlucky, self-sacrificing mothers and their sorrowful children were bringing throngs into the movie theatres. Films called "A Stepmother," "A True Mother," and "A Foster Mother," among others, drew upon a tradition of widowhood, child-care problems, slave wages, and tuberculosis. They belonged to an artistic genre loosely known as *O-namida chodai*—"Tears, please!" But by the time of Hideko's début these melodramas had lost some of their maudlin vigor and needed a boost. "In the old Kabuki plays, children had always been portrayed as sad and unfortunate," the film critic and historian Tadao Sato told me. "Films had continued this trend. But at the end of the nineteen-twenties, at about the time that Hideko Takamine made her début, American films with very playful, happy children started to be popular in Japan. Here were these kids from 'Our Gang' comedies, and they were mischievous and wonderfully innocent. That's when you started to see carefree, happy children in our own films."

Takamine appeared in about a hundred films as a child; many of them have not survived, but there are photographs of this tiny film star grinning out from the laps of her kimono-clad movie mothers. Her hair was short, cut in the shape of an inverted noodle bowl, and, with the plump, healthy face that was not quite male and not quite female, she seemed entirely capable of pilfering snacks from the local sweet-potato vender. When portraying little boys,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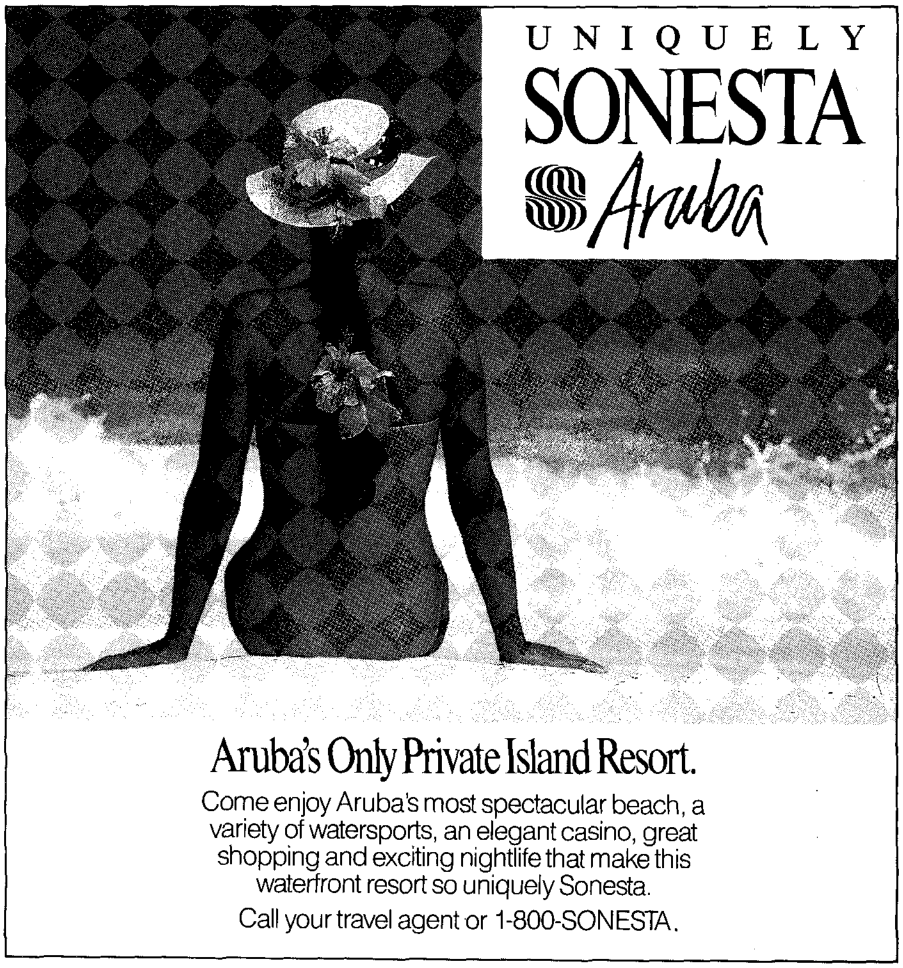
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Hideko was especially rambunctious, and might, if provoked, challenge adults many feet taller to a boxing match. "Takamine was representative of a new type of child star," Sato says. "She was cute, very cute—that's what people always said when they saw her in films. Before, the children in films followed the Confucian ethic that they should be good and obedient to their parents even if they were given a hard time. But Takamine was very lively and irrepressible. Even if you treated her badly, she didn't cry. And she was very energetic, able to hold her own with the little boys. This was a child who had broken free of the old Confucian strictures."

A Takamine film sometimes played on the same bill as a film starring Shirley Temple, who was very popular in Japan. "But I didn't sing or dance, like Shirley Temple," Takamine told me. "They didn't build shows around me. I think I behaved more naturally, like your child star Margaret O'Brien. The problem with Shirley Temple was that she had this big head, and the rest of her body didn't grow." At first, Hideko's lines were taught to her, but later, when she could read, the clever Hideko memorized her own part and everyone else's as well, in order to know when she was supposed to speak. She followed the directors' instructions without thinking—like an organ grinder's monkey, she has said. "I didn't really understand for a long time what they were asking me to do," she told me. "I didn't know what it was to act—I just thought it was strange that I was supposed to stand there in front of everyone and repeat dialogue or laugh or run. What I did understand from the first was that if I didn't say the lines they wanted me to say, the filming session wouldn't end. That I understood. So, even though I didn't want to cry, I had to, or else they wouldn't let me go home. I gradually realized that I was doing something called acting."

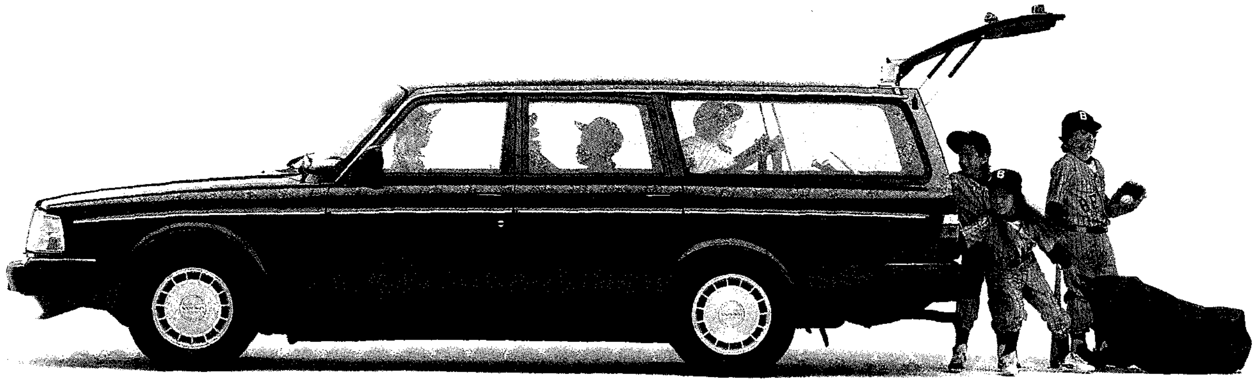
Around the studio, she was considered highly precocious, and very astute when it came to reading the emotions of adults. Gifted in many areas, she was way ahead of her age group when it came to suspecting her fellow human beings. "I was just a child, but I could sense that the adults were not to be trusted," she has said. "I could see how they lied all the time. I started to become a really unpleasant child." Even so, by the time she was six her pinup posters were selling well across the nation. Her mother, sensing that Hideko had a film destiny beyond performances as a winning tyke, kept up the girl's strength by plying her with Chinese herbs and garlic. Unlike other stage parents, who were given to starving their toddlers to keep them small fry as long as possible, Takamine's parents tried to stretch out her legs at night to hasten the growing process. Takamine attended primary school sporadically, but education never figured prominently in her mother's plans. "In those days, almost all the actresses had been waitresses in coffee shops around Ginza or Shinjuku or were former 'chocolate girls'—models for the candy companies," Takamine has written. "All the studios wanted was beauty. Acting skills were not an issue, and, of course, no one cared if the women hadn't gone to school."

Takamine still fumes about the neglect of her education. "I didn't know whether I was appearing in movies during breaks from school or going to school when there were breaks between films," she once said. There were no rules then about the education of children or about the hours they worked. Kept on the set day and night, Hideko was accompanied by her mother, who was always lugging several scripts around. "My mother had never been to school at all," Takamine told me. "She could just barely read and write the simplest things. She was a very bad, very bad stage mother. She didn't hire tutors for me, as the other mothers did. So I had to learn to read by myself." One of her teachers at school took pity on the exhausted child. He saw that her home environment was not exactly ideal for the development of proper study habits, so every time Hideko was about to go off on location this teacher hurried to the train station with a pile of children's magazines. "I don't know why, but I never tried to appeal to my mother's sympathies by telling her how I really felt, that I was tired or that I found the work unpleasant or hard," Takamine writes in her autobiography. "And, similarly, not once in my whole long acting career did my mother ever ask me if I found it unpleasant or difficult, or if I wanted to quit." Many adult colleagues, aghast at her situation, wanted to adopt and educate her. "There were dozens of people who said that they would take me into their house as an adopted daughter," she has said. "I suppose it was because I was so cute. And then they saw the stepmother I had and felt sorry for me."

The most persistent of these would-be foster parents were Taro Shoji, a popular singer, and his wife. Shoji had spent eight years working in a library of the Southern Manchurian Railroad Company. After returning to Japan, he made his reputation with a record of a lugubrious song called "The Lullaby of Akagi," about an outlaw named Sentaro leaving on a journey with a child on his back ("Don't cry now, hush, hush, go to sleep"). "Shoji-san had two sons by another wife, but his new wife thought that the boys were too rowdy and she had no use for them," Takamine explained to me. "She wanted a girl like me. They simply adored me. Shoji-san was very busy touring the country with his act. But, no matter how busy he was, when he was in Tokyo he and his wife would come to visit me every day, even if I had already gone to bed. They would come sometimes just to see my sleeping face." After his many offers of adoption were refused, Shoji promised to send Hideko to school and give her singing lessons and piano lessons. Finally, it was decided, in 1934, when Hideko was ten, that both mother and daughter would move into Shoji's fine house. Takamine outlined for me what might be called the family dynamics: "Please—imagine how it was. We moved to Shoji-san's place, but my mother became one of the maids. She lived in the servants' quarters, and I was treated as the pampered daughter. It was very confusing to me. Shoji-san and his wife were crazy about me. I was like their little pet, and they fought with each other about who was going to take me out every day. They were a strange couple, in that they slept separately, one upstairs and one downstairs. I would sleep with one or the other. And I remember that I had this pillow. I would wait with my pillow near the staircase until they decided where I was going to sleep that night." From a green hat down to green patent-leather-and-snakeskin shoes, Hideko was often dressed in Shoji's favorite color. The shoes and the fabrics were frequently just like his. When he went off to sing "The Lullaby of Akagi" yet again ("Don't cry now, hush, hush"), he liked to take his cute (all-green) doll along.

Takamine spent about two years in the Shoji household, during which her acting career tapered off, and she could have attended school in her free time, but Shoji and his wife, caught up in their passion for their darling's company, forgot their promises about her schooling and her music lessons. "I started to feel very nervous," Takamine told me. "The maid left, and that meant my mother had to do all the work in that house. Whenever I got something good to eat, I would sneak it to my mother. Then, there was another problem. Shoji's wife ignored his two boys, and so they started going to my mother whenever something went wrong. Imagine the situation in that house! At last, I just couldn't stand it any longer, and we moved out. Now I can see that adopting me would have never worked out anywhere. I was cute, you see, but my mother wasn't."

In 1936, mother and daughter



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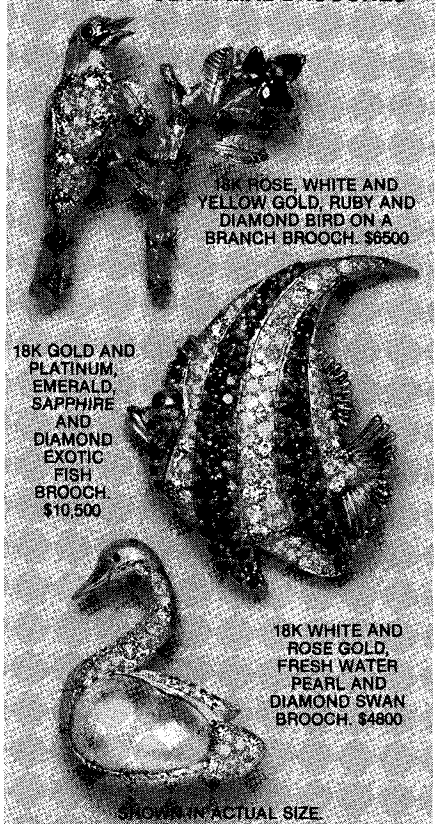

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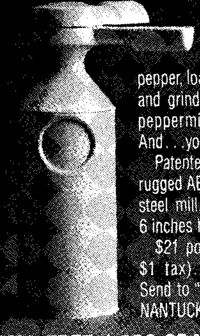

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rented an apartment near Shochiku's new studio. There Hideko became acquainted with a more banal variety of covetousness. Her salary proved insufficient to support a contingent of relatives from Hokkaido who, having lost everything in a fire, had turned up in Tokyo demanding assistance. Confucius, Takamine soon discovered, had declared that it was her moral obligation to support those strangers. She was twelve years old.

"I hadn't seen this so-called family since I left Hokkaido for Tokyo, when I was four," she has written. "The only person I remembered was my grandfather, but the others—it was as if I were meeting them for the first time. The more my mother kept saying that it was a child's filial duty to support her relatives, that it was the path of righteousness, the more I kept wondering, Why in the world do I have to work to support these people?" In an article called "Even Famous People Have a Lot of Problems," in the magazine *Ushio*, she reflects on these matters:

> There were my parents, brothers, cousins, cousins' cousins, and other relatives, a slew of them, but I had been adopted into another family and since I was four I had never lived with them. Funny thing, but when I started to make money they all stopped working. . . . They took such a lot of my money and when I said I didn't have any more one waved a knife at me. That's pretty frightening.
>
> Really, I got to the point where I couldn't even stand to look at people. When I met someone, I'd just want to avert my face. I started disliking all human beings.
>
> I was treated differently from other people. That was my biggest worry. I don't really know what normal is. Even though I wasn't good at studies, I would go to school and immediately be made the president of the class. I would try to do some shopping and they would charge me extra. Even though we were poor, I always rode around in a car. I never rode on the subway or the train. It was a crazy kind of life. I didn't know what it was to be treated with the kindness people showed to an ordinary human being. People always treated me as if I were someone special, and so I started suspecting that everyone had an ulterior motive. I didn't trust anyone or anything.

To earn more, Hideko modelled for advertisements—for chocolate and other foods as well as for toothpaste. In an old photograph, she smiles pertly above a pyramid of cans of Meiji corned-beef hash, tomato ketchup, and adzuki beans. She did not enjoy appearing in these advertisements, and cringed at the thought that her photograph might be used to stuff up a hole in the window of a public toilet, but a dazzling smile above the canned goods meant income for the horde of relatives. For this reason, the child's incisors and canines were always a matter of great interest to her mother. Takamine tells unsettling stories about her childhood dental work, but her mother's efforts in this area did not pass unrewarded. In years to come, movie cameras often paused to admire Hideko Takamine's big and perfect white teeth.

By 1937, Takamine was too grown-up to go on winning the hearts of her fans by adorably addressing pleas to a dead mother up in the clouds, as she had done at nine, but she was not mature enough to embark upon a proper love affair with the geisha's son next door who was dying of tuberculosis. Nearly thirteen, and with the treacherous transitional period upon her, she left Shochiku when a rival film studio promised to pay for her education. More candy advertisements supplemented her income there. She began to attend a progressive school, which did not require the uniforms that Japanese students usually wore, but Takamine wisely saw this interlude as her only chance to put on the costume of a normal child. She had a school uniform made for her and, as one sees in a touching photograph, tries to play the part of an ordinary Japanese girl of thirteen. But no sooner had she been outfitted in her uniform than she became so busy at the studio that she had to withdraw from the school.

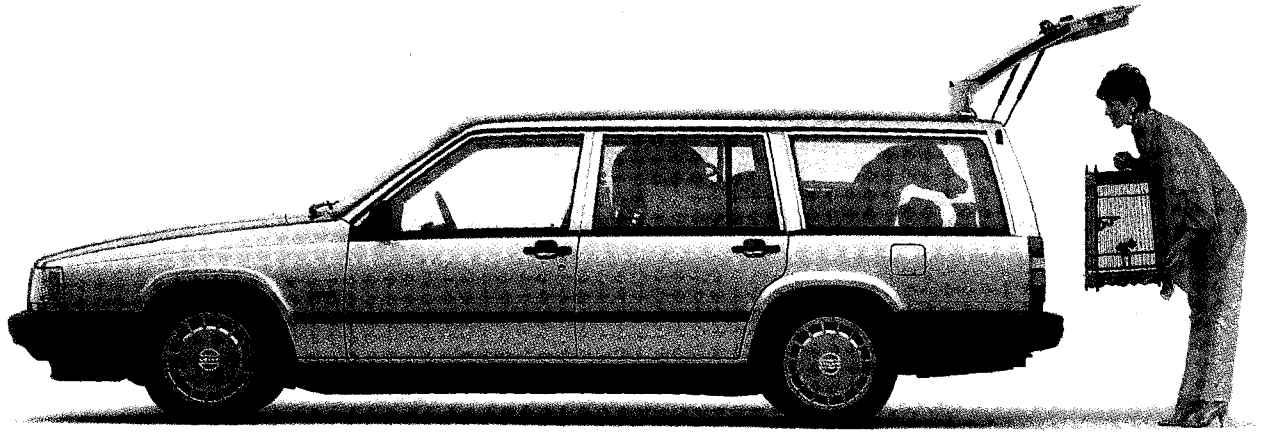
At least, she had the opportunity to shine in her studies onscreen: she became a 1938 teen sensation in "Composition Class." Playing the daughter of a poor tin dealer, Takamine wins the admiration of her teacher for superior essays about stingy neighbors and the personalities of her rabbits. Poorer filmgoers, flocking to the movie houses, responded to Takamine's spunky personality as she brought life's sunshine to the wearying chores being performed around the local well, and more prosperous viewers were delighted by the vivacious young girl who darted down alleys in a kimono that was too short. Since Deko-chan, as she was now fondly known throughout the nation, was still not ready for a full-fledged romance, her next triumph concentrated on her devotion to a horse. Kajiro Yamamoto, the director

—with his assistant director, an unknown named Akira Kurosawa—spent four years working on "Horse," which was shot in the remote Tohoku district. By the time of the film's release, in 1941, the war in China was still preoccupying the nation. Takamine was a young woman of seventeen. "Horse" shows her battling life's tribulations in a harsh northern climate. Her father drinks too much, she adores horses, there are village festivals, and we witness the moving birth of a colt. In a blizzard, Takamine struggles out to a distant snowbank one night. As fervent as Kurosawa's future samurai, she will not rest until she has dug through the snow for the fresh green grass that will cure her sick horse. Eventually, the horse is auctioned off to the Army. In teen-age roles like this one, Takamine gave audiences Japan at its sweetest; a war was surely worth fighting to improve the life of such a girl.

She must have been a far better actress than she realized. Audiences saw her as a healthy, happy adolescent, whereas at fourteen—overworked and depressed—she had once walked by the railroad tracks, contemplating suicide. "It was clear to everyone that she didn't have a good mother," Yamamoto once said. "But Deko kept saying and writing things like 'I have my mother to thank for everything.' She even hid the fact that this was not her real mother."

Things were at their worst during the years while "Horse" was being filmed. The work proceeded smoothly until, one day, Takamine lost consciousness. "You have to remember that I was very busy then," she explained to me. "I was making several films at the same time, and I hardly ever had time to go outside the studio. Then, when it came time for me to appear in 'Horse,' I had to take a long train ride out to the location site. I was very tired and too pressured by work. And, also, I was suddenly outside in the sun. Remember, I had been living like an owl, always in the darkness of indoor sets. Then they brought in this big, big horse, you see." Telling this story, Takamine lengthened her face into a near-equine shape. "It was the first time I had ever seen such a big, big horse up close. Very long face, too. And what a smell it had! I don't really remember what happened next, but I had to work the plow with the horse in front. I think maybe it was all that sun in my eyes. Or else I was tired. Or I was afraid of the horse. Anyway, I fainted, and, the next thing I knew, I was lying in bed. I had appendicitis, which I must have been ignoring for a long time, and also some lung trouble—that's what my real mother died of. Kurosawa-san was very nice. He got me to take my medicine."

Takamine became enamored of Kurosawa, who was in charge of much of the location shooting. Although the extent of his response is not clear, he did not rebuff her. What happened next is uncertain, for accounts differ. According to Takamine, her mother stormed into an innocent private meeting between the couple, took her home and locked her up, and then brought all her fierce energy to bear upon the studio officials, who feared a loss of business if the innocent Deko-chan should become involved in a grown-up relationship. The romance was squelched. But gossip about an engagement had appeared in the newspapers, and Kurosawa was appalled by



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the vulgar focus on his private life. Takamine writes in her autobiography that he priggishly refused to speak to her after she was finally released from house detention. Though heartbroken, and enraged by her mother's interference, she was willing to be helpful. During studio auditions in 1946, she did Kurosawa the favor of calling his attention to a promising young actor named Toshiro Mifune.

IN the middle of November, while I was attending screenings of Takamine's films at the Film Center of Tokyo's National Museum of Modern Art, I had occasion to spend many hours pondering whether I could ever muster a stoicism to match that of the Japanese. The screening room was extraordinarily cold, and the heat was not to be turned on until December 1st. Takamine herself came by for one of the screenings, and the schedule skipped ahead seventeen years, because she was interested in seeing the 1958 film "The Chase." She was bundled up in several layers of clothing, for she had been warned about the bracing temperatures, but, even so, she expressed surprise at the conditions inside the building. "Cool, very cool, I'd call it," she mordantly observed as she hurried by a fluttering of greeters. Fortunately, "The Chase" was set in torrid summertime Kyushu, in Japan's south, and the sweating country people onscreen, waving their fans to cool off, cheered up the audience.

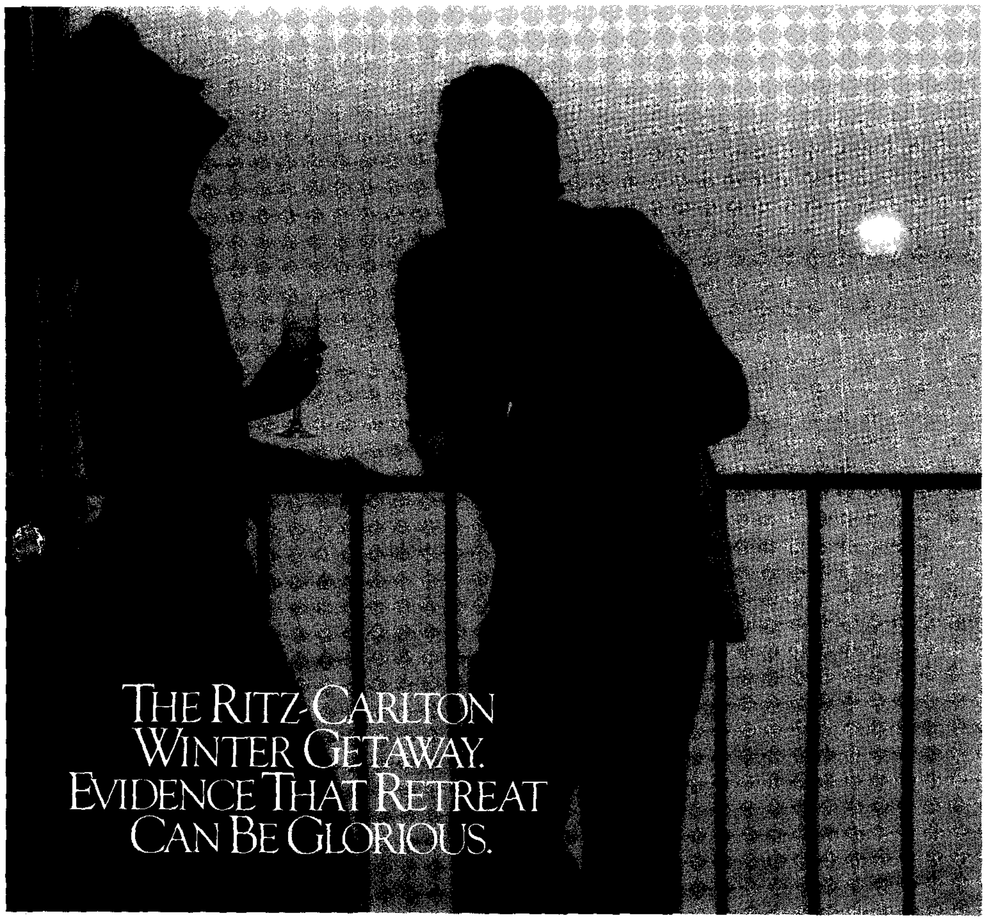
In this film, two detectives maintain a watch on Takamine as she keeps house for her stingy banker husband and his children by another marriage. The police suspect that this woman's former boyfriend, wanted for armed robbery and murder, will travel down to Kyushu for a visit. ("Hey, here she is!" Takamine happily announced when her younger self appeared as the housewife.) The woman goes about her daily chores with a daunting regularity, and with no suggestion of a tempestuous romance in the background. ("But she looks a little fat, don't you think?") She has about her the atmosphere of a dormant volcano, and the film is a long wait for the moment when she will explode. Finally, her old lover does arrive, and a detective, after a few slapstick interludes, follows the couple to a hot-springs rendezvous. Here Takamine kisses her (tubercular) lover beside a stack of logs in the hot springs' glade.

"I made so many films with Kinoshita and Naruse, but not once in any of their films did I kiss a man, embrace, even hold hands," Takamine has complained, with some exaggeration. "Not in a single film. I guess they thought that I wasn't the type." In "The Chase," under the direction of Yoshitaro Nomura, she reveals her aptitude for such encounters. "I ruined my own life by not marrying you," she tells her lover so tenderly that it breaks your heart. "Every day is empty, and I don't see any reason to live." The couple decide to run off together but are captured by the detectives at the inn where they go to bathe. The boyfriend (coughing) is led away by the police. Takamine, who has such a quiet way with sadness, stands, devastated, in her robe. When she starts to weep from that expressive throat, it is clear that the young girl who could cry so convincingly about her horse grew up to be an authority on adult sorrow.

"You know, the director of 'Mother,' my first film, was Hotei Nomura," Takamine said later, when we were warming up over a cup of green tea. "He was a big, fat man, a good director—I remember him very well. But when I appeared in his films I was still almost a baby and used to get bored on the set, so he would have his son come and play with me. The boy was in primary school, I think. We'd play Ping-Pong. Or he would carry me around on his back. I urinated on him, I'm afraid, but, look, I was just a little girl. That son was Yoshitaro Nomura, the director of 'The Chase.' He went to a lot of trouble to get me to appear in it. When we met again, it was after almost thirty years. Just to break the ice, I said to him, 'Listen, I'm sorry that I urinated on you. You'll forgive me, won't you?' "

Takamine interrupted her reminiscence when an admirer came over to ask for her autograph. Autographs in Japan require more than just some scribbled characters, and this time she was asked to write a few poetic words about "The Chase." An amateur painter with a sure calligraphic hand, Takamine dashed off an ink drawing of a weeping-willow tree with a snail beside it to decorate her impromptu comment ("Saw 'The Chase'—felt very nostalgic") and the characters for her name. When her fan pronounced this acceptable, Takamine raised her eyebrows in mock relief.

Certain aspects of acting theory inspire Takamine to emphatic comment, and she can never resist a droll consideration of the Japanese critics' fondness for *netsuen*, the intense display of emotion onstage. "Ah, *netsuen*, *netsuen*, they really like it!" she said. "In the film today, I could have gone overboard with overacting, especially in that scene when she meets her lover again. But it's better to be reserved when you act, don't you agree? This *netsuen*—people get tired of it. Do you think people could have looked at me on the screen for so many years if I gave them *netsuen* all the time? It embarrasses me and overwhelms all the other actors. I'd rather be more controlled and natural. Actually, I try to be like the people who appear on the newscasts. A plane crashes and the survivors are interviewed. Those survivors, they're not acting. It's all perfectly natural. That's what I try for." She refrained from making any other formal pronouncements on her craft, since, she said, she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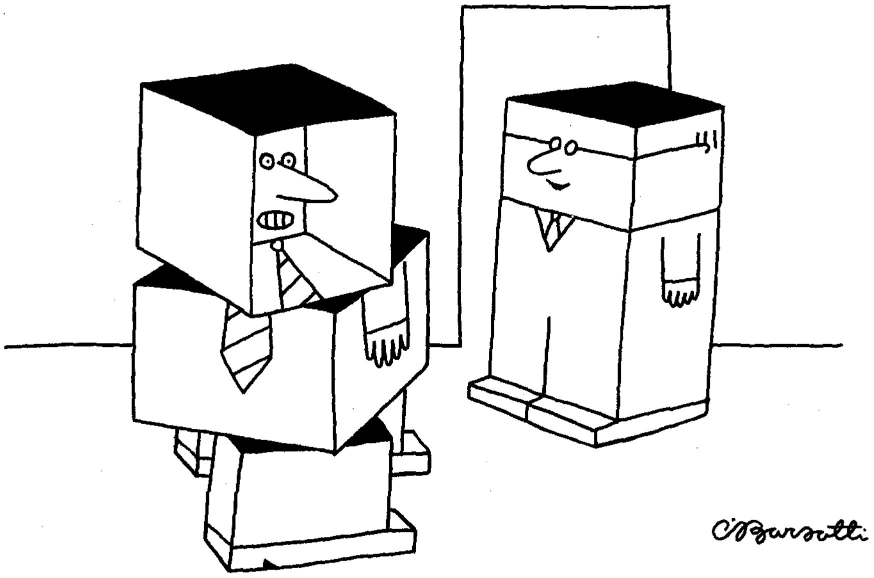

"Mr. Wilson? I'm Dr. Bradshaw. Please come in."

grew conscientious about her work only after many years in films. But Tadao Sato has found various early signs of artistic seriousness in her autobiography—particularly where she credits Kajiro Yamamoto with tuning up her professional sensibilities for the first time. That happened when she was fourteen, during the shooting of "Composition Class":

> It was a misty winter morning, and the girl I was playing was building a fire outside in back of her house with her brother Minoru. Director Yamamoto, who'd been stirring the blazing fire with a dead branch, came over to me, his eyeglasses gleaming, and said, "Deko, I'm adding a few lines to the script. I want you to say, 'These winter mornings smell nice, don't they?' And then Minoru will sniff the air and say, 'I don't smell anything special.' Then you should sniff the air and say, 'No, you're wrong, of course there is something.' That's all. You understand, don't you?" . . . And, when I thought about it, I saw that he was right—those winter mornings did have a special smell. It was a clean, sharp, piercing smell, the kind that reminded you of a fresh field high up in the mountains, that filled you with nostalgia, like the scent of a distant fire.

Two years later, Takamine happened to see the actress Haruko Sugimura (best known to Westerners as the selfish daughter in Ozu's "Tokyo Story") in "Spring on Lepers' Island." "She played a leper and there was a scene where a nurse came to visit her," she writes. "Probably because she didn't want to expose her ugly, disfigured face, Sugimura kept her back to the nurse and the camera during the whole scene as she took down the laundry from the line. What great acting! I couldn't believe how wonderfully talented she was! Then I just groaned to myself and thought, damn, why, this really is acting! . . . I'd never realized that such a great actress even existed!" Sugimura's example incited Takamine's competitive spirit, and she decided to exert herself more in appearances before the cameras. She also decided that something had to be done about her peculiar film voice. "In those days, the equipment was bad," she has said, "and even though I thought I was speaking properly, when I heard myself afterward, with all that garbled sound coming out, I sounded like some female Mifune." Formally taking up the study of operatic technique, she gave her attention to deep breathing and control of the diaphragm. In prewar films, singing and dancing were commonly interpolated to spice up stretches of dialogue, and after the lessons Takamine's voice had more élan in her duets about the blue sky over the rice fields.

By the summer of 1945, however, she was flagging, and she recalled that as she was sulking on a veranda during a break in the shooting of another film Yamamoto, once again her director, turned up for further significant conversation. "Deko, what are you thinking about here all by yourself?" he asked, and so began the day's discourse. "But look over there at that pine tree, will you?" he said. "Do you know why it bends in this direction?" He went on to point out a few of the mysteries of the universe to this petulant twenty-one-year-old: "I think the wind blowing off the sea makes it bend naturally. . . . You know, pickled radishes have a strong odor to most people, but an actor has to sense that smell two or three times as fully as ordinary people. . . . You should take an interest in something, never mind what. Ask yourself why? How? . . . Then you'll find that the world isn't that boring to you." Takamine claims that those words stunned her, for things in a bland Japanese sentence are often not what they seem. Yamamoto may have been literally speaking about vegetables soaking in a vat of miso paste, but Takamine heard lions roaring from the porch shrubbery. "A fireball of shame burned up into my throat," she writes, "and with that shame came the recognition that for more than eight years, since the age of thirteen, when I started working at the Toho studios, I had been making from six to eight films a year and had never once thrown my whole self into my work."

From then on, she resolved, she would put all her energies—absolutely, without qualification—into her professional appearances. She would respond to the odor of pickled radishes *ten* times as fully as ordinary people did. And, indeed, she learned to draw blood from the shortest pause. "As far as technique goes, Isuzu Yamada is the best," one director has commented. "When she moves, you really see how good she is. But Hideko Takamine is good even when she's not moving at all." She almost frightened a critic who observed her closely in the 1953 film "The Mistress": "Takamine's full breasts were being embraced from the back by her patron and what passed over her face was a look of utter misery and revulsion that took my breath away. . . . It was the overwrought response of a woman who thought of human beings as nothing but beasts."

◆

KAJIRO YAMAMOTO had not turned up to provide his acting lesson in the tranquillity of temple ruins at twilight, where a Japanese would undoubtedly prefer to set such an epiphany. Rather, it was while he was shooting "Full Tilt Into America," in the countryside, in August, 1945. The production no doubt gained a sense of reality from what was actually happening then: the crew fell behind schedule, because United States B-29 bomber squads were conducting frequent raids overhead. Then, on August 15th, when Emperor Hirohito announced Japan's surrender, the film was cancelled.

During the war, Japanese actresses had been relegated to the background, since films concentrated upon extolling the valor of soldiers going off to defend the nation. Onscreen, a woman could do little more than tearfully look up at a squadron of kamikaze planes heading south. "Takamine pretty much kept out of the war effort," Donald Richie says. "She made some politically questionable films, but that was not her fault—she was under contract and had little choice. She was not like some others, who had gone all out for the war effort. And so, after the war, people still trusted her, loved her." In 1943, Takamine appeared with Setsuko Hara in Masahiro Makino's "The Opium War," an exceedingly odd adaptation of D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm." It replaced the French Revolution and the Gish sisters with China's Opium War, Takamine, and Hara. Makino no doubt assumed that enforcement of copyright laws would not be uppermost in the minds of the enemy while the war was in progress; he therefore also appropriated a few cuts from "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and pinched some footage from "In Old Chicago" for his film's last big scene, the great fire in Canton. A screed against British imperialism, "The Opium War" has Takamine arrayed in silly pigtails and Chinese silks. She plays a blind young woman (the Dorothy Gish role), who is led around a made-in-Japan China by her sister, the even more foolishly attired and elaborately pigtailed Hara (in the Lillian Gish role). Opium, imported by the evil British, has broken the spirit of the Chinese people, and they writhe from the horrors of their addiction along the streets of Canton.

"The only thing I remember about that film is that I couldn't blink my eyes, since I was supposed to be blind," Takamine told me. "I don't know if you've ever tried not to blink, but it's very hard." Her memory has mercifully obliterated the bizarre moment when Hara performs a ridiculous Chinese fan dance—cymbals galore—while balancing upon her head an ornate Empress-of-China hairdo. During breaks in the opium intrigues, great throngs of Chinese—addicts, women, children,

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rickshaw bearers—rush from one end of the movie screen to the other, as if to reflect an early Japanese awareness of China's population problem.

Takamine had no major roles during this period, but her pinup posters gallantly bolstered the war effort. These pinups, known as *buromaido* (bromides)—after the silver bromide used in the developing process—were packed, along with soap, candies, amulets, and cigarettes, in *imon-bukuro*, "cheer-up bags," sent to soldiers at the front. Once the hostilities had begun, her friendly, girl-next-door face consoled countless soldiers far from home. "In my *buromaido*, I'm always smiling, as usual," she has written. And, in accordance with military regulations, she was usually waving a flag. She received bundles of fan mail from the front, many addressed simply to "Hideko Takamine, Japan." One soldier wrote that he hoped to stay alive in order to marry a girl like her. Another said that his war buddy had been carrying her photograph in his pocket when he was killed. She also received a letter from the mother of a dead soldier, who returned the soiled, wrinkled pinup that had been among her son's belongings.

Throughout the war, Takamine sang for the troops up and down the country. When the war ended, she quickly began to sing for American Occupation troops at a Tokyo theatre newly renamed the Ernie Pyle. "You will wonder how she could do it—one day entertaining the Japanese troops, next day the Americans," a Japanese friend said to me. "But you should have seen what went on here just after the war. People who had been ready to die for Japan were suddenly coming out in full support of the Americans. Overnight, they changed completely. They had to, in order to survive. So Takamine was like everyone else. It shows you that she was a real *shomin*." Takamine memorized the incomprehensible English words of popular songs (she sang me a few very sultry bars of "Sentimental Journey"), and soon she was a star attraction on the G.I. circuit. After her performances, Yankee soldiers would come to her dressing room bearing gifts of chocolate, chewing gum, and peanuts, and greeting her with an exuberant "Hello, Miss Takamine!" A brand-new Cadillac was always waiting to take her home.

The early postwar period, when she was in her early twenties, found Hideko Takamine at the peak of her popularity and in many forgettable films. She became a genuine movie *aidoru* (idol) at this time, because she helped distract her audiences from the distress of facing Japan's defeat, erratic food supplies, and the oversized Occupation soldiers in their midst. A cultivated *cinéaste* might have complained that she had overcome the jinx of child star and become a grown-up success, but had done so to very little purpose. The masses, however, savored Takamine's well-fed ebullience in films like "Ginza Can-Can Girl," which sends her and a noted boogie dancer around Tokyo with a bouncy variety show. Occupation authorities encouraged films that showed women freed from feudal bondage, and they must have been delighted with the wholesome Takamine in the liberated, "democratic" outfit of overalls and beret she wore in that film. With one of the male members of the cast seriously overweight, it is a film entirely free of urban starvation and the hacking tubercular cough. An American admirer can still take pleasure in a zesty Takamine rollicking across the screen with her dog, but for a Japanese "Ginza Can-Can Girl" has all the artistic significance of an Annette Funicello saga. While families were hoping against hope that meagre backyard vegetable patches would produce enough food for their households, Takamine and her dancer friend were singing the film's catchy title song. It became so popular that even today many Japanese can oblige with a few melodious lines:

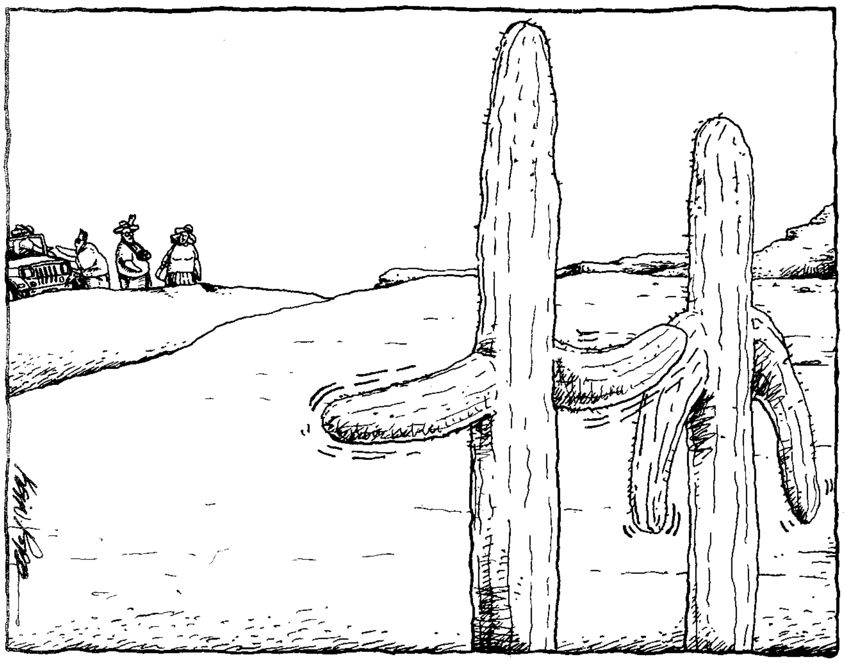
That cute one, she's the Can-Can
  Girl.
She's wearing a red blouse, with
  sandals on her feet.
Wonder who's she waiting for on
  that Ginza street corner?
She's looking at her watch, grinning,
  all excited.
That's our Ginza Can-Can Girl.

As *winter was settling into Tokyo*, I had tea with the director Keisuke Kinoshita in his penthouse. Takamine appeared in a dozen of his films as an adult star. For more than a decade, beginning in 1951, she alternated between Kinoshita and Naruse—"like a Ping-Pong ball," she has said. Takamine, who has been asked for comparisons of the two directors more times than anybody could reasonably bear, dutifully notes in her autobiography that, in contrast to the inscrutable Naruse, "Kinoshita, whose every feeling showed all over his face, was much easier to work with." She adds, "If Kinoshita was really pleased with a cut, he'd be beside himself with emotion—'Just take a look at that! What a great director I am!' "

The Kinoshita I met was seventy-seven, and spry, dapper, jovial. His living room, filled with art objects from around the world, was far removed from the usual Japanese glamour of solitary vases and empty space, and there, among his treasures, he seemed the benevolent potentate of a kingdom that could tolerate a little clutter. "It's a coincidence, but my first job, when I started working as a camera assistant at Shochiku, was to shoot a closeup of Hideko in 'My Cheek Near Yours,' " he told me. "It was 1933, and she must have been about nine. Oh, you should have seen her! She played a chauffeur's daughter. There was a scene when she had to cry outside a church, and I'll never forget what a wonderful little actress she was even then. I was shocked. Such a sensitive child! She looked so sad and so cute." Kinoshita had the grown-up Takamine play a schoolteacher, a widow, a medieval mother opposed to war, a stripper, and a student suicide, among other roles that happened to occur to him. "At the beginning of a film, I'd give her a little advice, but after that she was quick to understand a character," he said. "I'd just stand back and enjoy myself, waiting to see how she'd interpret the role. That's the most charming thing about her, her intelligence. More than her face, more than anything, it's her intelligence. She's so smart that sometimes she gave me trouble."

In dozens of interviews on the subject, Takamine has taken a wry view of Kinoshita's abundant energies. In one, she said, "When I worked on a film with Kinoshita, he'd say to me, 'So tell me, Hide-chan, what do you think we should do this time?' Really, he could come up with the strangest ideas, just like that. . . . I'd be physically exhausted working on his films."

Although on any list of important Japanese directors Kinoshita would face stiff competition in matters of elegance, swordplay, and psychological depth, few would fail to grant him top honors when it comes to earnestness. In describing Kinoshita's dramatic works Japanese use words like honesty, sincerity, intensity—great praise in a country where purity of emotion is the highest virtue. Westerners, however, frequently find his dramas shamelessly sentimental, turning, as they may, on the home life of a simple lighthouse keeper or on the plight of a woman forcibly married off to the landlord's evil son. "You can't judge Kinoshita's films by Western standards," a Swiss specialist in Japanese films has explained. "Japanese go to a movie to feel. To cry. The happy ending, for example, is a Western concept. If you have a happy ending, then you can't cry. Japanese critics like Kinoshita's films because they make you have good feelings. The films are judged not on their artistic merits alone but on the depth of the humane feelings they inspire." Kinoshita reached a similar conclusion when he spoke to me about Yasujiro Ozu, whose works have travelled abroad more successfully than



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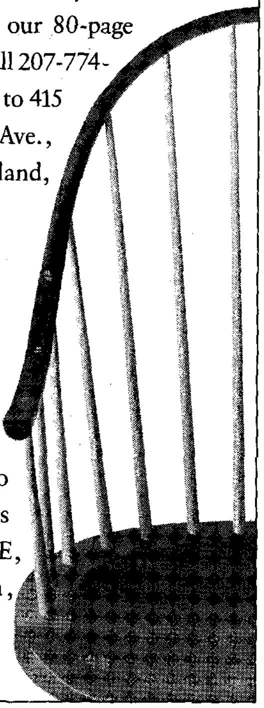

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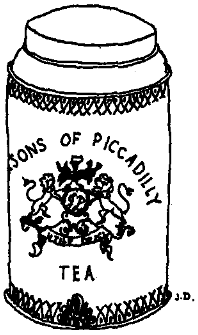
his. "Ozu was not the type of director who entered the lives of the people, who suffered with them," he said. "He seems to stand above them and observe their lives. I am more involved with hoping for the happiness of the people. In my films, I become at one with their dreams."

While a Western audience may balk at a Kinoshita scenario that concludes with the whole cast weeping in various rooms of a city dwelling, only the dourest of us can resist his comedies. Keisuke Kinoshita can be very, very funny. "After that film I shot when she was a little girl, I didn't have a chance to work with Hideko for a long time," he told me. "Even when I became established as a director, I always had to settle for admiring her from afar. It was not until 1950, after she went free-lance, that we were able to work together for the first time as adults. By that time, of course, she was a big star and had appeared in many films. So I wanted to make her happy—to have her appear in a kind of role she'd never done before. I thought about it for a while and finally decided that I had just the thing for her: since she's so smart, such an intelligent woman, I'd have her play someone who's plain dumb."



The first dumbbell that Kinoshita created for Takamine was Lily Carmen, stripper and artiste, magnanimous daughter, and brooding philosopher, in the 1951 color film "Carmen Comes Home." "You know," Kinoshita continued, "at the time 'Carmen' was written, soon after the war, Japan was occupied by Allied troops. And the Americans, in particular—in order to make us Japanese feel happier—started encouraging strip shows here. Before that, of course, it was considered immoral for women to do anything like display their breasts in public, and so more traditional people felt that something extremely disagreeable had become popular in our country. I, too, started to worry about these new, looser morals. So I wrote this story about a girl born out in the countryside who, because she was kicked in the head by a cow in her youth, is a little on the slow side mentally. She leaves to make her way in the big city and, in Tokyo, turns to stripping. Actually, in the world of stripping she's something of a star. But Carmen believes that by becoming a stripper she's now a great artist. The story is about her return to her country home with a stripper friend."

From her first appearance at the country train station, where she greets the locals in sunglasses and a radiant orange dress, Takamine's Carmen reveals to the Japanese provinces just what mischief American influences can wreak upon a refined civilization. Carmen and her stripper friend have their own ways of demonstrating their urban sophistication while nostalgically renewing their ties with nature. They revel in the pastures by singing and dancing and removing their clothes. Even as spectators, they cause a stir; a public function is interrupted when the skirt on Carmen's friend falls off. Takamine, aglow in this, her first satire, spares no pains in giving us the full sweep of Carmen's high-minded vulgarity. She is impossible to ignore in her gorgeous red lipstick, and bursts into a lusty song from her Tokyo revue, punctuated by thrustings of her breasts, while riding through the village fields in a horse-drawn cart. The school principal, a man regularly driven to tears by the first bird's cry in spring, struggles hard against this prophet of social change, but the raptures of nature don't stand a chance beside women who appear before an audience of villagers in little but the roses clenched between their teeth.

"Carmen Comes Home" stirred the crowds when it was released, and a professor friend of mine shudders to recall one of its most exhilarating moments: "I saw it when I was still living in the country, and you know, when Carmen's friend's skirt fell off I just couldn't believe what had happened. I was so shocked that for a long time, I tell you, I couldn't even move."

"Carmen Comes Home" was Japan's first color film, and, because of the primitive state of the technology, most of its scenes were shot outdoors. "The people from Fuji Film themselves didn't know how the color would come out," Kinoshita recalled. "So they advised us to film as much as possible outside. As the day wore on, the colors changed, so we had to film everything very quickly. If a parasol was opened or closed, the colors of the actor's face would change."

Though Kinoshita evidently had a good time playing with his new equipment, Takamine remembers the experience as something less than a jolly adventure. "At one point, I really thought that this film would kill me," she has written. "Since I was playing a stripper, I couldn't just wear makeup on my face. I had to put makeup on everything that wasn't covered by my clothes, from my breasts to my back, my arms down to the backs of my legs. They mixed powder with greasepaint and used that to stuff up my pores. Over and above the heat of this encasement, there were the hot lights blazing down strong enough to make you dizzy. It was really more than I could bear. . . . Then, one day, while I was doing my best to hold out in heat that tested my endurance, I could feel some smoke rising in a misty trail out from the top of my head. I say smoke, but I don't mean that my hair caught fire and my whole head burst into flames. What happened was that the hair oil I was wearing was getting cooked in the hot lights. It was the same thing that happens when you overheat tempura oil and it starts giving off a purplish haze. I was, as you can imagine, very much surprised."

IN 1951, being particularly despondent about her life—fed up with her mother, movies, men, reporters—Takamine left her film career behind to spend six anonymous months in Paris. There she felt lonely enough to buy a doll to keep her company in her *pension*. The book she published about her stay in France is called "Alone in Paris" and does not tell a blissful tale of the curative powers of French cooking. Rather, she exulted in the primitive state of international communications systems, which kept intrusions from Japan at a minimum. On her return to Tokyo, she had no time to ponder whether her mental health had taken a turn for the better. A tax official met her at the airport demanding money, and her mother had turned the family home into a boarding house, and began charging Takamine for her room just like any other customer. Finally abandoning the house, which she had bought with her own money, Takamine put up in a hotel, where, she says, the rate was lower.

In short order, it became clear that Takamine required no further coaching in fury and despair. "After she returned from Paris, you could see a steel core in her acting," one analyst writes. The high-strung behavior of some Takamine heroines in the next decade cannot be attributed solely to Japan's postwar turmoil; these women possess feverish nervous systems, which would find chaos even in paradise—women such as the desperate student in Kinoshita's "The Garden of Women" (1954), who is driven to suicide by a rigid social system and her own dangerously acute insights. For bringing the romantic obsessions of Yukiko to the screen in "Floating Clouds," Takamine received many of the year's acting awards, to add to a growing collection. When a reporter had the temerity to ask how she had created this ardent heroine, she replied, "For thirty years, I've suffered with her kind of sadness. And I certainly don't think the path I took from time to time was a mistake." Her anxious, trapped Otama in Shiro Toyoda's "The Mistress"

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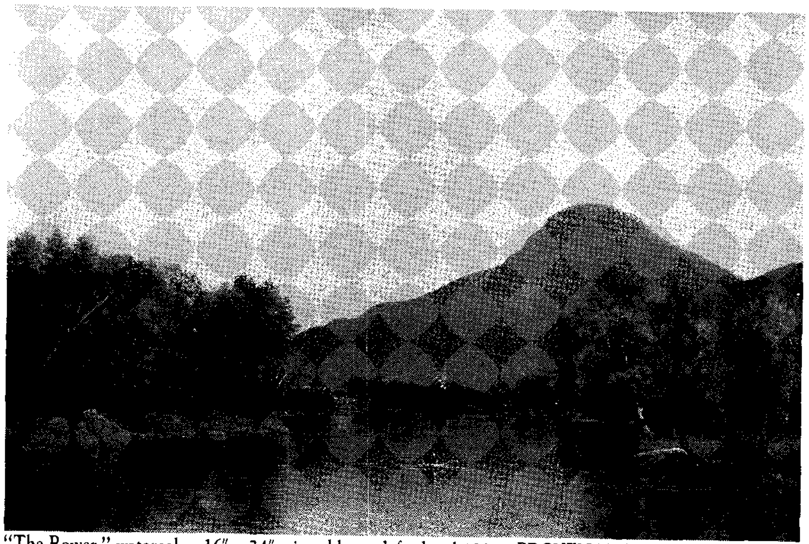

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(1953), who longs to fly off like the wild geese but languishes as a moneylender's kept woman, showed that Takamine could take her special psychological vibrations back to a nineteenth-century setting. This film also gave visual proof of her other endowments. "Before I made 'The Mistress,' I'd never really exposed much of anything onscreen," Takamine has recalled. "But in the scene where Tono-san embraces my breasts from the back Toyoda-san kept telling him, 'Go down just a little more,' 'Just a bit more,' 'A little more,' and before long you could see almost everything." While Takamine's unlucky bar hostess in Naruse's "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960) again brings to mind a volcano, this time it is Mt. Fuji—majestic, cool, and, as every climber knows, simple-looking from a distance but highly complex up close.

Wafting in and out of these films is the usual collection of Japanese film heroes: philanderers, liars, weak-willed parasites; the irresponsible, the haughty, the cunning, the steadfastly married. These males manage to distract, disrupt, or destroy the heroine in question, yet finding a good man appears to be only part of her problem. In many roles, Takamine does not require love so much as a respite from those who pick away at her finances and plague her every waking moment. This sensation—of being eaten alive—Takamine understands well, and her women sigh, grimace, despise marvellously. Suffering mars the face that could belong to the rice-shop owner next door, and its familiarity only makes her distress more compelling to the audience. In "Lightning," Kiyoko is revolted by the dismal relatives collected in her sordid household—a household surely reminiscent of the actress's own. Hysteria in Japan, as Takamine demonstrates memorably in this film, usually has certain limitations: a proper tantrum is impossible when the doors are made of paper and no one has any concept of privacy. Heroines like Kiyoko don't subscribe to the beliefs that have traditionally tamed women's lives. "Takamine's women were not willing to wait patiently until the next life for their rewards, as Japanese heroines used to do," a Japanese-film historian told me. "Her women had an urgent need to do everything, settle everything, in this life. Takamine symbolized this for us." When Kiyoko con-fronts her mother with her grievances in the film's radiant final scene, she reaches with a vengeance for the rewards of the here and now.

Takamine also had critical failures during this period. For example, the writer Shotaro Yasuoka was not alone in complaining about her unflattering portrayal of Fumiko Hayashi, a well-known author, in the film “A Wanderer's Notebook” (1962). “I may be overstating this,” he wrote, “but if Fumiko Hayashi were to see this film in the other world, she'd probably be so furious that her tombstone would shake.” Takamine squeezed in other kinds of roles, just in case anyone had forgotten about her range: Carmen the stripper once again, in a sequel, “Carmen's Pure Love” (1952); a nutty, scheming daughter-in-law in “A Candle in the Wind” (1957); and the most virtuous of Japanese housewives in Kinoshita's big money-maker “The Lighthouse” (1957).

Most important to Japanese audiences, Hideko Takamine became Oishi-sensei, the schoolteacher in Kinoshita's 1954 antiwar epic, “Twenty-four Eyes.” “When Japanese think of Hideko Takamine,” Tadao Sato told me, “most will think of her as Oishi-sensei.” It must be acknowledged that this film does not affect Americans as profoundly as it does the Japanese. Here is Japanese sentimentality undiluted and unafraid, and even some Japanese find it hard to swallow.

“Twenty-four Eyes” tells the lengthy story of a young woman who goes to teach school on an island in the Inland Sea. Her twelve students (with their total of twenty-four eyes) are in primary school when the film opens, and the action follows them and their teacher over the next quarter century. During the film, one of Oishi-sensei's students must give up her studies because of money problems, another dies of tuberculosis, and, when the Second World War begins, many of those formerly adorable little boys leave home to fight overseas. Oishi-sensei herself loses her husband to the war, and she stops teaching when she cannot tolerate new, militaristic education policies. She knows what she is saying when she tells a sick child, “There aren't many happy people in this world, so, believe me, you're not alone.”

The film score (arranged by Kinoshita's brother) is taken from school songs every Japanese learned in childhood, and the familiar melodies help to keep the audience's tears flowing. In one particularly weepy scene, toward the end, when the surviving members of the class gather for a reunion with their teacher, a student blinded during the war lovingly fingers an old school photograph, pointing out from memory each member of the class, dead or alive.

Tadao Sato had heard complaints about the film's sentimentality many times, and he was ready for me when I approached him with my reservations. “Yes, I'll agree with you, it's sentimental, but, remember, ‘Twenty-four Eyes’ is an extremely important film for the Japanese,” he said. “When it came out, people were tired of war. We had been through so much suffering. It really expressed how much we disliked war. Every class of society, people of every political persuasion were moved by it. And I would guess that ninety per cent of the population had no trouble with the sentimentality of this

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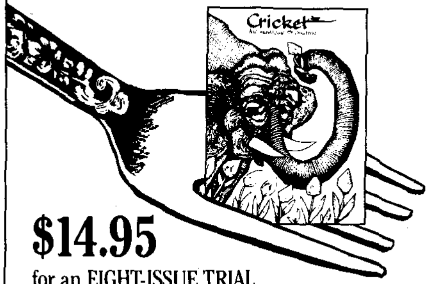

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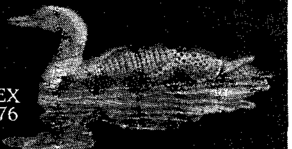

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film. You know, the famous advertising slogan they used was that even the Minister of Education cried when he saw 'Twenty-four Eyes.' The Ministry of Education usually supports an extremely conservative kind of thinking in this country. It tries to get people to venerate the Emperor system, be nationalistic. Other antiwar films were made at about the same time, but the Minister of Education cried only at 'Twenty-four Eyes.' "

Sato conceded that the film is not without flaws: "You see, Kinoshita really wants to say, 'Look how awful war is—it made these cute children go off to die.' But the fact is that they did not die in the war as cute little kids, and the film doesn't tell you what kinds of terrible things they did as soldiers." Sato paused, and went on, "All right, so all he's saying is that it's sad, so sad, that Oishi-sensei's students died in the war. But at that level almost all Japanese agreed with this emotion. 'Twenty-four Eyes' is not a radical movie. Oishi-sensei is no radical. She doesn't start an antiwar movement. That's why so many Japanese could be moved by the film. It's important that you understand this feeling. And, by the way, for a sentimental movie, it's very well made. Everyone cried."

Takamine alone, with her intelligence, her cynicism, her melancholy, kept the film from absolute surrender to bathos. Her Oishi-sensei not only stood firm through tragedies but also showed a particularly Japanese sensitivity toward people and the natural world. To her fans Takamine became Oishi-sensei offstage as well, and, along the way, a national icon. Kinoshita told me, "During the filming of 'Twenty-four Eyes,' Hideko must have been about thirty, and the role called for her to age—from nineteen years old to about forty-five, I believe. Other Japanese actresses don't like to show aging faces to their fans. They don't want to think about how they'll look in the future. Hideko must have been the first actress to have the nerve to show herself as an aging woman. I keep telling these other actresses that if they just have the courage to show their faces as old ladies it'll be easier on them in years to come. After all, their fans will have seen what they will look like later. Take, for example, your Lillian Gish or Bette Davis. They weren't ashamed to show their faces when they grew old. But in Japan you have someone like Setsuko Hara, who refuses to show her face in public now. The Eternal Beauty, they call her."

Among the other benefits of "Twenty-four Eyes" was Takamine's romance with Zenzo Matsuyama, who was then Kinoshita's assistant director. Having been credited with much behind-the-scenes plotting to effect this union, Kinoshita now takes a modest view of his role as matchmaker, but there is little doubt that he was eager to get his directing protégé and his troubled star safely married. "What happened was that Matsuyama asked me to intercede for him," he told me. "He wanted to marry her, and he asked me to talk to her about it. I said to him, 'Look, she's a big star and you're just an assistant director. You probably don't have a chance.' He still said he wanted to marry her. So then he asked me just to tell her that he liked her. That I did for him. I thought she would refuse him, but no. She said, 'You know, I might not meet another man who thinks so much of me, so I'll go out with him for a while and see how it goes.' And you can see what happened after that." They were married in 1955.

I NEXT met Takamine for lunch at Tokyo's International House. Anonymous among the overseas guests there, she looked tidy and professorial in her usual black suit. A large diamond ring was the single touch of the movie star. She swept me into the restaurant, and there our meal was organized in no time. Once the menu negotiations were over—she told me that she wasn't in the habit of counting calories—I asked about an essay of hers that had just appeared in *Notebook for Living*, a popular women's magazine.

"Oh, that, it's the silly kind of writing I've been doing lately," she said.

"Zenzo-san's Meals," written in impeccable Japanese deadpan, details her husband's dental problems (he's having work done on his gums) and gives advice about preparing food for husbands with similar afflictions. Besides providing recipes for soft-textured dinners ("Buy the medium-size tapioca at the Chinese food store"), Takamine reveals that she spends about three hours in the kitchen each day preparing their meals. Out in my Tokyo suburb, I told her, public opinion was running against this excessive catering to a husband. My cronies believed that the man was getting too much service, and I had been delegated to tell her that he should at least be prevailed upon to boil the water for his tea.

Takamine, as she brooded over her hamburger steak, was accepting none of these admonitions. “Look, think about it from my point of view. When he does try to do something in the kitchen, he just gets up, makes a mess, and leaves the microwave door open. I’d rather do it myself.” In her essay she dryly describes domestic arrangements with her spouse, who has been ill frequently since their marriage: “The person who gets sick has his own problems, but the nurse (that is to say, me) is kept on her toes doing the invalid’s bidding and so doesn’t have the time to get sick herself.” Takamine, a meticulous woman, famous for never being late for a shooting, takes no casual view of her daily schedule, and her husband’s meals have received her formidable attention. She writes:

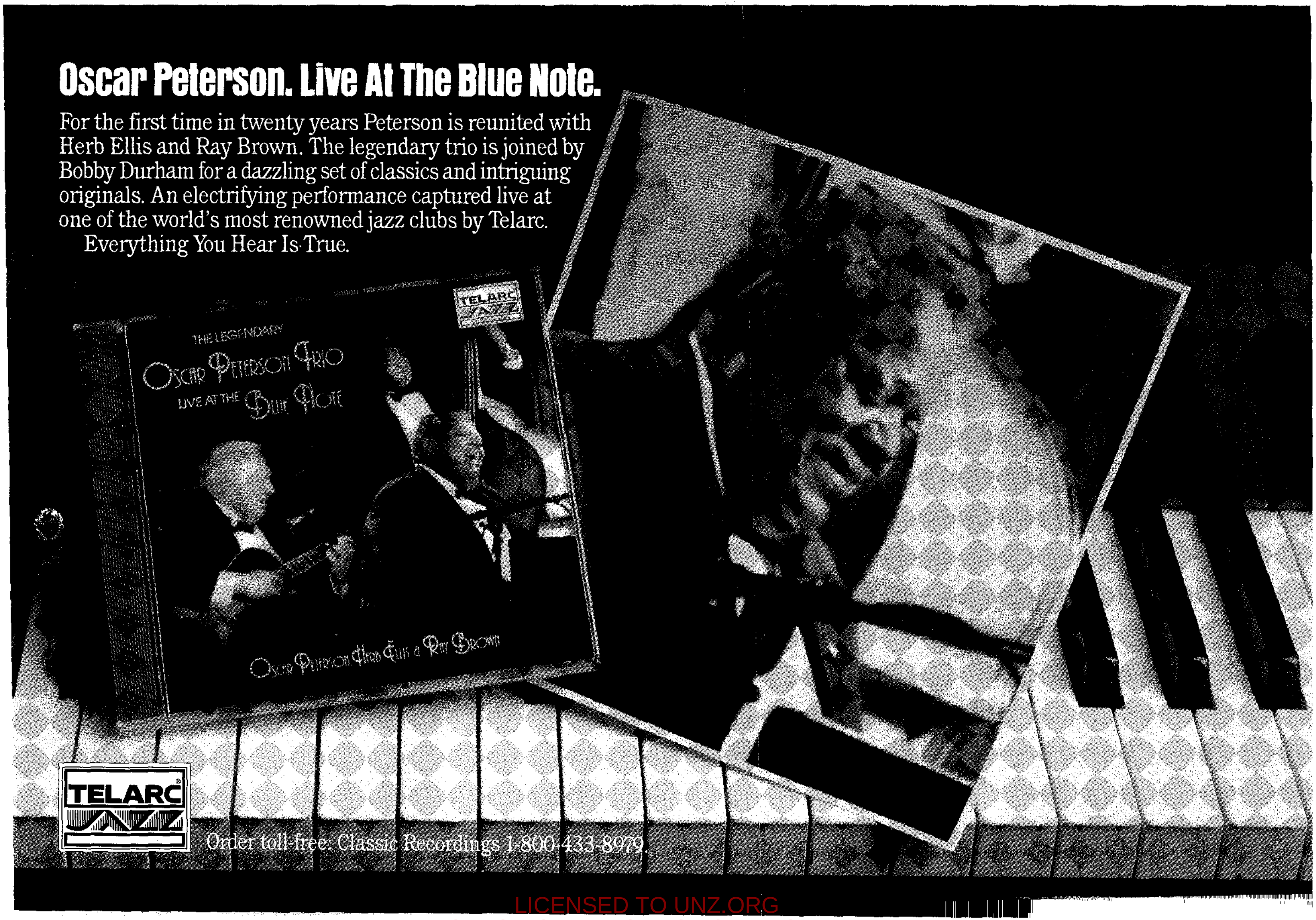
> My husband is basically a very gentle person. And as the years go by, he becomes even gentler. One day, he said to me very gently, “You know, you’ve really got to take care of yourself. If you die before me, I’ll really be in trouble.”
>
> “Why?”
>
> “Don’t you see that from the day you die I won’t know what to do about my meals?”

Over the years, Takamine and Matsuyama have made films together—most notably “The Happiness of Us Alone” (1961), about a deaf-mute couple, which he wrote and directed. They have also written books about their travels. If a situation comedy were to be made from the published accounts of their marriage (and I see potential here), it would be about an affectionate, impossible pair from Japanese movieland—the wife a highly charged retired actress who whips up a Chinese banquet for sixteen on a low-energy day, and the husband bookish, hypochondriacal, a scriptwriter-director of immensely kindly dramas, who nevertheless is prone to bursts of choler at taxi-drivers in Hawaii, where the couple have a second home. (Unused to American ways, Matsuyama was thoroughly provoked by the assertion “I’m the one doing the driving, buddy,” from a speeding cabbie.)

Takamine and Matsuyama have no children, and, at the time of their marriage, Takamine considered motherhood a frightening prospect. She writes that when her husband announced a wish for six boys (“to make a basketball team”) her shock may have been so severe that she didn’t have even one child.

Takamine’s mother died in 1978, and, after their many years of conflict, Takamine has attempted to make peace with her memory. In a recent talk she gave at a luncheon in a downtown Tokyo hotel, it was apparent that she was still trying to understand this woman’s erratic behavior:

> When I was a big star, my mother became very proud of being my mother. Once, she decided that people of our status needed a new house, and since I was so busy I didn’t know about her plans. One day when I came home from the studio, my key didn’t fit into the front door. Soon I found a map left there for me, showing where the new house was. My mother, of course, had bought it with my money without letting me know. This kind of thing happened all the time. And maids—we had seven of them. And they weren’t the seven samurai, either.
>
> When I talk about my mother like this, you may think she was an ogre. But later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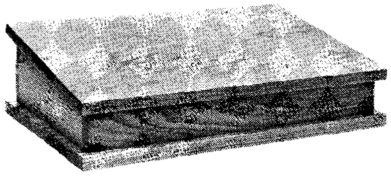

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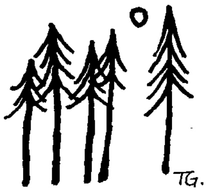
on I thought about my mother's situation and started to see things from her point of view. Now I see that she realized that someday—she didn't know when—this daughter of hers was going to flee beyond her reach, and the thought made her very anxious. Taking money from me and trying to keep me tied to her was her way of allaying her anxiety. And, as for me, I simply didn't have the psychological strength to realize that she was so worried. It's sad that a mother and child should have been like this.

Since her mother's death, Takamine has not written about her. "When my mother died," she told me, "my friends said to me, 'It's good—finally she's gone.' When so many people talked like that, I felt very sorry for my mother, whom I used to hate." She says that the financial demands of other relatives continued to plague her for many years into her marriage and beyond her mother's death. She fully expects that after her own death some family members, persistent enough for several lifetimes, will be scrambling to make legal claims upon what will be her considerable estate. (From 1955 until her retirement, Takamine says, she was Japan's highest-paid actress. Her house is in one of Tokyo's most expensive areas, and her art collection includes precious Asian ceramics, paintings, and antique furniture.)



Since the actresses Isuzu Yamada and Haruko Sugimura, both older than she, are still performing, I asked Takamine whether she regretted retiring from films so early. Leaning back with a cigarette, she delivered her response in that sure, gravelly voice. "Actually, I wanted to quit long before 'Oh My Son!,' in 1979, but Kinoshita-san came all the way out to our place in Hawaii with red roses and begged me to take the part," she said. "I couldn't refuse him. I thought I would quit when 'Floating Clouds' was released, in 1955, after I got married. After all, I had been working in films since I was five. But, once I realized how little money Matsuyama had, I kept on working. We had a big household to support. At the time, there were three maids, a dog, birds, a chauffeur. So, while I said I wanted to stop acting, I had to continue; I couldn't afford to quit then. But gradually, as Matsuyama made more money, I appeared in fewer films. I don't like to appear on television. I was in Japanese films during their best, most extravagant years. Why, back then, if the cameraman wanted some clouds he would wait for days until the right clouds came along. Now, even if it rains or snows, those television people have to shoot. I was able to work with the best directors—Kinoshita at Shochiku and Naruse at Toho. Because of that, I don't want to appear in those mixed-up things they put on television. But I've been in about ten dramas on television. People I know ask me to, and I can't refuse."

The organizers of a conference began to take over the part of the restaurant where we were seated. Then the participants streamed in and announcements about the afternoon's schedule started coming over the microphone. Turning conspiratorially in my direction, Takamine persevered above the commotion. "Being a movie star meant that I had to make many public appearances outside the studio, have my picture taken, meet people. It was hard on me—that lack of privacy. I like making things, whether it's a movie or anything else. I say that I disliked acting, but you've got to understand that I didn't just slough my work off. I put everything into it. I disliked doing it, but that's why I had to work so hard. If I had enjoyed acting, I would have found it easier. Whether I liked it or not, I worked hard. But I wanted to preserve my privacy. I wanted people to go to see my films, that was all. I was happy if fans enjoyed my films and then wrote to me about it. But some fans wanted more —they wanted to look inside me, learn things that others don't know."

We lingered for a while as members of the crowd bowed themselves in and out of meetings. By the time we were ready to leave, the sun was setting over the manicured bushes in the hotel's formal garden. Since she and her husband were soon leaving for Hawaii, Takamine said her final goodbyes to me now, at the front door. Her canny, reckless way of talking has become a part of my consciousness, and were I to hear her speak the briefest word anywhere I'd jump to my feet immediately, knowing it was Deko-chan, from the movies. "I worked very hard, for fifty years, in films," she said in parting. "I wasn't like ordinary people who work at their jobs for a while and then go on a little vacation. No, I worked and worked. So now I am relaxing. This is the happiest time of my life."

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

MUSICAL EVENTS

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IT is the centenary of not only Frank Martin's but also Bohuslav Martinů's birth. The Czech Philharmonic, the second European orchestra in Carnegie Hall's own centenary parade, began its concert with Martinů's "Fantaisies Symphoniques," his sixth, and last, symphony. Martinů spent many years in America. The symphonies were all written here, and all but the Fifth were first played here, in Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and then in New York. The Fifth is dedicated to the Czech Philharmonic. A noble piece, with a radiant close, it is seldom heard and would have been welcome. The Sixth, a disturbed and impressive composition, received a sensitive, volatile, moving performance. Like the Concertgebouw, the Czech Philharmonic has a new conductor. He is Jiří Bělohlávek, who was formerly the artistic director and conductor of the Orchestra Puellarum Pragensis, an ensemble that presumably offers opportunity for talented Czech maidens. (The Philharmonic is all male.) Mr. Bělohlávek, unlike the Concertgebouw's Riccardo Chailly, embraces his orchestra's special qualities, does not seek to refashion them after some commercially approved international pattern. The orchestra is one I have long prized. It has never been high-gloss—and in the Carnegie concert some of the intonation was off—but the players play like men who love music, and anyone who loves the music of Dvořák (who conducted the orchestra's first concert, in 1896) and of Smetana attends its concerts eagerly.

Who determined the rest of the program—Chopin's Second Concerto, with the Tuscan pianist Andrea Lucchesini the soloist, and the "Firebird" Suite? Mr. Lucchesini, who was making his New York début, is a fluent, able pianist with a large style. Some passages of the concerto were poetic (especially the dialogue with the bassoon at the close of the slow movement), and others were unfeelingly dispatched. The memory of Evgeny Kissin's more romantic account, a few days earlier, was still fresh. The Stravinsky received a winning, distinctively Czech performance, marked by the tang of a Czech oboe, the pleasantly woody tone of a Czech bassoon, and string playing in which vibrato was not routinely heavy. The transition from the berceuse to the finale was magical: the tremolando strings seemed not merely to grow softer but actually to move farther and farther away. Moreover, the sound was never needlessly loud, never blasting, even as the finale pealed in triumph. One could understand why the orchestra wanted to play this "Firebird"—a showpiece for its prowess, an alternative to the usual glitzy performances—but could still wish that it had chosen "The Wood Dove," "Richard III," or, better still, some new native composition. At a later, Fisher Hall concert (which I missed, since there was important new music elsewhere), the orchestra did play the whole of Smetana's "My Country."

"He's a Clark Kent type, but he has no alternative identity."

Carnegie's next visiting orchestra was the Shanghai Symphony, conducted by Hou Run-yu. Its concert began with Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture. Mr. Run-yu, who has studied with Gielen and Solti, is a conductor economical and precise in gesture, no modern whirligig. He approaches the "ideal" described in Hermann Scherchen's famous, impossibly exigent "Handbook of Conducting," which has now been reissued as an Oxford paperback. Scherchen's section on "The Conductor's Bearing" starts:

> Conducting should never be confused either with dramatic acting, pantomimic presentment, or gymnastics. Its ideal should be that no part of the body except the right arm should move.

Mr. Run-yu's rhythmic élan and the Chinese players' truth of intonation, exactness of ensemble, and keen, clear balance led to an exciting performance. There followed that awful synthetic concerto "The Butterfly Lovers," concocted in 1958, in an arrangement for erhu and orchestra. (The erhu is a Chinese two-stringed fiddle of piquantly exotic timbre.) Jiang Jian-Hua, red-robed, seated on high, was a picturesque soloist and played her erhu with passion.

The next Carnegie visitors were the Moscow Soloists of the U.S.S.R., directed by the violist Yuri Bashmet. Two

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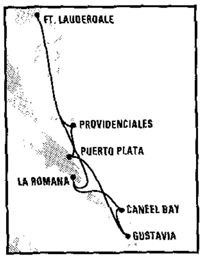
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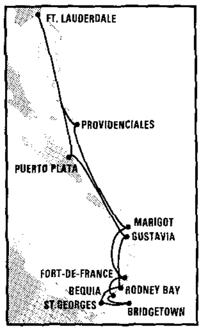
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Ft. Lauderdale—Bridgetown
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LOS ANGELES
CABO SAN LUCAS
PUERTO VALLARTA
IXTAPA/ZIHUATENEJO
ACAPULCO
CALDERA
FT. LAUDERDALE
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MARIGOT
WILLEMSTAD
SAN BLAS ISLANDS
PANAMA CANAL

"THROUGH THE CANAL"
14 DAYS
Ft. Lauderdale—Acapulco
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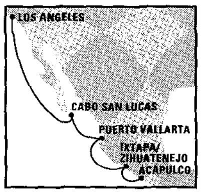
LOS ANGELES
CABO SAN LUCAS
PUERTO VALLARTA
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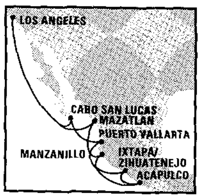
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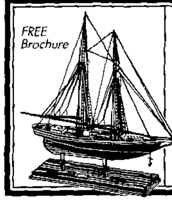

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days before, the Moscow Virtuosi, directed by the violinist Vladimir Spivakov, had played in Fisher Hall; and both groups did Shostakovich's Two Pieces, Opus 11, and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings. (The day after, the Tchaikovsky Serenade was played in Town Hall by the Leningrad Conservatory Chamber Orchestra, and so was a Schnittke concerto that had figured on the Virtuosi program.) The Moscow Soloists played standing, as Bülow's Meiningen Orchestra and Rudolf Barshay's Moscow Chamber Orchestra used to; the Moscow Virtuosi sat. Both groups have made some good records, for RCA. In Carnegie, the sound of the Soloists, twenty string players, seemed lost in the large space; in Fisher, the Virtuosi, nineteen string players, told more strongly; but both bands would have been better served by Town Hall. The Virtuosi's Serenade was the more polished in execution, the Soloists' the more fanciful. Both sounded old-fashioned, a little dry, in their avoidance of emotional portamento. Neither Mr. Bashmet nor Mr. Spivakov seemed to be much of a conductor. Scherchen's section on "The Student's Curriculum" starts:

> It is indispensable that the student should play a string instrument well enough to be able to sit in an orchestra.

But not every string player, however accomplished, makes a good conductor. Mr. Bashmet is a great violist; the Hindemith "Trauermusik" and the Britten "Lachrymae" that opened his concert were played with full, dark tone and plangent phrasing. A sewing-machine account of Bach's two-violin concerto opened the Virtuosi concert; then Vladimir Krainev, who gave the first performance of Schnittke's Concerto for Piano and Strings, in 1979, was again its soloist. The concerto, like many Schnittke works, is a ramshackle construction in which beauty and banality mingle. The opening and the close are stirring, and Mr. Krainev played them with poignant intensity. Anyone who wanted to hear the concerto would have done better to buy the recording and listen to it at home; in the hall, no two consecutive bars went by unaccompanied by loud coughing.

The second Carnegie centenary commission was Toru Takemitsu's "From me flows what you call Time," composed for the Canadian percussion quintet Nexus and the Boston Symphony; it was conducted by Seiji Ozawa. It's a spectacular. Long ribbons of white, blue, yellow, red, and green ran from the platform up to Carnegie's second balcony, where they were attached to clusters of tubular chimes. Nexus players onstage pulled the ribbons and filled the hall with dainty tintinnabulation. For the rest, it was a long stretch—thirty minutes—of tinkle, chime, and patter against an "exquisite" orchestral backdrop, varied by moments of short, soppy melody and punctuated by a five-note theme. Takemitsu is a gentle, sensitive being who thinks beautiful thoughts. The "me" in the title, he revealed in a program note, is Carnegie Hall itself, rich with memories of a hundred years of music-making: "It was as if I could hear the Hall murmuring from the numberless cracks between the layers of those years." A romantic notion. Who but a brute could resist such delicate, prolonged aural stroking—modern music's analogue of the ministrations of a butterfly masseuse. I could. A few minutes was enough. This tribute lacked muscle.

So far, I write about concerts of mixed merit—concerts of the usual sort, in which artistic ambition is often tempered by commercial constraint, while international record companies loom as a presence behind the fare. There have been other, memorable events this season, in which blazing belief in the power of music, pure and important, was paramount: the City Opera "Moses und Aron," Sequentia's program of organum, and now performances by Les Arts Florissants and the New York première of Elliott Carter's latest composition. The first presentation of Great Performers at Lincoln Center was a double bill from Les Arts Florissants, in Alice Tully Hall: concert performances of Charpentier's "Actéon" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas"—two seventeenth-century tragédies lyriques in miniature, each complete with divertissements, dances, a lament, a mourning chorus, but compressed into small space, with not a note wasted. Quintessential tragedy distilled from a myth and from an epic. Great performances, too. In the August *Early Music* the lively Arts Florissants recording of Purcell's "The Fairy-Queen" Harmonia Mundi)—based on last year's Aix Festival production, which in its musical aspects I enjoyed so much—gets a drubbing from the Purcell scholar Curtis Price, on the ground of "cuts, transpositions, insertions, re-scoring and all manner of jiggery-pokery." (But Dr. Price does own that the performance, "in sheer dramatic energy, surpasses all the other recent recordings of Purcell's operas.") For "The Fairy-Queen" a good score, partly autograph, survives; not so for "Dido," of which no two editions are alike, since all depend from post-Purcell copies. William Christie, the American director of Les Arts Florissants, added here an oboe, there a recorder to the familiar string writing, and some details of his melodic lines startled me. But agreeably: everything was musical, eloquent, expressive. It was a performance always high-spirited, sometimes gay, finally tragic. It was not the greatest "Dido" I have heard: Kirsten Flagstad and Janet Baker voiced "When I am laid in earth" more fully and in tones more passionate than did Noémi Rime; Peter Pears commanded Aeneas' English words more cogently than did Jérôme Corréas. But all the same, with Claron MacFadden a captivating Belinda and Richard Campbell a telling continuo cello, it was a knockout performance—rich, graceful, alive in every vocal and instrumental line.

And so was "Actéon," with Jean-Paul Fouchécourt in the title role and Véronique Gens as Diana. Five years ago, I reviewed an Arts Florissants staged production of "Actéon," accompanied by a band of twenty. On the Tully platform were just a string trio, two recorders, and Mr. Christie's harpsichord. With the focus entirely on Charpentier's score, the opera seemed even more beautiful. Mr. Christie induces performers to sing and play with free inspiration and swift mutual responsiveness. The Plainte after the hero's metamorphosis—rendered by Ry[illegible] Terakado and Mihoko Kimura, violins, and Mr. Campbell—and the final elegy were deeply moving. Pure, unstrained singing focussed on, determined by, the words can project into the largest spaces. I first heard Elisabeth Schumann as she effortlessly filled the immense Albert Hall with Brahms songs; heard Maggie Teyte, late in her career, as a light, sparky Belinda not overpowered by Flagstad's majestic Dido. And, with true focus, the Arts Florissants singers filled Tully. More-

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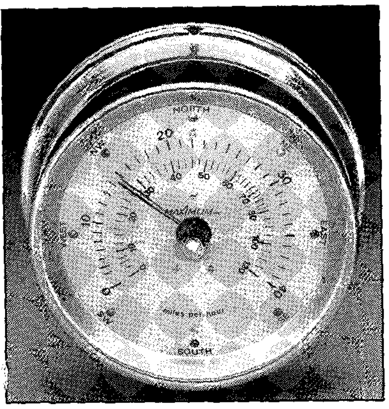
over, there was available a large-print program, containing both librettos, that made it easy to read lines at a glance and then follow the singers as they sang them.

ELLIOTT CARTER's latest composition is "Con Leggerezza Pensosa," a five-minute trio for clarinet, violin, and cello. It was performed in late September at the Institute of Musical Studies in Latina, Italy, and last month at opening concerts of the Chamber Music Society season. The subtitle is "Omaggio a Italo Calvino," and the title derives from Calvino's 1985 Norton lectures, "Six Memos for the Next Millennium":

> There is a lightness of thoughtfulness, just as, everyone knows, there is a lightness of frivolity; in fact, thoughtful lightness [*leggerezza pensosa*] can make frivolity seem heavy and dull.

The Latina institute awards a prize for the best musicological paper of the year; Carter's trio was commissioned for performance at a Calvino commemoration during the first prize-giving. Calvino was a writer thoughtful and witty, penetrating and playful; the trio can be described in similar fashion. It is lyrical, charming, learned, and new. Although the music is set out in ninety-two bars of 4/4, at quarter note 80, the clarinet subdivides beats into three and the cello subdivides beats or half bars into five, and so the progress is metrically animated—fluid and unflagging. Each instrument has its own kind of utterance. The clarinet, which favors tritone and seventh leaps, sometimes sounds like an astonishingly inventive cuckoo. The cello early and boldly discovers its fundamental C, and ranges freely from that secure base. The violin establishes its bottom G late, almost shyly. The clarinet, most of whose phrases have been aspirant, finds its low D even later, and, having discovered it, enjoys using it. As usual, Carter's instruments behave like characters—cultivated, imaginative "speakers" in whose discourse a listener delights. Among the pleasures of the work are moments when the dialogue pauses and a five-note chord (the violin and the cello double-stopped) is built up—leading to a new topic or to new reflections on a former theme. Often there is a teasing, fascinating hint of canon, which disperses swiftly as one player, having picked up the thread from another,



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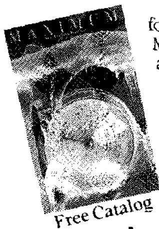

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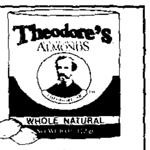

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continues it in his or her own way.

"Con Leggerezza Pensosa" is the latest in a series of small-scale pieces Carter has composed for anniversaries and celebrations: in 1984, the "Canon for 4" (flute, bass clarinet, violin, and cello), for William Glock, the "Riconoscenza per Goffredo Petrassi" (solo violin), and "esprit rude/esprit doux" (flute and clarinet), for Pierre Boulez; in 1988, "Enchanted Preludes" (flute and cello), for Ann Santen. I forget which classical writer it was who, contemplating a perfectly fashioned bronze statuette, declared it to be "small to the eye but a giant to the mind"; I recall the remark when listening to Carter's small pieces. Of course, we should hear his big pieces more often. "The greatest living composer"—any international poll would surely nominate Elliott Carter—lives in New York. He should be a local hero, his orchestral works a New York Philharmonic specialty, staple, and pride. No New York performance of his Violin Concerto has been announced. It had its first performances in San Francisco in May and is being played this season in nine European cities: Saarbrücken, Vienna, Paris, Orleans, The Hague, Amsterdam, Lyons, London, and Brussels. The Oboe Concerto, of 1987, has been heard but once in New York, from the San Francisco Symphony. Orchestrally, the city seems sometimes a sumptuous backwater, catching late ripples from the rest of the country and the rest of the world, and ever ready to supply glamorous "live ads" for record-company products.

But the Carter chamber pieces, less costly to rehearse, do get done all over, here and elsewhere. "Riconoscenza," "esprit rude/esprit doux," and "Enchanted Preludes" have had several New York performances. "Esprit rude/esprit doux" has received at least four CD recordings, and "Enchanted Preludes" at least three. "Con Leggerezza Pensosa" will surely be heard often, too. The Chamber Music Society interpreters were David Shifrin, Ida Kavafian, and Fred Sherry. Their first performance was beguiling, and their second even better: longer by the stopwatch, and to the ears more secure and thereby more finely nuanced, more emotional. This is new music to show in the space of a few enchanted minutes why music matters.

—ANDREW PORTER

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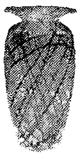

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The Judge and the Nun

WILLIAM GIBSON'S "Handy Dandy," starring Audra Lindley and James Whitmore, at the John Houseman, is about the growing attachment between an elderly Boston judge and an activist nun who is brought before him on charges of trespassing. She has broken into a nearby factory that makes hardware for some atomic project or other, and has caused some trouble there. Sassy and unrepentant, she irritates him immediately by ignoring decorum and addressing him by his first name—the contrast in their styles is one comic device—and also by lecturing him on various other topical subjects, such as saving the whales and the environment. Somewhat reluctantly, he sentences her to a stretch in a house of detention, and he later visits her there and tells her something of his own troubles, including his estrangement from his son, which is making him miserable. What also makes him miserable is her self-imposed fast, which is destroying her health. Alarmed, he obtains her release, and since no bed is immediately available at Mass General, he takes her home, and there a miracle is performed.

What we have here, then, is a comedy about sanctity. Even if the play were very good, which it isn't—it is swollen and pat and obvious—I would hardly be your most reliable witness on the subject. That this current two-for-the-seesaw—the starchy judge and the causey nun—is even plausible is as much the result of the generous, hand-in-glove acting of Miss Lindley and Mr. Whitmore, under Tony Giordano's direction, as it is of the sprinkling of entertaining lines Mr. Gibson has written for their benefit. Lines that they *make* entertaining, at any rate. The characters are never boring, and if Miss Lindley at times seems to turn Mr. Whitmore into a kind of stooge, his coöperation is never less than wholehearted.

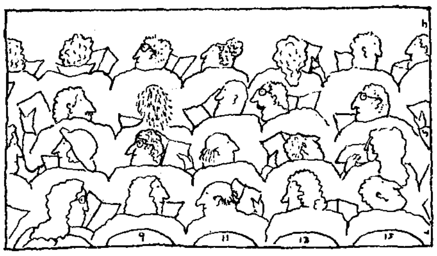
The script is a love story of sorts, and as the clothes become more informal, the love—or, at least, the ease—between the two characters rises to the surface. In the opening scene, she is dressed in a formal black habit, and he, of course, in judge's robes. But then they change—she into an ugly gray blouse and skirt and then into a kind of droopy housedress, and he into a sweater and slacks—and their own personalities come through. The effective minimal settings—the action moves without a hitch from courtroom to beach to house of detention to house of judge—were designed and lighted by Neil Peter Jampolis. The costumes were designed by Barbara Forbes. The title "Handy Dandy" is based on a throwaway line, which I've forgotten. The play will run in repertory at the Houseman with "About Time."

—EDITH OLIVER

Public Nuisance, Public Domain

THE Public Theatre, where one is not always in the best of hands when it comes to the classics, is currently presenting a version of "Yari no Gonza Kasane Katabira," or "Gonza the Lancer," to give the play its English title, an eighteenth-century Japanese domestic tragedy by Chikamatsu Monzaemon. Chikamatsu, who (according to a program note perfunctorily culled from the introduction to the English translation used in the production) has often been considered the "Japanese Shakespeare," lived from 1653 to 1725 and wrote more than a hundred and fifty works for puppet and Kabuki theatres. However, none of these facts seem as important to the present production as that it was directed by David Greenspan, one of the four new heads of the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre.

Mr. Greenspan (according to another program note) is a playwright, director, and actor. He begins the evening by coming out and performing one of his own plays, a 1982 work entitled "The Long Flat Plane." It is one of those avant-garde gibberish monologues (pretty good as avant-garde gibberish monologues go, but nothing to write home about) and lasts about a minute. The production that follows is a hodgepodge of pseudo-avant-garde gimmickry that doesn't tell you much about the context in which Chikamatsu wrote but tells you an awful lot about David Greenspan. It hails from the school of theatre in which anything old is beneath contempt and has to be tricked out with camp, and in which anything that gives an actor a chance to urinate onstage is necessarily art.



"Gonza the Lancer," to judge from what I saw of it, is about a samurai who gets himself into a pickle. Having had his way with Oyuki (Keenan Shimizu), the sister of another samurai, he finds it expedient to betroth himself to Osai, the prepubescent daughter of Okiku (Fanni Green), a wealthy tea master, whose wife (Mary Schultz), can teach him the Ceremony of the Two Tables. Oyuki's governess (Tim Perez) and her brother, Kawazura Bannojo (Ron Bagden), are understandably concerned about her welfare. Osai's mother, meanwhile, inflamed with love for Gonza, makes advances to him. He repulses them, but not before she has whipped off his ceremonial sash (the one Oyuki embroidered for him) and her own and thrown them out the window, thereby landing both sashes in the hands of the vengeful Bannojo, and Gonza and herself in an inextricably compromising position.

I'm no expert on late-seventeenth- and early-eighteenth-century Japanese drama (as, I imagine, most members of Greenspan's audience are not) and I found it rather difficult to follow his production, which seems conceived with the same sort of low-grade hostility to the audience that characterized Peter Brook's "The Mahabharata" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music three seasons ago (and also the same phony romance with things Oriental). Like "The Mahabharata," this play, from the standpoint of an undereducated Western audience, presents itself as an exotic work based on epic values that, like the structure of the society they spring from, are largely unfamiliar to us, and is full of characters with names that sound very much alike to a Western ear. With seven actors playing eighteen roles (there are also two children, represented by puppets, and two narrators), it's easy for an undereducated Westerner to become confused. Instead of listing the characters in order of appearance, the program for "Gonza the Lancer" (like the program for "The Mahabharata") lists performers alphabetically and groups characters according to the actor who plays them, and it provides no information about who anybody is in terms of his relationship to anybody else or in terms of his standing in society. I don't really know what a tea master is. I spent the longest time thinking that Okiku and Iwaki Chutabei were the same person and that the Ceremony of the Two Tables had something to do with duelling blackjack dealers.

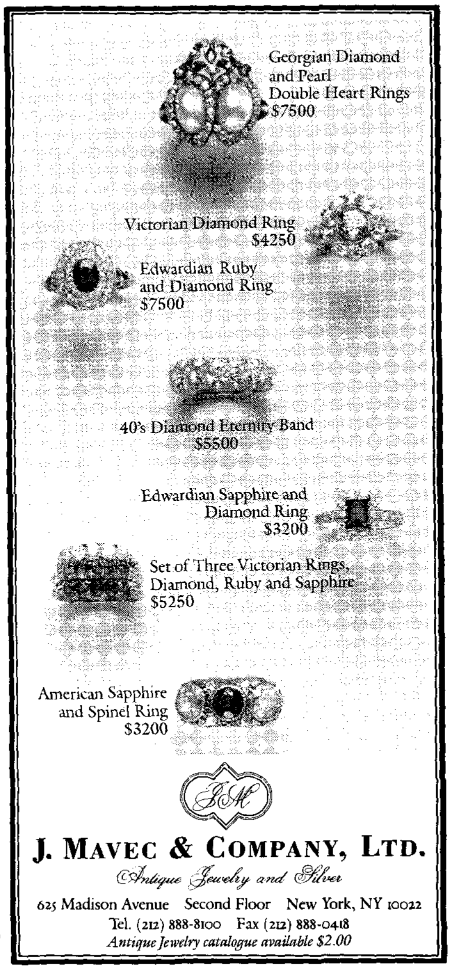
Part of the trouble lies in the gratuitous eclecticism of the production. Actors—some costumed in traditional Japanese garb, some in nineteen-fifties kitsch, and some in drag, some not—speak English in different accents and perform in different styles. In the role of the governess, Tim Perez (who wears a lavender chiffon scarf over a wig, and carries a purse) makes no attempt at all to seem like a woman. Keenan Shimizu, playing a variety of female roles, does. Ching Valdes/Aran, designated Narrator A in the program, wears contemporary dress and declaims from a perch to the right of the audience. Mary Schultz, performing in a style of high camp, darts piercing glances at the audience and, for no reason at all, an hour and fifteen minutes into the play, begins walking like a geisha girl, though she is wearing a Western cocktail dress. As for Ron Bagden, I don't remember what he wore, because I was so mesmerized by his bad acting. (It's he who gets to pee onstage.)

Alone of the company, Koji Okamura, in the title role, seems to be trying to perform in the tradition of classical heroic theatre. I would like to have seen him in a more formalized production. But by the time intermission rolled around I didn't really have a clue to why Gonza the Lancer's calling another man's wife his own was "a hundred times, a thousand times more painful than having to vomit out [his] entrails or to swallow molten lead," or to how Osai's mother could reason that since her husband was going to kill her anyway it would be a kindness to cuckold him—he would feel so silly if he found out she'd really been innocent. By that time, it had begun to seem like so much soap opera, and I decided to go home and see what was happening with Donna and Audrey on "Twin Peaks."

If you're in the market for plays of the father-and-son variety, or for plays set in Australia, you could do a lot worse than "The Sum of Us," at the Cherry Lane, David Stevens' bittersweet comedy about a young homosexual who wishes his father weren't quite so laid back about his homosexuality. Mr. Stevens is one of three people, among them Bruce Beresford, who are credited with writing the script for the Australian film classic "Breaker Morant," which Beresford directed. His play is either very dear and rather flawed or rather dear and very flawed, depending on how you look at it. It isn't so much that the play fails to fulfill its early promise as that it actively breaks promises it seems to have made. Having undertaken, through its offbeat characters and offbeat point of view, not to madden us with self-indulgence and cliché, the play proceeds to do just that, beginning with the speech that ends the first half. Mr. Stevens gives the hero one of those "Let me tell you about a pathetic woman I once saw on a train" speeches. Nor does he leave it at that, allowing us to draw our own inferences: he feels he has to explain to us that the hero identifies with her. The second half of the play is full of this sort of dramaturgy, and until Mr. Stevens gives it a poignant twist (using an equally poignant time-honored theatrical device) it gets a little tiresome.

The best thing about "The Sum of Us" is Tony Goldwyn's electrifying portrayal of the son. Under Kevin Dowling's expert direction, all the acting is good, and so are all the accents (the cast includes Neil Maffin, Phyllis Somerville, and Richard Venture, who is particularly piquant as the unflappable father), but what's remarkable about Mr. Goldwyn's performance is its specificity. Most actors affecting an unnatural accent can do little more than mimic certain vowel sounds; they get the pronunciation right and, if we're lucky, the intonation, but in ceasing to be themselves (in terms of speech patterns) they fail to become anyone else in particular, so they never seem quite real. Mr. Goldwyn is at once so familiar and so idiosyncratic that he makes the matter of vowel sounds entirely beside the point.

—Mimi Kramer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IN FASHION

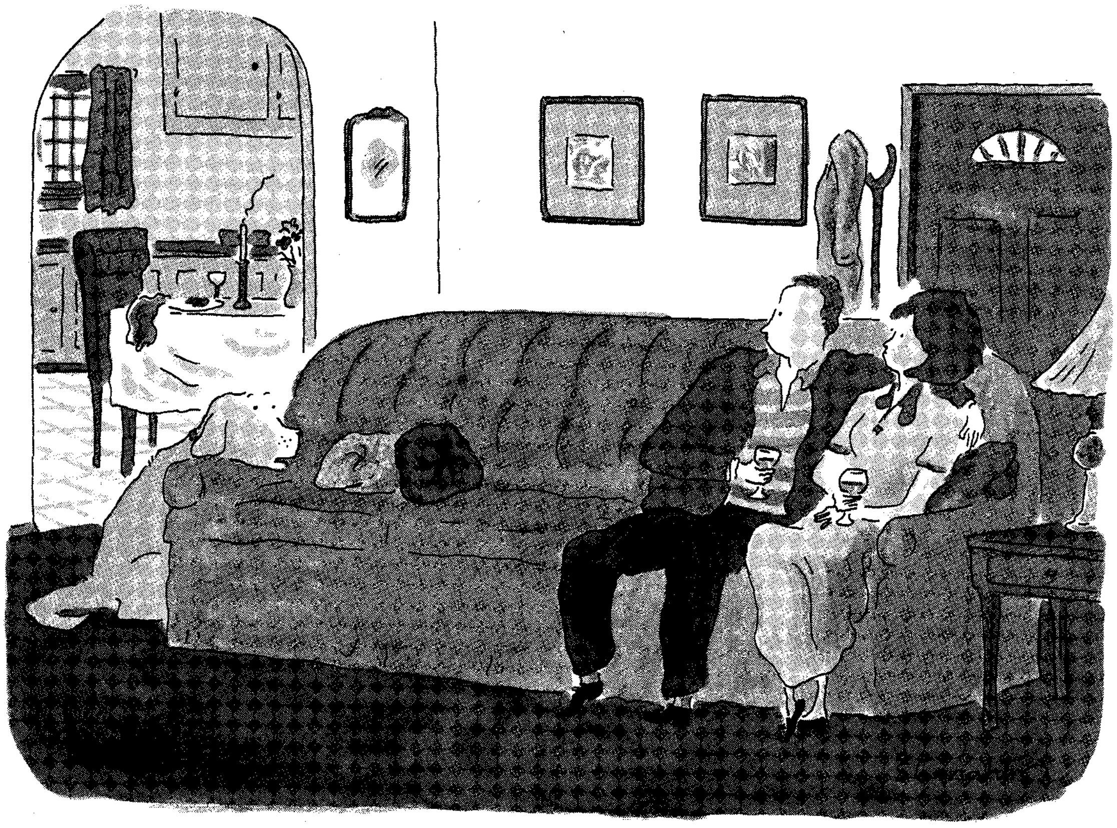
A Certain Age

ONE afternoon not long ago, the Fashion Group International, a professional organization for women in the fashion industry, presented a show that featured selections from the Paris fall haute-couture collections, chosen by the editors of American, British, French, and Italian *Vogue* and billed as "the young couture." The Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel was packed with people in the business, many of whom for years now have been secretly hoping for a haute-couture revival, and longing for the days when fashion was created by designers and decreed by editors and followed by women on the street—when fashion was easier to deal with and think about, when it wasn't in such a state of bewildering disarray.

Lending the event the momentous air of a fashion summit, Christian Lacroix, Gianni Versace, and Karl Lagerfeld, the three designers *Vogue* had chosen as the leading proponents of the young couture, sat front and center at the end of the catwalk, diplomatically applauding one another's clothes. To the jagged beat of Snap's "Power," Bell Biv DeVoe's "Poison," and (inevitably) Madonna's "Vogue," the models strode down the ramp aggressively, their legs slashing the air like scissors: along came one minimal skirt after another, or, in some instances, a beaded leotard and a blazer and no skirt whatsoever. In the program the four *Vogue* editors-in-chief spelled out their views of the fall season. Lots of lace. Lots of leg. Bright color. Color blocking. Boots. Jewelry. Bare skin. But the keynote seemed to be a remark by Anna Wintour, the editor of American *Vogue:* "Today you can divide the couture in two: there is the classic couture, which is very wearable, very beautiful clothes that a woman of a certain style, and of a certain pocketbook, will buy. And then there's a couture that makes fashion. That's what we're talking about today."

Women who think that fashion is always and only for the young will see nothing new here. The American preference for things that are new and perfect dies hard, and continues to keep a lot of plastic surgeons in business. We like our produce without bruises, our antique furniture restored. When youth is seen as a form of physical perfection, it becomes a punishing standard, which most women—even young women—can't measure up to. Anyone who believes that feminism has gained some ground in the past ten years or so—that our society has finally made some progress in appreciating the beauty of so-called older women—is bound to see this return to youthful fashion as recidivism. Cheerleading journalists hold up Meryl Streep and Glenn Close as the thinking man's leading ladies. They talk about Isabella Rossellini, who was signed on at the advanced age of thirty-eight for another term as the model for Lancôme's fragrance and skin-care products, as proof that beauty is no longer considered a function of inexperience. They point to the success of *Lear's*, a magazine for women middle-aged and older, as confirmation that the spending power of such women will eventually alter our standards of what's attractive. In this context, the prospect of a world once again filled with adolescents in miniskirts is seen as atavistic and potentially dangerous, as if it could catapult men, who have supposedly evolved beyond their attraction to mere bodies, right back to the sexual Stone Age.

Most designers this season, however, would argue that a woman doesn't have to be twenty to wear Versace's beaded mosaic unitard, or Chanel's miniskirted wool tweed suit with thigh-high boots of the same fabric, or Saint Laurent's evening dress that is like a narrow piece of black lace wrapped skimpily around the body (the edges don't meet) and held on by two bright-pink satin bows at one side. All anyone needs to wear these clothes is firm breasts and upper arms, slim hips, and long, slender legs, and there are plenty of twenty-year-olds who lack one or more of those attributes. But it's not only the cut of this season's clothes that makes them seem young; it's the flamboyant colors



"If you two are through with your braised sirloin tips, I'll just go ahead and clear the table."

and prints, following a decade's worth of solid navy, beige, and black, and the frivolous accessories, after an epidemic of pearls. Elizabeth Tilberis, the editor of British *Vogue*, remarked in the program for the Fashion Group show, "It's not that the couture customer is so much younger, but just that fashion allows her to look as young as she wants." The question is: How young does she *want* to look?

THE idea that fashion, like a wrinkle cream, is nothing more than an elaborate strategy for marketing youthfulness fails to recognize that the ideal that women aspire to is not in fact perennially young. In every era, women model their appearance on an ideal that in some way personifies their vision of a better life—on images that incorporate references to what's going on in the world at a specific moment, images we use to size up ourselves and one another. (Anne Hollander, in her book "Seeing Through Clothes," suggests that each era's idea of what's beautiful, exaggerating some parts of the body and minimizing others, is so strong as to shape not only the way people dress at the time but also the way nudes are depicted in paintings and sculpture.) We adapt these images to ourselves, according to who we are and what kind of lives we lead; we also adapt ourselves to them, by dieting and exercising, by coercing our hair to do things it doesn't naturally do, and by using makeup to emphasize certain features.

Clothes and shoes and handbags and hair styles, and even physiognomy, can be seen as parts of speech in fashion's unspoken language, used to express certain virtues (or the lack of them). What comes into or goes out of fashion is not the hemline or the color or the silhouette but what it signifies; at different times, different traits have a heightened appeal. For us at this moment, youth stands for optimism, energy, resilience, exuberance, endless possibility, and a sense of adventure. (Another era, one when maturity was more in vogue, might choose to see in youth naïveté, arrogance, and recklessness.) With the years come familiarity, fatigue, cynicism, and an awareness of one's own limitations—at least, that's how it seems for the time being. (One could just as easily find sophistication, dedication, serenity, respect, prudence, and the wisdom of experience instead,

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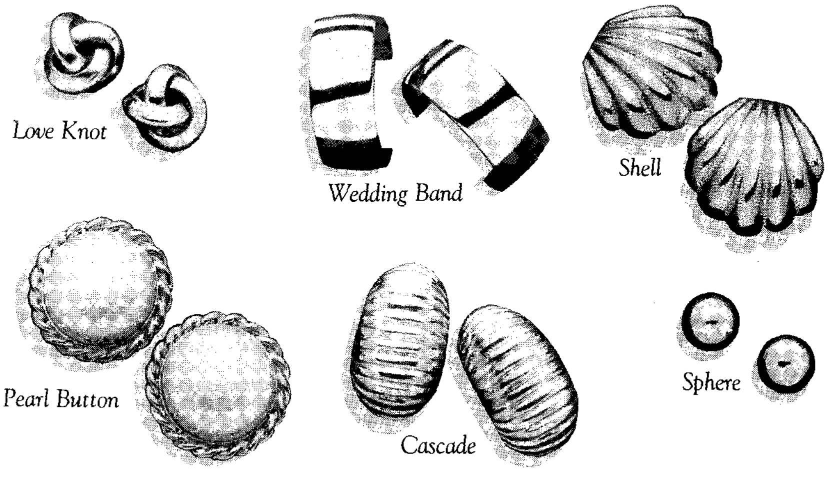

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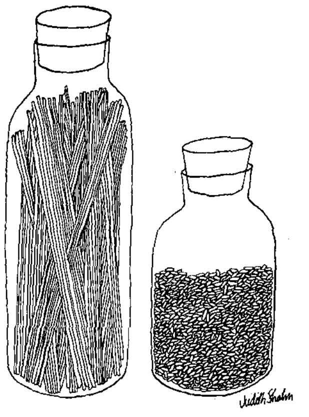
but these are virtues that—for now—strike us as not particularly urgent or sexy.) Youth in this context is a function not of women's ages but of their attitudes.

If the clothes that designers showed this season celebrate youth, maybe it's because the romance of the career girl seems to have run its course. The new "youth" is not just for the young—in fact, there are times when it seems as if it weren't for the young at all. Wintour, in her program remarks, cited Madonna's influence, but, if anything, Madonna seems older than her years, despite her cheekiness, her muscle tone, and the vigorous dance beat of her music. The so-called young *couture* looks more as if it were for those women in their thirties and forties who bought into the dream of the working woman, spent their twenties at the grindstone, and, in the process, lost out on a lot of good times. This season, fashion gives them a chance to recoup the youth they left by the side of the road. In some respects, this appears to be the best way to live out one's teens and twenties: at a safe distance, in retrospect, when one's success is secure and all (or most) of the big questions are finally settled.



In hindsight, the fifties was a time when lamb dressed as mutton—when an ingénue like Audrey Hepburn looked impossibly sophisticated, and women sought to give the impression of being experienced beyond their years. Models like Dovima, Lisa Fonssagrives, and Dorian Leigh, with their quizzical eyebrows, their red-stained lips, their sculptural torsos, and their articulate hands, which seemed to know instinctively how to brandish a long-stemmed cigarette holder, epitomized womanhood for a whole generation. To be older was to be credible; young people were second-class citizens, not fully formed, not yet established. Mainbocher and other designers who followed his lead outfitted in sporty car coats and proper suits and stately cocktail dresses the woman whose repertory was built around the roles of mother, secretary of the local ladies' club, and hostess. Night life took place at El Morocco or the Stork Club or the Persian Room at the Plaza—places most young people on dates couldn't afford to go. Fashion was something girls learned by emulating their mothers; for the most literal-minded, mother-daughter dresses were part of the training.

When all this, like so much else, was overturned in the mid-sixties, and fashion was suddenly launched by the young and taken up by their parents, the age of the womanly ideal plummeted. Following the example set by such models as Twiggy, Jean Shrimpton, and Peggy Moffitt, women presented themselves as girls, or even boys—wide-eyed moppets with pearly-white lips, gangly arms and legs, and flat, preadolescent chests. How ironic that during the fifties—the era that appointed Doris Day as its sweetheart, and a time when American sexual repression hit a high-water mark—women dressed to look precocious, as if to imply that they knew things they weren't supposed to know, and that after the arrival of the pill and the onset of the sexual revolution women began to present themselves as young and innocent, as if to reassure a man that they knew less than they did—and, even more important, less than he did.

And then the pendulum swung back, and fashion began once again to favor women who looked as if they'd lived a little. The suits that have dominated the past fifteen years—first, Yves Saint Laurent's swaggering double-breasted blazer and pants (worn with a boa for evening), and then Chanel's dignified cardigan jackets and skirts—connote a degree of responsibility and authority (and of means) that most women don't come into until sometime in their thirties. The glamour we saw in these clothes had to do with their power to evoke the life of the successful working woman; younger women wearing them looked either as if they were being kept or as if they had just entered the job market and were trying to put on some authority. The effect was hollow instead of chic: the faces were too blank for the clothes. The same clothes worn by a career woman in her thirties or forties, however, had a ring of truth about them.

Fragrance ads, which are almost always a direct line to the collective dream, revised the romance they were selling. Calvin Klein followed his Obsession (sculptural nudes, Nautilus muscles, the heat of passion) with Eternity (a beatific pileup of heads—man, woman, and child—on a beach, and with a wedding band prominently displayed on the woman's left hand). Estée Lauder introduced a fragrance called Knowing. What passed for "young fashion" for most of the eighties fell into two categories: the sort of paintbox-colored play clothes that Benetton sold, and the second lines of the big-name designers, which looked pretty much like their signature lines done in less expensive fabrics. Either way, "young fashion" was cheap fashion. It's easy—too easy—to account for this situation in terms of sheer economics, and to dismiss fashion as a commodity geared to the women in a position to pay the most for it, with the highest fashion, the haute couture, pitched at the highest prices; with the ready-to-wear as its simplified, more affordable imitation; and with "young fashion" twice removed from the real thing. But any woman who invests something more than money in the clothes she buys can tell you that this explanation doesn't account for the real forces at work.

Until sometime in the mid-seventies, when the wheels of fashion ground to a halt in the names of feminism and modernism, each generation had a style that it could call its own—a way of dressing that set it apart from its parents', that gave it a sense of creative momentum. This system was discarded when we overruled the notion of change for its own sake. Young people now come of age in a world in which fashion is so fragmented that it is nearly impossible for them to achieve any sense of solidarity in the way they dress. And for the rest of us the fashion-free world that seemed so promising fifteen years ago is getting to be a little monotonous, with the people who outfit themselves in "classic" clothes—the modernist uniform, which, having never been in fashion, will never be out of it—beginning to look like wallflowers and spoilsports, standing aloof from the times, refusing to participate.

Kenneth Battelle, the hairdresser whose clientele for the past thirty years has included many of New York's most elegant women, once told me that it's usually a woman's makeup, not her

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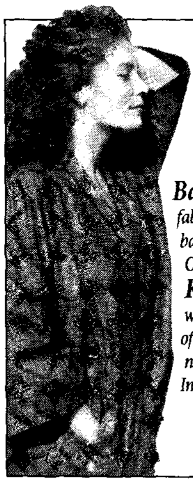

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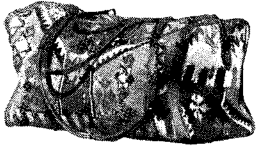

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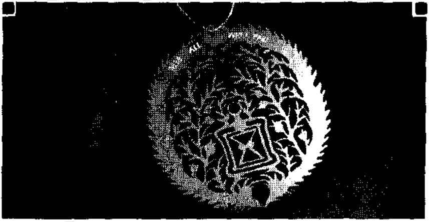

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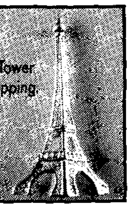

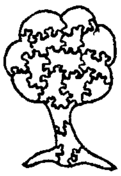

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hair, that dates her, since most women continue for the rest of their lives to make themselves up the way they did in their twenties. Pencil-thin eyebrows, heavy eyeliner, thick mascara, round spots of rouge—these are the giveaways. Likewise, some women get stuck in an era sartorially. For as long as I've known a neighbor of mine, who is pushing seventy and hasn't worked in nearly forty-five years, she has dressed in forties suits (some of them vintage, others recent but cut along forties lines) to go to the grocery store; they seem to be her way of commemorating, however subconsciously, her life as a career girl. A friend who rose to fame in the sixties—and, by all accounts, had a good time doing it—is still turned out in her minidresses, with the chunky-heeled, bright-colored shoes, pouch bags, and gigantic jewelry to match. There are, in fact, plenty of women like this, their wardrobes frozen in time—a time when they felt loved and productive and fulfilled, or, at any rate, a time when they felt more loved and productive and fulfilled than they do at the moment. They dress in the style of the era in which their identity resides.

Among the stock characters of the sixties was the miniskirted grandmother in fishnet stockings and go-go boots, who prompted stage whispers to the effect that women ought to dress their age. By contrast, most women today have no idea what their age is supposed to look like. The distinctions among twenty-five and forty-five and sixty-five are subtle, and mostly they have to do with accessories. The shapeless old-lady dresses in sombre colors and tiny prints which used to be grouped in some remote corner of the local department store are virtually extinct now that grandmothers dress more or less like everybody else. The matronly style that signified middle age is now defunct. Even children look like everybody else, but on a smaller scale.

A COUPLE of years ago, I made a tour of the International Kids Fashion Show, a trade fair held several times a year in New York, and found that children's clothes fell fairly neatly into two categories. One, the Victorian style, was aimed at parents who were intent on creating for their children a sheltered place apart from the front-page news—a haven in which children could read the kinds of books and play the kinds of games children have been reading and playing as long as anybody can remember. Using the memories of their own childhoods as a frame of reference, these parents would make their sons' and daughters' childhoods a more nearly perfect version of their own. The alternative, for parents not inclined to buy into this lace-and-velveteen vision—who gave their children Nintendo instead of a secondhand copy of "Hans Brinker" for Christmas—was to dress their children as miniature versions of themselves as they look today, when their clothes testify to the kinds of people they've become. Those two options struck me then, and strike me now, as pretty sad for what they say about the narcissistic ways adults use their children: as a means of healing their own past, as a mirror for themselves. Neither of these styles, of course, took into account how children themselves wanted to dress, since it isn't the children whose money buys the clothes. The little girls I knew at the time all wanted to dress like Madonna.

In the two years since then, the Victorian school has, from what I can tell, pretty much held its own, and the miniature-adult genre has taken off. More and more designers and name-brand adult labels are getting into the children's market—one of the few remaining frontiers in fashion licensing. My bulging files can barely keep up with the new entries, some of which make perfect sense. Sonia Rykiel Enfant, from the designer who made her name in stylish, practical knits. Kenzo Bébé, in those same bright colors and prints that have characterized Kenzo's fun-loving clothes all along. Gap Kids, from the people who brought you good, rough-and-tumble basics. In other cases, however, the results are harder to picture. Baby Guess?, by Georges Marciano, in the wake of his ad campaign featuring a Brigitte Bardot look-alike in skintight jeans and midriff tops and steamy situations set in country-and-Western bars? Versace Bébé, by the designer who has based his style on beaded and sequinned dresses for sexpots? And the Victor Costa Children's Collection—lower-priced copies of birthday-party dresses from some other designer's children's collection?

Missoni, Krizia, Enrico Coveri, Moschino, and Gianfranco Ferré are also attempting to attract customers not

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yet old enough to read the names on the labels. A spokesman for the Ralph Lauren Polo for Boys collection described its ideal customer as "an up-and-coming yuppie family that has young children and disposable income to spend, and wants the son to look like the father." For those resistant to the idea of dropping a bundle of money on designer clothes that kids will grow out of in no time, the Pierre Cardin line of suits and sports coats for boys, which dates all the way back to 1967, presents its philosophy on the hangtag: "At any age, owning a Pierre Cardin suit or sport jacket is a very special fashion experience. For a boy, it is *particularly* rewarding. It is his introduction to quality. A lesson in style. An early encounter with European elegance. The graceful lines, the rich fabric, the smart color and distinguished patterns all make a lasting impression. The standards set by his Cardin clothing remain with him long after he outgrows it."

It will come as no surprise to most parents or godparents who have investigated the racks in the children's department that it is now possible to find kid-sized tuxedos, fur coats (rabbit dyed to look like lynx or cheetah or chinchilla), leather bomber jackets, and Burberry trenchcoats. In Santa Monica, a store called Na Na has come out with a line of rock-star clothes for kids, complete with skull-and-crossbones prints and miniature Doc Martens. In Paris, Nahäla Couture turns out custom children's clothes—specializing in christening robes, Bar Mitzvah outfits, and dresses for other formal occasions—in haute-couture fabrics, many of them with Lesage-style beading, at haute-couture prices. (In an interesting reversal, Nahäla will produce versions of the children's clothes in larger sizes, for their parents.)

In intermittent conversations I've had with children's-wear executives and designers over the past few years, the same themes keep recurring. The consensus is that children's wear these days is much trendier than it was ten years ago, and that a lot of the trends originate in Europe. There is now, one manufacturer told me, such a thing as a fashion-conscious four-year-old. A marketing consultant explained, "If you're BMW- or Mercedes-oriented, that attitude is going to translate into clothes for your children. A lot of people want brand recognition, and

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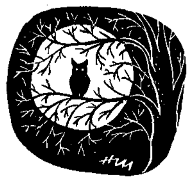
they're *willing* to go out and spend more than they think the garment itself is worth."

I am old enough to remember the days when children (including teenagers) were forbidden to wear black, on the ground that it was too sombre—or, as the twentieth century wore on and black lost its funereal connotation, perhaps too seductive (though no one ever came right out and said this). Black is not a problem, the children's-wear press representatives now report; if anything, it's considered a fashion color for kids. I also remember the days when a girl was given her first bottle of perfume for her sixteenth birthday. But if the sudden boom in children's cosmetics and fragrances is any indication, a lot of girls—and boys—will be getting a head start. It's worth noting some of the ads for these products, if only for the tone they take. Ptisenbon (an abbreviated form of the French "*le petit sent bon*," or "the little one smells good"), a joint venture between Parfums Givenchy and the French children's-wear line Tartine et Chocolat, bills itself as "their first perfume." Nouveau-né Eau de Baby Cologne claims that "the sweet aroma of your baby is gently enhanced" by its product. Gregorys Pour Jeune Homme ("Because fragrance is ageless . . .") features in its campaign a picture of a tow-headed toddler in a white linen suit and espadrilles leaning up against his midget Mercedes convertible parked in front of a city skyline.



Whether or not children's clothes actually resemble what grownups wear, their subject is nearly always childhood and its relation to adulthood. Some of the clothes assume that children have a right to the same pleasures that grownups find in their clothes, in their skin-care products and lipstick and aftershave, in their cars. Other clothes, particularly the Victoriana, bar the door to adulthood and all its responsibilities, insisting on childhood as a totally different state of being.

Anything else is hard to find. Bonpoint, a Paris boutique with branches elsewhere in Europe and also in America, turns out clothes that look traditional and well made but manage to avoid the bathos that characterizes so much of the Victorian style—clothes that adults find consistently elegant and even chic (though this seems an odd word to use when talking about children) but that don't compromise the integrity of childhood. In a similar vein, Lee Anderson, in her shop on the Upper East Side, has introduced a line of children's couture, including high-waisted dresses with sailor collars. Ruth Scharf, one of the most famous names in children's wear, who is now retired, pioneered what she calls "educational clothing," for smaller sizes, in the "Sesame Street" vein. These were clothes with upside-down appliqués, which looked right-side-up to the child gazing down at them, and playsuits with button-on appliqués in geometric shapes that the child could match to the proper outlines. Scharf founded her business in 1967, but sold it and then retired nearly five years ago, because she didn't like the way the market was going. "It's not the kids who have changed," she says. "It's the parents and their idea of what they want their kids to look like."

The issue that keeps presenting itself to anyone making even a cursory survey of children's clothes is innocence. There is something vaguely obscene in the image of a little-boy-about-town and his Mercedes, but the obscenity is, of course, material and not sexual. The queasiness brought on by little girls' cocktail dresses with black point-d'esprit insets at the bodice, or by little girls' lace-trimmed negligees in flame-retardant polyester, is more straightforward. But the unease we feel at the sight of children rigged out in famous labels from head to toe is more complicated. In what some observers will probably denounce as a pernicious development and others will undoubtedly hail as a great breakthrough, children can now participate in fashion. The indoctrination is already underway. The age-old battle over how a child is dressed when he or she leaves the house has moved from the simple struggle over sneakers versus oxfords into another, larger arena, loaded with messages children are learning to decipher.

—HOLLY BRUBACH

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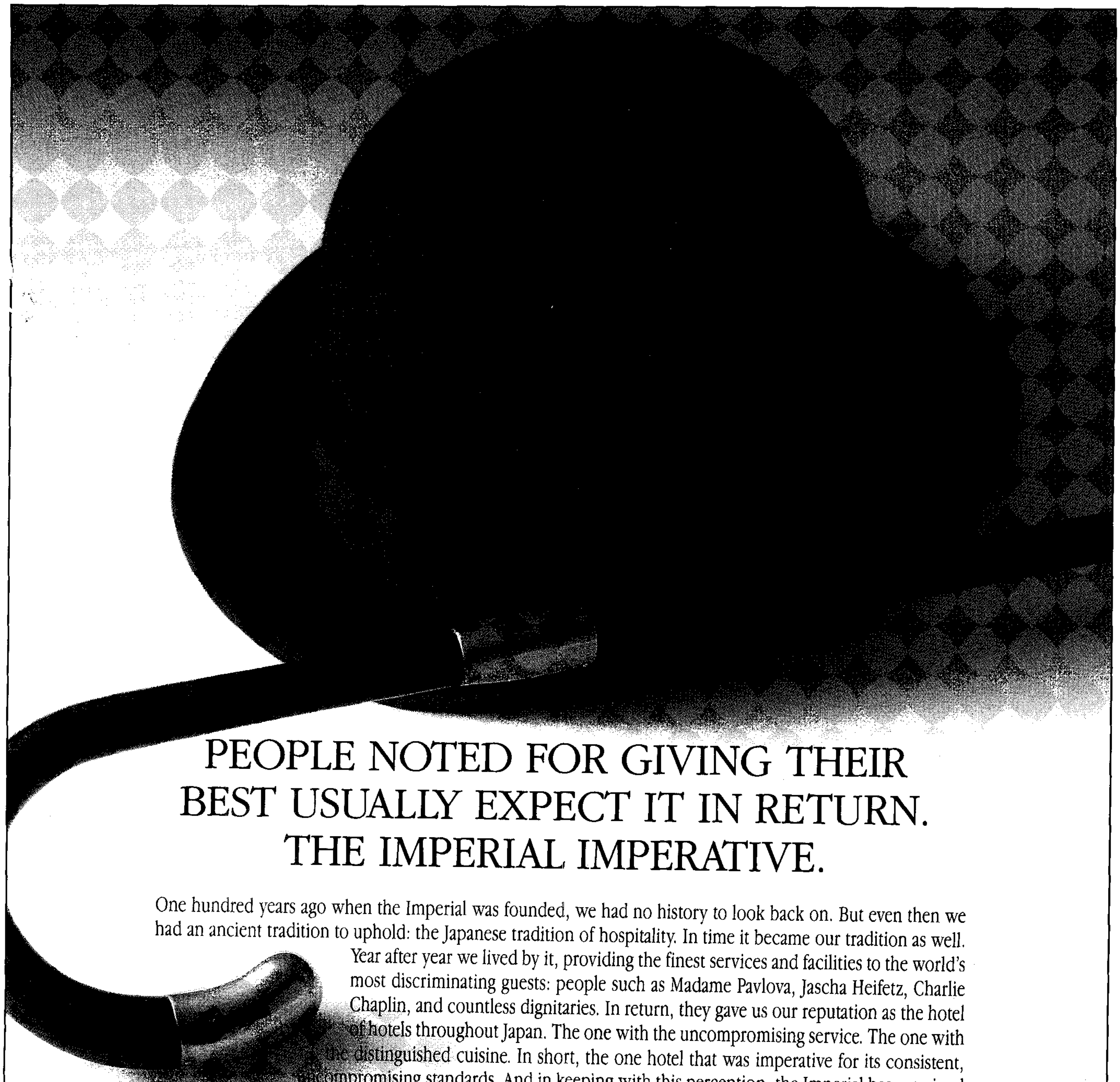

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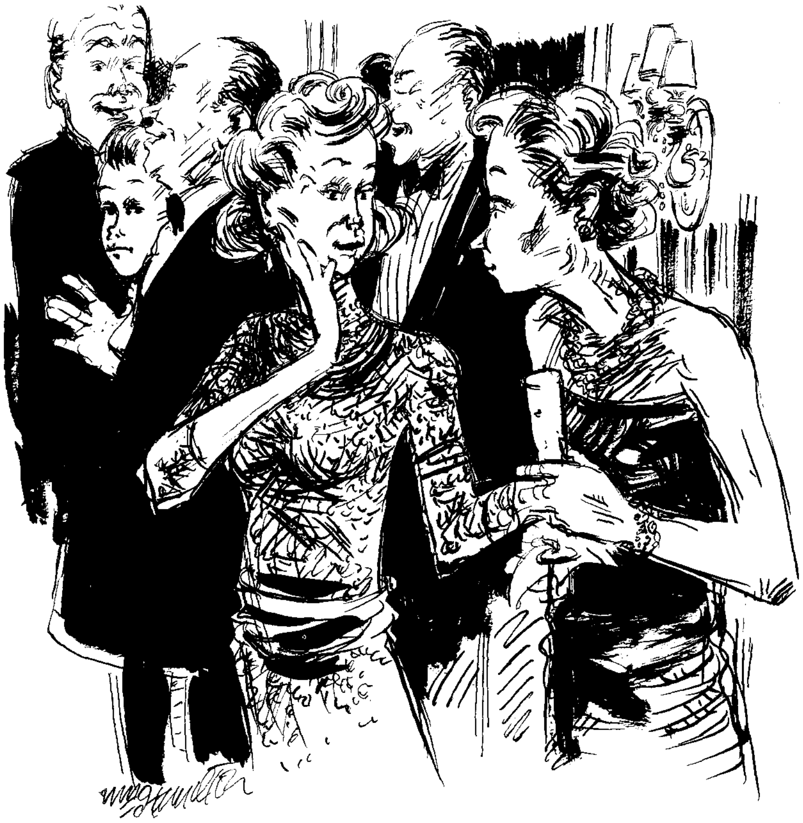
AROUND CITY HALL

Lurching

THE first international chess championship match to be played in this country since 1907 is currently under way at the Hudson Theatre, on West Forty-fourth Street, just a few steps east of Times Square. Although most Americans' concern about the identity of the world chess champion is only slightly more intense than their interest in the holder of the international curling title, the Hudson was sold out on the tournament's opening night, and there was a large spillover crowd in the conference rooms of the adjacent Hotel Macklowe, where the progress of the match could be followed on giant screens. The two Soviet citizens who are contending for the title and the substantial capitalist prize of three million dollars (a million seven hundred thousand to the winner) are those perennial rivals Anatoly Karpov, who was the world champion until 1985, and Gary Kasparov, who took the title from him that year. The *Times Magazine*, recognizing that in Europe, and especially in the Soviet Union, chess champions are superstars, headlined its cover story about the title-holder on October 7th, the day before the match began, "KING KASPAROV." It often seems that nearly everything that happens in this city has political as well as ethnic implications, and the chess tournament is not an exception. Karpov is a favorite of the Kremlin establishment, whereas Kasparov, an aggressive and flamboyant young man who is half Armenian and half Jewish, keeps stirring up trouble in the independent Russian republics against Gorbachev, who presumably would not mind seeing him go down to defeat. After the match, Kasparov plans to run for the post of deputy in the Soviet Parliament, and looks forward to engaging in further political mischief there. Still, it was chess, rather than political office, of which he said recently that "at the highest level" it is "a talent to control unrelated things"—that "it is like controlling chaos."

Most of the games the two men have played against each other over the years have ended in draws, and that has also been the case at the Hudson. However, on October 10th Kasparov pulled off a victory so commanding that the famously cerebral chess players on the scene gave him a standing ovation. Andy Soltis's account of the event in the *Post* was heavy on the exclamation points as he outlined Kasparov's winning moves "with 33 f4!, 37 Qd4!, and 38 e5!" Robert McFadden, in the *Times*, describing "nerve-wracking tensions" in the room, said, "It might have been the war room on Doomsday." The "dumbfounded" spectators knew that "the game they had witnessed would go down in chess history." He also reported that "shouts and murmurs of excitement spread like flames" as Kasparov "made . . . a number of thrilling and beautiful moves," revealing a vision "like a spaceman's glimpse of the future."

There would have been shouts and murmurs over the virtuoso chess game on West Forty-fourth Street no matter what, and, in other circles, excitement over, say, accounts of the confirmation of the existence of quarks by three men who last month were awarded the Nobel Prize in Physics—and certainly, on the part of many millions, over the level of play of the Cincinnati Reds in their World Series victory over the Oakland Athletics. It is likely, though, that demonstrations of human beings' ability to turn in brilliant—or, at least, astonishingly good—performances were especially welcome just now, when many people, here and elsewhere, have been grateful for any excuse to avert their eyes temporarily from the dismal spectacles of disarray in Washington and at City Hall. The performances of the two heads of government in those places were being called, variously, waffling, inept, and bumbling, and gave rise to the question "Who's in charge here?" A word that several local commentators and editorial writers applied to David Dinkins' mayoral actions last month—indeed, the single word that formed the beginning of a *Times* editorial—was "lurching." Certainly no one was describing the moves of the two leaders—whom a sense of civic duty requires many people to keep an eye on—as beautiful or thrilling, or as reflecting vision or a talent for controlling chaos. Speaking of the Dinkins administration's approach to the city's complex problems, the Lazard Frères partner Felix Rohatyn, a Dinkins economic adviser, said, "All these things seem to be hanging off a Calder mobile in the air, with



"Be honest—how does it look? I had to leave my laugh lines in for Bill."

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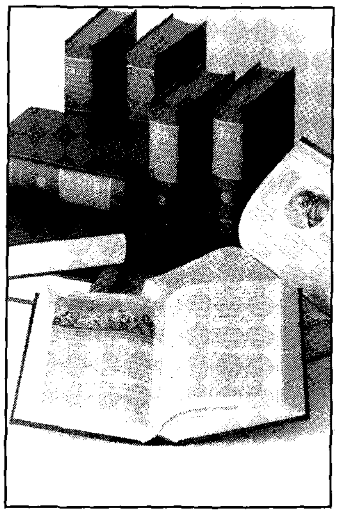

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their own motion and their own life, and they don't relate to the past or the future." The *Times* headline "HELTER-SKELTER DAY REFLECTS MISCALCULATIONS AT THE TOP" was out of Washington, but it could have referred to any one of many recent days at City Hall.

Having to muck around in public with figures one may not understand or to expound on huge deficits and cuts (or taxes) that are declared necessary but will make voters terribly angry is especially poor fun for politicians who recall that their respective predecessors often got no argument when they assured their constituents that it was morning in America—or on the Lower East Side. Lately, nearly every headline having to do with economic trends at any government level has seemed to contain variations on the word "decline" or the word "fall." Within a short time last month, decline hit the former high approval ratings of both the President and the Mayor. "He is in a free-fall," New York's Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan said of Bush, according to the *News* on October 12th, and during the next few days it seemed that half the City Hall regulars were describing Dinkins as being in a *free-fall*. Linking the two beleaguered leaders became a popular game. Murray Kempton, in his *Newsday* column, passed along the comment of "a wise man" that things might be going so badly for Dinkins because before he got to be mayor he had never held what might be called a real job: he had been Manhattan borough president for four years, from 1986 to 1990, and for ten years before that he had been city clerk—a Democratic-clubhouse patronage plum, whose most visible responsibility is the performing of marriages. Kempton then traced George Bush's present problems to the fact that—or so Kempton demonstrated to his own satisfaction—before he got to be President he, too, had never held a job that required him to make crucial independent decisions. About the same time, Liz Smith, in her syndicated column, complained of the "total chaos" in local and national government resulting from the lack of leadership by Dinkins and Bush. Of the Mayor she wrote, "He needs to stop telling us his administration is doing fine. Nobody agrees with him." (That piece, she reported later, drew the largest amount of approving mail in the column's fourteen-and-a-half-year history.) A *Daily News* cartoon showed Bush sitting on a pile of debris made up of war matériel and items labelled, for instance, "Neil and Jeb Bush," "S and L," and "Taxes." Dinkins was shown sitting on a similar pile, with the debris bearing such labels as "Homeless Figures" and "Taxes"—and including his tennis racquet. A huge cloud marked "Recession" loomed to one side and rats were deserting the premises as the leaders delivered identical messages: "Let me assure you that the administration is on top of the situation." This pairing, as a result of similar political misfortunes, of a scion of wealth and privilege and the son of a barber and a domestic servant may well make future "Only in America" chapters in popular-history books. However, although the two men are both ardent athletes, the stately-mannered product of public schools and Howard University, unlike the graduate of Andover and Yale, probably knows enough not to respond, while jogging, to reporters' questions about his government's budget crisis by saying "Read my hips."

MANY of the October events that caused the Dinkins administration to seem to be in a state of disarray (if not helter-skelter) took place within a few days—a period that was soon being referred to as The Week, and one that will surely be given a significant chapter in any history of the Dinkins era and perhaps a how-not-to chapter in histories of local municipal government. On Monday, October 1st, the Mayor joined a lineup of commissioners, deputy mayors, Board of Education members, and union officials to announce the settlement of a labor contract with the sixty-five thousand teachers and about twenty thousand other Board of Education employees in the city's school system. The Mayor's usual expression is sombre, even funereal, but he wore a big smile that d[illegible] as he came into the room, holding hands with the president of the United Federation of Teachers, Sandra Feldman, who was *also smiling*—and with good reason. The basic salary increase that had been agreed to was five and a half per cent—not a big jump in less troubled financial times but a hefty one in an era when recession was being unofficially diagnosed at all levels of government and the city's fiscal well-being depended heavily on state and federal largesse. The increase that had been set aside for all city-employee-union settlements in the city budget for this fiscal year, which was passed in June, was one and a half per cent.

The teachers'-union agreement was the result of intense negotiations, which had ended only a few hours before at Gracie Mansion. It was reported later that until the last minute the deal had been opposed by First Deputy Mayor Norman Steisel and by the city's budget director, Philip Michael, but had been pushed through by Bill Lynch, the deputy mayor for policy, who was Dinkins' campaign manager in 1989, and Eric Schmertz, the Mayor's chief labor negotiator, who, a couple of weeks later, said of the city's by then widely headlined fiscal crisis, "I was not completely up to speed on the timing of it." Within hours, former Mayor Edward Koch was pointing out that in 1980 he had fired Schmertz as his labor negotiator, on the ground that he was overgenerous to the unions—and was suggesting that a word be added to the language. "When you receive an undeserved gift from the city," he said during a radio show, "you should say, 'Thank you for the schmertz.' " A question on the minds of many at the City Hall press conference announcing the settlement was why the very political Lynch had been one of its most influential negotiators, and whether a desire to reward—pay off—a big union that had been one of Dinkins' earliest supporters in last year's mayoral election had been allowed to outweigh fiscal prudence. Ms. Feldman described the agreement as "insuring the survival of the city."

The clatter of mutual congratulations gave the event a festival air. When a reporter suggested that the leaders of other city-employee unions would now consider the five-and-a-half-per-cent raise a pattern for their wage demands, the Mayor seemed unconcerned. Several of the union leaders said later that five and a half would be their favorite number, too. During the press conference, the Mayor kept saying that of the five-and-a-half-per-cent increase, which would cost two hundred and thirty-six million dollars, only one and a half per cent was city money—a real bargain, he suggested. About a hundred and four million would come as the result of an upward estimate—nobody said "rejiggering"—of the interest that would be earned

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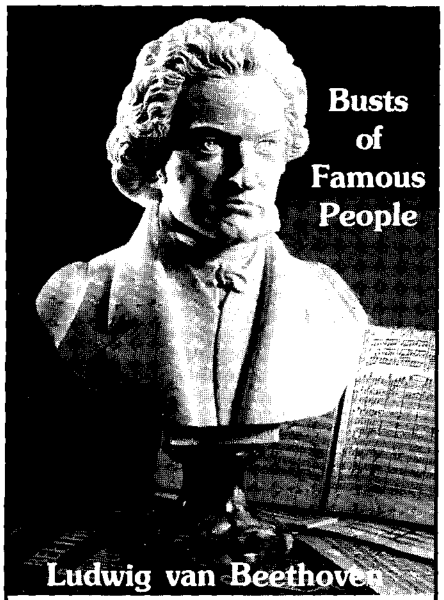
by the teachers' pension fund, all of it city money. An estimated increase in the interest from eight and a quarter to nine per cent would reduce the amount that the law required the city to pay into the fund, an amount that would be used to help pay the teachers' salaries. Seventy million more would be money given to the Board of Education for other purposes by the state. In any case, none of these millions, thus creatively latched on to, would now be available for general needs of the city, such as filling a budget gap. Although actuarial experts and editorial writers expounded on these numbers at great length during the weeks after the October 1st announcement, the Mayor seized every opportunity to describe the settlement as costing only one and a half per cent in city money. At one point, speaking of Dinkins' role in the monetary crisis, Rohatyn quoted the founding partner of Lazard Frères, André Meyer, as having once said, "You can explain things to people, but you can't understand for them."

THE following day at City Hall was the big day for the cops, who since the city crime rate started rising sharply, in midsummer, had frequently got the message that *they* were the local element that would insure the survival of the city. The Mayor had urged New Yorkers who clamored for him to do something about crime to wait for a comprehensive plan that would be ready early in October from the office of Police Commissioner Lee Brown. Brown's plan, which was indeed comprehensive, was announced on October 2nd, with full pomp-and-circumstance treatment, in City Hall's former Board of Estimate chamber, which was heavily decorated with flags—as treasured at the Dinkins City Hall as at the Bush White House, although the Mayor has never made a campaign stop in a flag factory. The plan, which was explained in a thick book stuffed with graphs and maps, provided for often imaginative ways in which some nine thousand active-duty cops would be added to the present twenty-six thousand. The plan would cost a billion eight hundred million dollars over four years. Since the city's regular budget had no such resources, the plan would be funded largely by a surtax on state-lottery sales and a special payroll tax, to be paid not only by local residents but by commuters, who at night retreat to the suburbs, where—as they and their legislative representatives in Albany would surely point out—they pay taxes for police protection. Although the state taxes that the Mayor specified would pay for his anti-crime plan would have to be passed by the state legislature, he had not discussed them or discussed the details of the plan with legislative leaders or with Governor Mario Cuomo. How much of the ambitious plan, given such a thumping sendoff, will ever become reality, no one can say. Melvin Miller, the speaker of the State Assembly, told reporters that any serious effort to pass the new taxes would mean "blood from here to Albany."

On Monday of The Week, the Mayor had announced the two-hundred-and-thirty-six-million-dollar contract agreement with the teachers' union. His one-billion-eight-hundred-million-dollar proposed anti-crime plan came the next day. Late on the afternoon of Thursday, October 4th, the Mayor reported that for the current fiscal year, which began July 1st, the city was a hundred and fifty million dollars in the red, and that the prospective budget gap for the coming fiscal year was close to a billion and a half. (The same day, City Comptroller Elizabeth Holtzman put the numbers at nearly double the Mayor's.) Almost casually, the Mayor then added that Budget Director Michael was recommending that "at least" fifteen thousand city workers be laid off. No city employees have been laid off since the fabled fiscal crisis of the mid-nineteen-seventies, when the city avoided bankruptcy by only a whisker. The total then had been about twenty-seven thousand. Union leaders' cries of anger at the Mayor that Thursday were over not only the suddenness of the terrible news but the fact that before he announced the layoffs the Mayor, once again not consulting or communicating with those who would be directly affected, hadn't bothered to warn his longtime supporters in the labor movement. Barry Feinstein, who is the head of Teamsters Local 237, and the city's senior major labor leader, called the Dinkins performance (for which the Mayor later apologized) "a declaration of war." There was no mayoral announcement on Friday, only—as the *News* noted in an editorial headed "LURCHING TOWARD A FISCAL CRISIS"—"shrieking in the streets." Ray Hor-



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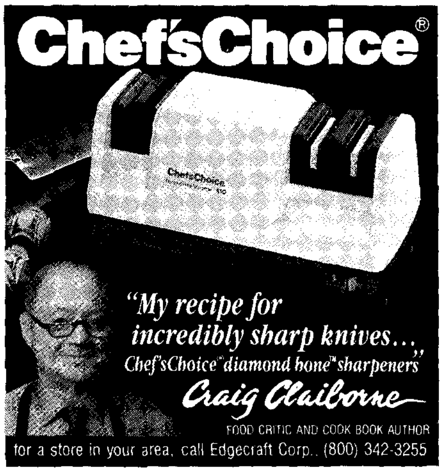

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ton, the president of the Citizens Budget Commission, said that, of all the weeks in the twenty years he had spent keeping track of municipal affairs, this had been the most chaotic. The alarmed reaction of Standard & Poor's, the bond-rating agency, was to put the city on a negative-credit watch.

ON the Sunday morning after the memorable City Hall week ended, a *Newsweek* press release reported that its next issue, which would appear on the stands the following day, would feature an article on a headboard handcarved for Mr. and Mrs. Dinkins' bedroom at Gracie Mansion. When the story appeared, it included a picture of the headboard—of cherry wood, very handsome, carved in the simple Federal style—and a copy of a recent invoice from the carpentry shop of the city's Human Resources Administration showing that the cost to the city, nearly all of it for labor at $23.66 an hour, had come to $6,484.12. *Newsweek* added that, according to two sources rumored to be from within H.R.A., the final bill for the headboard—which had been delivered to the Mansion on October 5th, during The Week—would be about eleven thousand five hundred dollars. The tipsters had phoned the story that week to the desks of at least two local tabloids, but it had not been passed along to City Hall reporters; at *Newsweek*, the editors were more receptive. H.R.A. is a vast agency, with an annual budget of five billion dollars, and is responsible for supervising services for welfare recipients (there are nearly a million), children in need of foster care, the homeless, and other needy New Yorkers. Its facilities include a carpentry shop, presumably intended for projects that would ease the lives of such clients. On October 8th, the Columbus Day holiday, the headboard story was the banner headline in all three local tabloids. ("IT'S BEDLAM AT GRACIE"—*Daily News*.) The press peppered the Mayor with questions about the headboard as he marched up Fifth Avenue in the Columbus Day parade, in the company of such dignitaries as Governor Cuomo and the Los Angeles Dodgers' manager, Tommy Lasorda, who was the grand marshal (and whom the speaker of the City Council, Peter Vallone, had expansively described at a breakfast that morning as "the greatest Italian in the history of the planet"). There

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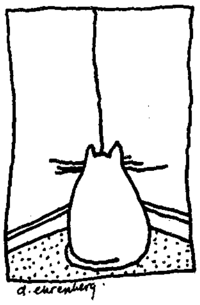
were so many inquiries that the Mayor fell two blocks behind the parade leaders. His press office had explained that Mrs. Dinkins had ordered the headboard because she wanted one to go with a bedroom suite that the Dinkinses had bought; Koch, the previous occupant of the Gracie Mansion master bedroom, had taken with him a modern bed he had brought to the Mansion twelve years before. Dinkins said he hadn't known anything about the headboard order (another apparent City Hall communications failure), and he then demanded to know why reporters didn't ask him about the eight or nine thousand dollars he had paid, out of his own money, for the bedroom suite—adding that perhaps he should be reimbursed for that. As he caught up with the parade leaders, a voice called out from the sidelines, "Was it tough getting out of that eleven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar bed, Mr. Mayor?"



The *Post* pointed out that eleven thousand five hundred dollars would more than take care of the thirty-five-hundred-dollar annual rent allotment for three welfare families. By this time, the Mayor's office had announced that the headboard would not cost the city a penny, because some of Dinkins' political friends and tennis partners would put up the money (which might not have been available for three welfare families). Dinkins' City Hall predecessor, who has had a hard time trying to control his glee over the present mayor's recent misfortunes, suggested that Dinkins should sign the headboard and put it up as a lottery prize. "I'll bet he'll come close to paying off the city's deficit, there's so much interest in it," he told reporters. It was now a tourist attraction. On the occasional public tours of Gracie Mansion, it has become the first item visitors ask to see. (Since it is in the Dinkins private quarters, it is not on the tour list.) Milton Berle told headboard jokes, and so did Jay Leno. (When he was asked on a visit here whether this wasn't too local, he said, "A New York joke is a national joke"—a cross that New York politicians before Dinkins have had to bear.) A carpenter ran a large ad in the *Village Voice* offering "Headboards for Less Than Eleven Thousand Five Hundred." Pergament Home Centers, a Long Island-based chain, briefly ran a radio ad reminding listeners that at Pergament they could get everything they needed to build a headboard at much lower prices than those paid by Gracie Mansion, and, in a dig at the Mayor's habit of flying around in police helicopters, which are normally supposed to be reserved for emergencies, suggested that Dinkins could helicopter to the new Pergament store in Long Island City while other New Yorkers drove or took the R train.

Dinkins reacted to the relatively long-running headboard story with deep irritation, several times urging reporters to reëxamine their priorities. His staff helped to keep the story in the headlines by insisting that the invoice printed in *Newsweek* was inaccurate and releasing another H.R.A. invoice, which, as they put it, "reconciled" (not rejiggered) the figures to show that the eleven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar bill was for several projects, of which the headboard was only one. This led to numerous press allegations of a coverup. A television reporter was shown waving an arm at Gracie Mansion and asking whether the story might someday be referred to as "Bedgate." The Dinkins people, who often seem to lack a sense of history, had apparently forgotten that ordinary Americans who find it hard to grasp the significance of budget deficits or S.-and-L. defaults or corrupt municipal sewer contracts have no trouble at all understanding something like a possibly misacquired headboard, which they can imagine poking or running their hands over. President Eisenhower's aide Sherman Adams and President Truman's assistant Harry Vaughan may deserve other historic credits, but all that many Americans can call to mind about them is a vicuña coat and a deep freeze. Many New Yorkers voted for Dinkins last year because they believed that for the first time in some years there would be a man at City Hall who truly understood and cared about those local citizens who were barely making it—or had fallen through the cracks—in a society they saw as dominated by the rich and famous and their life styles. That may turn out to have been a correct judgment. Nevertheless, it has been unsettling to quite a few of them that so much of the news of the new mayor has had to do with tuxedos, a mayoral Cadillac fancier than that of his predecessor, and other elements associated with easy living. Certainly the last thing New Yorkers who voted for Dinkins last year expected was a big flap over an eleven-thousand-five-hundred-dollar headboard.

FEW New Yorkers would have expected, either, that, ten months after Dinkins took office, black-white divisions here would seem to be more jagged than ever. After a late-September *Newsday* poll suggested that this was the case, the Mayor noted that the poll showed that his popularity had slumped fifteen or more points among all ethnic groups except blacks; there it had remained steady. On a television panel in mid-October, a black radio reporter, discussing the Dinkins administration, said that the speculation was that a white deputy mayor, intent on harming Dinkins' image, had leaked the headboard story to the press, and that the Mayor wouldn't have any of the governmental problems he now has at City Hall if he had "a few more African-Americans and Latinos" around him. A few days earlier, an editorial in the *Amsterdam News*, the city's largest black paper, declared that a conspiracy of members of the white establishment—including the press—had launched a "search-and-destroy mission" against Dinkins, so that they could wrest control of the city's finances from New York's first African-American mayor.

On October 26th, it was reported that the Mayor would ask the teachers' union to renegotiate its five-and-a-half-per-cent raise, on the ground that the city could not afford it—that is, he would try to start The Week all over again. Barry Feinstein, the union leader and Dinkins' old friend and ally, had already declared, "This city is out of control." Meanwhile, chess lovers continued to crowd into the theatre off Times Square for a chance to watch two masters' brilliant efforts to bring the disorder of the chessboard under control. Everyone knew that a budget would eventually be passed in Washington and that New York would, once again, avoid bankruptcy—and that, also, no matter what happened with the governments in either city, no one, watching their leaders at work, would be reminded of 33 f4!, 37 Qd4!, and 38 e5!

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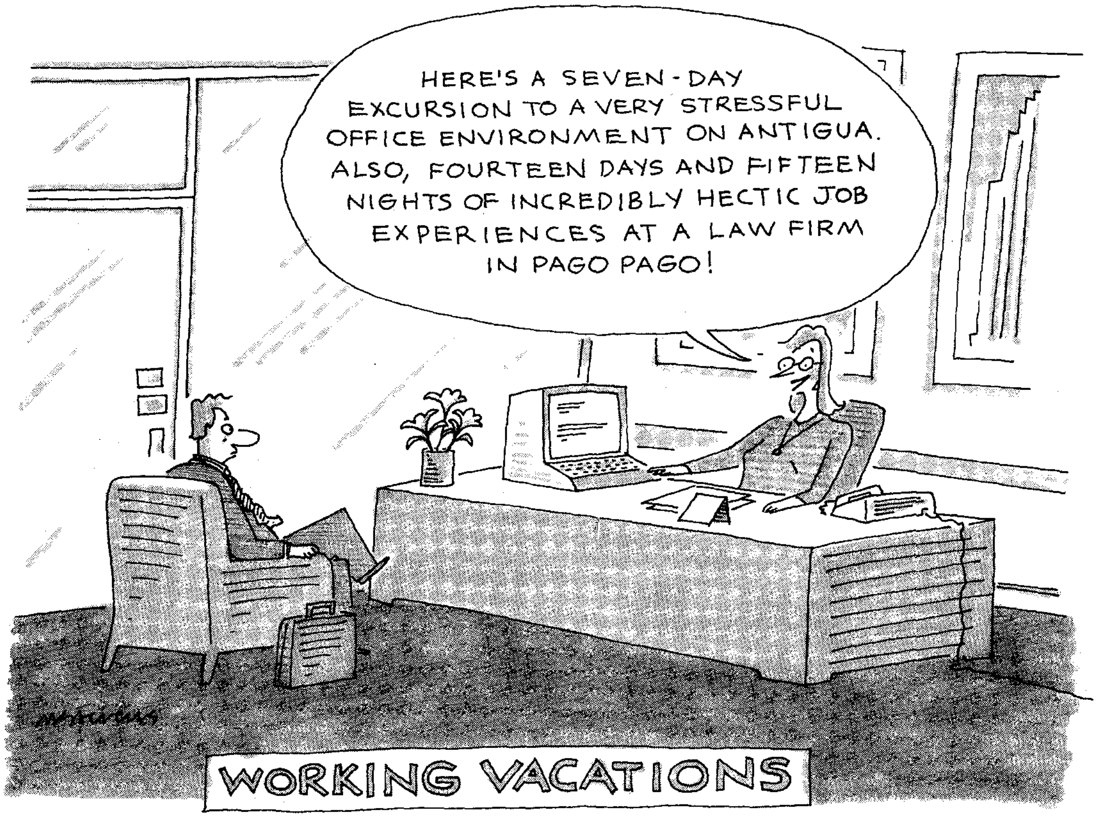
This movie was, in part, Vigo's attempt to "grow up" as a filmmaker—to make a conventional commercial picture. His previous film, "Zero for Conduct," about a revolt in a boys' boarding school, was a celebration of the pure freedom of children's imaginations, a stirring expression of resistance to the forces of authority and order—to anything that would impose discipline on the diverse, unruly energy of play. "Zero for Conduct" isn't constructed like an ordinary movie; Vigo evidently considered the discipline of narrative a form of repression, too, and his indifference to it has a lot to do with why "Zero for Conduct" still seems, fifty-seven years later, like one of the few truly subversive movies ever made. And the French censors—as alert to insubordination as the dwarf headmaster and the malevolent instructors who rule the world of Vigo's schoolboys—banned the movie from public exhibition. For "L'Atalante" Vigo agreed to work within the constraints of a simple and apparently innocuous story (from an original scenario by an undistinguished writer named Jean Guinée). Jean (Jean Dasté), the captain of a river barge named L'Atalante, marries Juliette (Dita Parlo), a girl from one of the villages on the barge's route. As the newlyweds travel down the river, Juliette becomes increasingly restless and disenchanted; she has escaped from her village, but all she's seeing of the world is riverbanks, the inside of cramped cabins, and her husband and his odd crew—a rambunctious old salt called Père Jules (Michel Simon) and a quiet cabin boy (Louis Lefèvre). Bored and impatient, she sneaks off to see the sights of Paris, but when she returns to the place where the barge was docked she discovers that Jean has shoved off without her. She wanders on the shore, he drifts downstream on the boat, and the separation makes them both miserable. Finally, they find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each other again; life resumes its intended course.

The miracle of "L'Atalante" is that Vigo keeps breaking free of the story's ordained course: he's incapable of simply riding that dull, even current and making only the scheduled stops. He treats the story the way a jazz musician treats a popular song, improvising on the melody by plunging into its carefully sequenced chords and predictable rhythms and taking them apart to see what they're made of: he hits notes that we had never dreamed were there but that seem, once we've heard them, pure and essential, like pearls dredged from far beneath the smooth, lulling flow of the song. In one of the film's most sublime sequences, Jean, aching from the absence of Juliette, dives off the barge into the river because his bride once told him that you see the face of the one you love when you look under the surface of the water. Jean has tried the trick a couple of times before, jokingly and unsuccessfully, but this time—now that he is abandoned, mad with grief, reckless—he sees her: luminous in her wedding dress, and laughing with an unforced, innocent joy that looks like the sweetest of invitations, the promise of every kind of pleasure. The floating images of Juliette superimposed on Jean's desperate, searching face are reminders of some of our earlier views of her, and especially of a ghostly image of the bride in her white dress walking slowly along the top of the barge as it glides down the river at twilight: in the underwater sequence, Jean seems, at last, to be seeing his wife the way Vigo has seen her from the start—as an ordinary woman who becomes radiant when she is looked at with desire. This sequence tells us most of what we need to know about Vigo's eroticized approach to the art of moviemaking: he forgets his orders, immerses himself in the ordinary beauties of the sensual world, and summons up visions that shine with the possibilities of earthly pleasure.

The other key to Vigo is his attraction to chaos, clutter, sheer profusion—a quality that is, in a sense, just another side of his eroticism. The toys and gadgets and bric-a-brac that fill his movies are played with and caressed by the camera with such loving attention that they seem like fetishes. And there are so *many* of them—so many objects to divert us from the implacable responsibilities of living, so many beautiful distractions. Père Jules's cabin, overrun by cats and jammed with bizarre mementos that are the residue of a full and gleefully disorderly life, is the image not only of its inhabitant but also of its creator. This museum of useless things—with which, in a long and brilliantly sustained sequence, the old sailor enchants Juliette—is Vigo's world in miniature, a place where something to tickle the imagination or to stir memories or simply to gaze at in wonder is always ready to hand. And the character itself, as it is conceived by Vigo and played by the magnificently peculiar Simon, is the presiding spirit of the movie: Père Jules is a comic metaphor for the diversity of the world's riches; he is, in his demented, random way, a living encyclopedia. At one point, he gets excited, and all sorts of strange stuff bubbles out of him, with startling alacrity: Indian war whoops, bullfighting moves, snippets of songs and dances from Russia, Africa, the Orient. (He takes us around the world in about eighty seconds.) His body is covered with crudely drawn tattoos, and in one of the most welcome of the newly restored shots he amuses Juliette by making a face tattooed on his belly appear to smoke, by putting a cigarette in his navel. Père Jules is, of course, a child, both splendid and monstrous, and there is, too, something profoundly childlike about the way the character is conceived: only a very innocent eye could see this crazy old drifter as the epitome of worldly experience.

Vigo may have been trying, with some part of himself, to make a "normal" movie—one conventional enough, at least, to get past the censors and into the commercial cinemas—but "L'Atalante" shows how hopelessly, wonderfully unsuited he was to popular moviemaking. His storytelling is still casual, almost perfunctory: the narrative will slow to a languorous drift, then abruptly begin chugging forward, then stop to give us a long look at some unanticipated marvel off in the distance, then lurch irritably ahead

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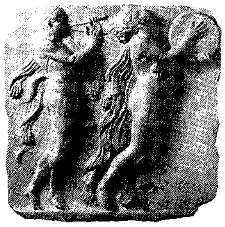

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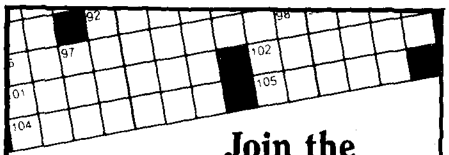

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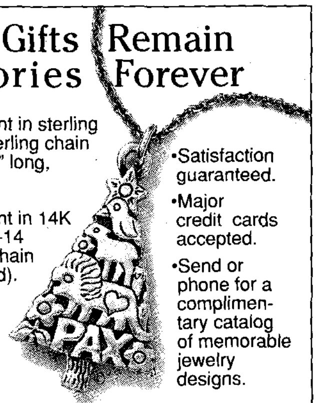

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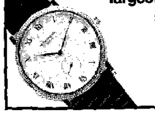

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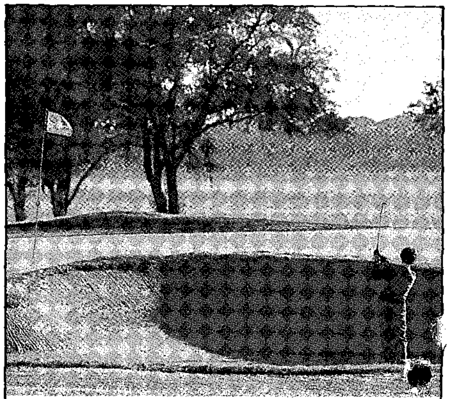
again. And his approach to composition and editing is so personal that audiences expecting an ordinary movie might become disoriented: shots are taken from unexpected angles, are held longer than usual, are juxtaposed with other shots in unprecedented ways. Vigo was helplessly original; he seems at times to be speaking a different language from other filmmakers. (On seeing Vigo's work for the first time, James Agee wrote, "It is as if he had invented the wheel.") He is the most playful and the least rigid of the great film artists; he had the liveliest eye, and perhaps the freest imagination. Everything he shows us looks mysteriously new, full of possibilities, and so encourages us to linger on it, investigate it, dream it, have our way with it.

In a sense, the restorers' work on "L'Atalante" springs from impulses like those—from the feeling, evoked at virtually every moment in Vigo's films, that there's something more for us to discover. The latest version of "L'Atalante" is *new only in the sense* that this movie has always seemed new; it isn't changed in any fundamental way. The footage added by Philippe and Bompoint is just extra stuff, beautiful and inessential and thus fully in keeping with the movie's expansive spirit. They've given us a few more glittery things to hoard in our imagination and fondle in our memories when life gets a little dull. In Jean Vigo's movies, greater profusion only creates stronger desire: his images seduce us with the promise of a larger, richer world and unbounded freedom *to roam in it—the promise,* that is, of endless stimulation, inexhaustible sensations. There can be no definitive "L'Atalante," because the world of Vigo's films subverts the very idea of definition. This extraordinary movie will always elude our attempts to grasp it and keep it in its place: we'll never see everything in Père Jules's cabin; the image of the woman in the water disperses when we try to embrace it, then forms itself again and leads us on.

CHARLES BURNETT'S "To Sleep with Anger" is a domestic comedy with an unusually dense texture. It takes us a while to get used to the movie's look and rhythm. It's shot straightforwardly, in a style that appears realistic almost to the point of banality, and yet right from the start there's something unsettling about its



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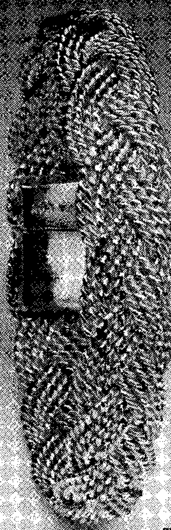
plainness: Burnett, who wrote the script as well as directed, keeps hinting—so quietly, at times, that we're not sure we're hearing him right—that things are not necessarily what they seem. The household where most of the action takes place is in a black neighborhood of Los Angeles. Gideon (Paul Butler) and Suzie (Mary Alice) are a middle-aged couple who live in the community without being entirely of it. Their roots are in the rural South, and they've retained quite a few of the customs, values, and superstitions of the culture they were brought up in. Gideon raises chickens in the back yard, carries a good-luck charm called a toby, and preaches the virtues of hard, backbreaking work (he sometimes refers to himself as John Henry, from the folk myth of the superhuman black laborer); gentle, pious Suzie is a midwife, and is given to nostalgia for the days when people were decent and civilized and knew their place.

The story gets going when a friend of theirs from back home appears on their doorstep; they invite him to stay with them awhile, and he does. This unexpected guest, Harry (Danny Glover), turns out to be a familiar figure to us, a time-honored storytelling device: he's the man who comes to town and shakes everything up, changes people's lives. Like every gifted confidence man, he has a sharp eye for human weakness: he zeroes in on small discontents and unsatisfied longings, then prods and cajoles until they become full-blown obsessions. He's especially interested in Gideon and Suzie's younger son, called Babe Brother (Richard Brooks), who has always rejected the down-home ways of his parents ("I come from a family that's no different from farm animals," he says) and feels that he has never got as much attention from them as his brother, the diligent, responsible Junior (Carl Lumbly). The grinning, honey-tongued demon probes Babe Brother's insecurities almost surgically. (At idle moments, Harry is fond of playing with a gleaming, mean-looking pocketknife.) Harry is full of backcountry lore—that's how he insinuates himself into Gideon and Suzie's home—but he uses his wisdom with sinister, obscure intent, for purposes that Burnett, cunningly, allows to remain ambiguous. The presence of Harry gives the realistic surface of "To Sleep with Anger" a vibrant strangeness: he seems to transform everything that happens in this movie's clean, comfortable living rooms and kitchens into dark rituals performed in the woods in the dead of night. Ordinary objects—brooms, apples, cooking utensils, children's marbles—become charged, portentous. From the beginning of the picture, Burnett inserts closeups of such objects in otherwise unremarkable-looking domestic scenes: initially, we're slightly puzzled; later, the memory of those shots comes back to us, and we understand.

In essence, this is a modest picture—far less ambitious than Burnett's fierce, poetic "Killer of Sheep" (1977)—but it has a complex, risky tone. It's a comedy, because Harry's powers prove to be weaker than we'd thought, and the family's threatened world is set right in the end; there are moments along the way, though, when the intimations of unseen controlling forces—both in Glover's elegantly suggestive performance and in the eerie, calm precision of Burnett's direction—give us the creeps. Within the meticulous structure Burnett finds room for plenty of characters, all with different takes on life: a reformed "sinner" named Hattie (Ethel Ayler), who sees through Harry before anyone else does; Harry's cronies, a bunch of old guys from back home whom he's discovered living in L.A., and who drink corn liquor and play cards with him and whoop it up as best they can (Davis Roberts and Sy Richardson are the most entertaining members of this group); Babe Brother's small son, Sunny (Devaughn Walter Nixon), who's silent and always underfoot, and who brings about Harry's undoing. These vivid characters and a few more join Gideon and Suzie and the rest of their family at the end; they eat and tell stories and pretty much forget about Harry, and it dawns on us that "To Sleep with Anger" is really about them, not him. Like most good filmmakers, Burnett takes pleasure in disposing of people who mean to manipulate the world, to bend it to their will, and in celebrating people whose idea of the world is that it's a place to live in—sort of a home. —TERRENCE RAFFERTY



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THEIR scientific genius aside, the creators of the quantum theory—Max Planck, Einstein, Niels Bohr, Louis de Broglie, Werner Heisenberg, Wolfgang Pauli, Max Born, P.A.M. Dirac, and Erwin Schrödinger—were all extraordinary and often eccentric human beings. When I began studying the theory, in the nineteen-fifties, almost all of them were still alive. (The exception was Planck, who introduced the notion of quantized emission and absorption of radiant energy in 1900, and *he* lived until 1947.) This was at a time when scientific biographies were rather decorous, and the little that had been written about the personal lives of these men left most of the details between the lines. By now, however, they have all died, and meanwhile a new genre of scientific biography which leaves little or nothing between the lines has emerged. A remarkable example of this is "Schrödinger: Life and Thought" (Cambridge; $39.50), a detailed and controversial study of the Austrian polymath by the physical chemist Walter Moore.

Professor Moore traces Schrödinger's ancestry on the maternal side back to the end of the eighteenth century. His first recorded ancestor is one Franziska Zickler, a "love child" of unknown parentage, who was born in a convent around 1780. She is said to have been a temperamental beauty, and she married into the Austrian nobility. Her daughter, Josepha, although from a strict Catholic family, fell in love with a Protestant, whom she was not allowed to marry. She was instead forced to marry the Catholic family doctor, with whom she had three children. When he died, she married her father's secretary, and their eldest son, Alexander Bauer, became Schrödinger's grandfather. I mention all this because when it comes to Schrödinger's own tangled matrimonial situation one sees that there are familial tendencies. While genes may not strictly determine personality, they undoubtedly give it a nudge. Schrödinger's maternal grandmother was English. Her name was Emily Russell, and she was born in Leamington. Her brother was a chemist working in Paris, and he became a friend of Alexander Bauer, who was also working as a chemist in Paris. Emily, on a visit to her brother, met Bauer, and they fell in love. They were married and settled in Vienna, where they had three daughters. In 1874, shortly after the birth of the third, Emily died, and after a brief period of mourning Alexander married a seventeen-year-old girl, Natalie Lechner—shades, again, of the future Schrödinger. The marriage came apart ten years later, and a few years after that Natalie became, in Professor Moore's delicate phrase, the "constant companion" of Gustav Mahler—an attachment that lasted until 1902, when he married Alma Schindler.

Upon the departure of Natalie, Alexander undertook to raise his three daughters by himself, and the middle one, Georgine—known as Georgie—married one of his former students, Rudolf Schrödinger, who had abandoned research in chemistry to manage an oilcloth-and-linoleum factory he had inherited. Professor Moore writes, "About three months after their marriage, Rudolf and Georgine effected that fortuitous combination of genes that produces an individual of genius, and on August 12, 1887, the boy"—Erwin Rudolf Josef Alexander—"was born at home, Apostelgasse 15, in Erdberg, Vienna 3." The Schrödingers had no other children, and young Erwin grew up basking in the adoration of his aunts and a variety of housemaids. This may, as Professor Moore suggests, help to account for the nature of his relationships with women, of which more shortly. Even before he could read or write, he began keeping a kind of diary—he later called them *Ephemeridae*—by dictating his reflections to his Aunt Minnie. I was struck by one of the entries, which has the special flavor of cynicism I have always associated with fin-de-siècle Vienna. He dictated to his aunt, "This says Mama, and that says Aunt. They are both only people. They could just as well say the opposite."

Schrödinger was tutored at home until he was eleven, and then he was admitted to the Akademisches Gymnasium, the most secular *Gymnasium* in Vienna. The *Gymnasiums*, which were

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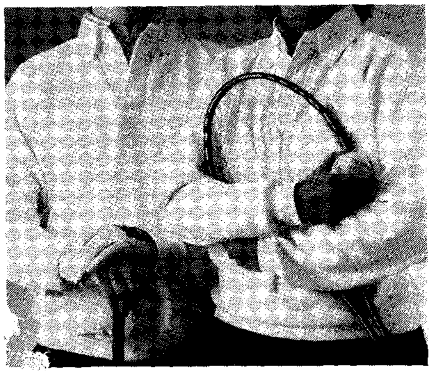

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noted for their classical education, gave European scientists of Schrödinger's generation a certain intellectual patina. (In this matter, as in most others, Einstein was a conspicuous exception, since he dropped out of school at the age of sixteen.) The Nobelist Max von Laue once wrote, "I doubt that I should ever have devoted myself entirely to pure science if I had not at that time come into that inner harmony with Greek language and culture, which the humanistic Gymnasium and no other kind of school provided." Schrödinger, who was always first in his class, acquired a love of ancient Greece which stayed with him all his life. Of his mathematical facility a fellow-student later wrote, "Schrödinger had a gift for understanding that allowed him, without any homework, immediately and directly to comprehend all the material during the class hours and to apply it." Apart from schoolwork, Schrödinger developed a fondness for the theatre, which was flourishing in Vienna at the time, and he kept a notebook of plays he had seen.

In 1906, Schrödinger entered the University of Vienna. Professor Moore writes, "He brought with him his reputation from the Gymnasium as an outstanding student, in fact something of a genius, and this reputation was soon confirmed by his brilliant performances in mathematics and physics. Hans Thirring, who entered in 1907, recalls his first encounter with Erwin in the library of the mathematics department. A student entered, steely gray-blue eyes and a shock of blonde hair. Another student nudged Hans and said *Das ist der Schrödinger*—the Schrödinger. All the students regarded him as something special, but he was not cold and aloof, he often helped them with difficulties in maths or physics." As it happened, in 1906 the faculty of the university's Physics Institute was fairly thin. Both Ludwig Boltzmann and the philosopher Ernst Mach had taught at the university. Boltzmann, who was one of the greatest physicists of the nineteenth century, committed suicide in the summer of 1906, and Mach, who had had a stroke in 1897, had formally retired in 1901. Schrödinger's most important professor was Friedrich Hasenöhrl, who had been Boltzmann's best student and had succeeded him as the professor of theoretical physics. The only research for which Hasenöhrl is now known is some work on

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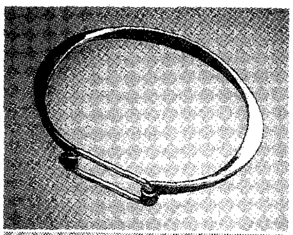

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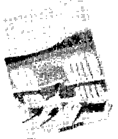

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radiant energy in a cavity which was a vague precursor of Einstein's formula $E=mc^2$. Beginning in the nineteen-twenties, the Nazis used this as "proof" that the theory of relativity—which was published in 1905, the year after Hasenöhrl published his work—had been invented by Aryans. Hasenöhrl was not available for comment, since he was killed early in the First World War. In any event, he appears to have been a marvellous teacher. His course in theoretical physics ran eight semesters, five hours a week, and he gave all the lectures without notes. They had a terrific impact on Schrödinger, who later said that "no other person has had a stronger influence on me than Fritz Hasenöhrl, except perhaps my father."

In the Austrian universities of that time, the first degree a student could take in physics was Doctor of Philosophy, which was roughly equivalent to a present-day master's degree. In 1910, Schrödinger took his degree, in a purely experimental and what seems (at least to me) an extremely dull subject. By then, Einstein's theory of relativity had revolutionized our ideas of space and time, and people were beginning to wrestle with the problems brought about by the introduction of the quantum. There is no evidence that any of this had penetrated Schrödinger's curriculum. His thesis could have been written in the nineteenth century, as far as I can tell.

After earning his degree, Schrödinger was appointed an assistant in experimental physics at the university; however, he first had to fulfill his military obligation. In Austria-Hungary, young men were required to do three years of military service, but if they had sufficient educational and social standing they were allowed to volunteer for a year of officer's training instead. This is what Schrödinger did, serving in the fortress artillery. After that, he was free to return to the university, where he began teaching and doing research in theoretical physics, none of it of particular distinction. He was mobilized in July of 1914, and was sent to the South Tyrol. It was for the time being a peaceful frontier, and Schrödinger was able to continue his research, for a while. It was at the front that he read Einstein's great paper on the general theory of relativity and gravitation, which was published in 1916. But by then Schrödinger was in the thick of the war. A photograph of him taken at the time shows him looking like a very tough young officer. He took part in the Battles of Isonzo, and was cited for outstanding service. In the bloodiest of these battles, two hundred and eighty-six thousand Italian soldiers were lost and about half that many Austrians. Fortunately for Schrödinger, and for us, he was transferred back to Vienna in 1917, to teach an introductory course in meteorology for anti-aircraft officers; he also resumed his teaching duties, in uniform, at the university, and he moved back in with his parents, who were living in a fifth-floor apartment rented from his grandfather. The economic situation in Austria was perilous. Schrödinger's father's business had failed, and after demobilization Schrödinger himself was earning only two thousand crowns a year from the university, at a time when it cost three thousand crowns a month to feed an average family.

EVERYONE who has ever studied Schrödinger's life, including Professor Moore, has come to the same conclusion; namely, that if his scientific career had stopped before he reached the age of thirty-eight—and it might well have—Schrödinger would have been a minor footnote to twentieth-century physics. By contrast, nearly all the other founders of the quantum theory made their mark as young men. Einstein did his great work at the age of twenty-six. In the annus mirabilis of 1925-26, when the quantum theory was invented, Heisenberg and Dirac were twenty-four, and Pauli was twenty-six. At forty-one, Bohr was already (to use Pauli's terminology) a "quantum elder." Indeed, after the war Schrödinger was quite prepared to give up physics for philosophy. He later wrote, "In 1918, when I was thirty-one, I had good reason to expect a chair of theoretical physics at Czernowitz. . . . I was prepared to do a good job lecturing on theoretical physics . . . but for the rest, to devote myself to philosophy, being deeply imbued at the time with the writings of Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Ernst Mach, Richard Semon, and Richard Avenarius. My guardian angel intervened: Czernowitz soon no longer belonged to Austria. So nothing came of it. I had to stick to theoretical physics, and, to my astonishment, something occasionally emerged from it." In 1925, the year before he created wave mechanics, which was his version of the quantum theory, he wrote a long essay—published in 1961, just after his death, in a book entitled "Meine Weltansicht" ("My World View")—that reflected his deep interest in Eastern religion, and particularly Vedanta. Since it has become fashionable in some circles to find parallels between quantum theory and Eastern religious thought, it is worth pointing out that Schrödinger, who did as much as anyone to create the theory, and whose world view became more and more Vedantic, found none.

Before describing what Schrödinger did in 1926, I must make a divagation into his *vie sentimentale*. I use the French locution because I think it renders the flavor in Schrödinger's case better than "sex life" or "love life"—although, God knows, Schrödinger had a surfeit of both. From the time he discovered women, in his teens, until almost his last days, he was obsessed by them. We know more about this than is arguably necessary, because Schrödinger took little or no pains to hide anything, leaving a paper trail of love poems, letters, and journal entries. (Among other things, in his *Ephemeridae* he recorded the names of his loves with a code to indicate the various outcomes.) Since this is the first full-scale biography of Schrödinger, Professor Moore is obliged to tackle the wash from Schrödinger's love boat, broadside. He bears up manfully, occasionally retreating to Freudian explanations involving the cosseting by aunts, and citing the amours of a number of writers and artists past and present by way of rationalization.

Schrödinger met his future wife of forty-one years, Annemarie Bertel, in the summer of 1913, in the mountain community of Seeham, near Salzburg. He was studying atmospheric electricity at a lakeside observation station, and "Anny" was there to look after the children of one of his colleagues. She was sixteen, dressed in a dirndl, and wore her hair in pigtails. Schrödinger was twenty-six and was recovering from the breakup of a love affair. He was only mildly interested in Anny, but she fell in love with him. During the war, she was the only one of Schrödinger's female friends to visit him at the front. They were married in the spring of 1920. Moore has a curious description of the bride: "She was considerate and kind-hearted, with an outgoing personality . . . not extremely feminine, a bit of a tom-boy as a girl, and becoming distinctly mannish in appearance as she grew older." However, there is no reason to believe that the marriage was not a romantic one, at least for the first year. Thereafter, it is best described by a verse of Hilaire Belloc's:

The Husbands and the Wives
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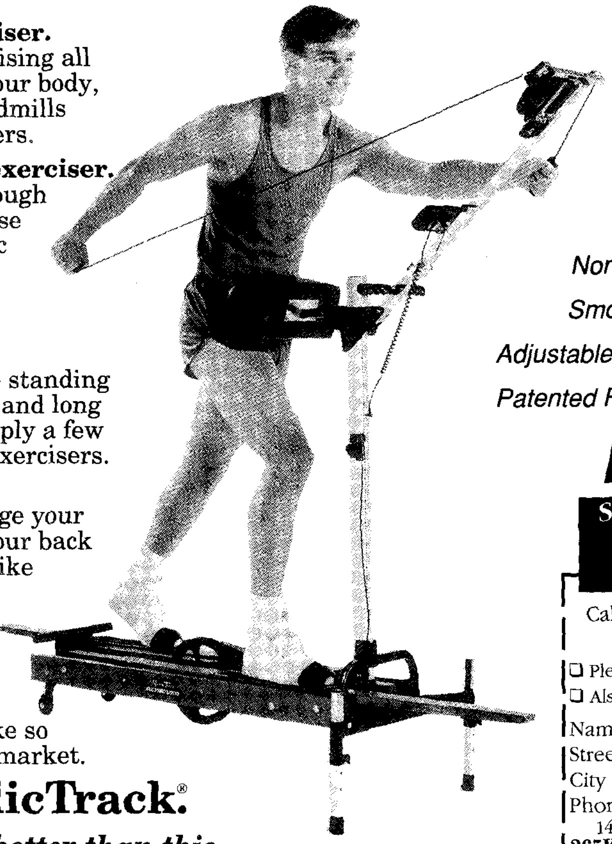
In 1921, the Schrödingers moved to Zurich, where Schrödinger had taken a position as professor of theoretical physics at the university, and by that time the conjugal side of their marriage had apparently ended. Schrödinger had various liaisons, and Anny began a long-standing affair with his distinguished mathematical colleague Hermann Weyl. Why this bizarre marriage, which became even more peculiar as it went on, endured for forty-one years is one of those mysteries of the human heart.

Of the genesis of wave mechanics



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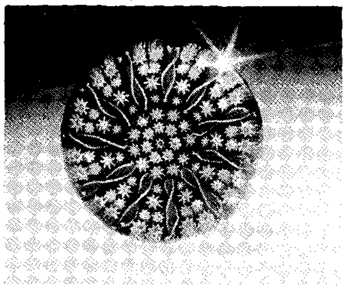

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Hermann Weyl later remarked that Schrödinger "did his great work during a late erotic outburst in his life." This much is known: During the Christmas holidays of 1925, Schrödinger retreated to the Alpine resort of Arosa with a woman. Arosa had been chosen because three years earlier Schrödinger, suffering from a severe bronchial infection, had gone there for a rest cure. His muse of the wave mechanics—if that is what she was—remains unidentified, since his daybook for that year is missing. By December 27th, Schrödinger had enough of the new theory in hand to write to a colleague, Wilhelm Wien, in Munich, "At the moment I am struggling with a new atomic theory. If only I knew more mathematics!" Some of the missing mathematics would be supplied to him by Weyl. "I am very optimistic about this thing and expect that if I can only . . . solve it, it will be *very* beautiful." He was right. One doubts Weyl's assessment of the proximate cause, however, for at no time in Schrödinger's adult life did he lack for "erotic outbursts." These continued for thirty years after what Weyl misidentified as late in Schrödinger's life. Of eroticism there was plenty, but wave mechanics was invented *once*, and that in 1926.

WHAT, then, did Schrödinger create? In 1905, Einstein had realized that some aspects of electromagnetic radiation can be described correctly only if light is assumed to have a particulate as well as a wave character. No explanation was offered for this; it was just the way things were. Then, in 1923, the French nobleman Louis de Broglie, for his doctoral thesis, proposed (essentially on the ground of symmetry) that particles—electrons, say—have wave properties as well. (He also proposed how this might be tested, and four years later his idea was confirmed when a stream of electrons was made to produce wavelike interference effects.) Einstein went on to apply this idea to the statistical mechanics of molecules. De Broglie's work was published in 1923 and 1924, and Einstein's in 1924 and early 1925. By the fall of 1925, Schrödinger had mastered those papers and had written one of his own on molecular statistical mechanics, using what he referred to as the "de Broglie–Einstein" wave theory of moving particles.

To understand what Schrödinger did next, a historical analogy may be useful. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the German astronomer Johannes Kepler proposed that the planetary orbits are ellipses. Until then, it had been assumed that planetary motions had to be circular, but actual observations of the planets had raised all sorts of problems, which the geometry of ellipses solved. But there was no dynamic explanation—no explanation in terms of forces—of why such an orbit should be an ellipse until half a century later, when Newton proposed his laws of gravitation and motion. De Broglie's thesis was like Kepler's astronomy. It gave no equation for how forces influence the waves, what shape the waves have, and how they propagate in time. It was this equation that Schrödinger discovered. Using it, he was able to reproduce and generalize results that Niels Bohr had found more than a decade earlier by using "Keplerian" reasoning: Bohr had invented a model of the atom—an odd mixture of classical and quantum physics—in which electrons move around the atomic nucleus in prescribed, discrete "Bohr orbits"; the virtue of the model was that it accounted for the observed features of the light spectrum of hydrogen. Schrödinger supplied the underlying theory of the Bohr orbits; he was to Bohr and de Broglie what Newton had been to Kepler. In rapid succession, he wrote six monumental papers in which the entire subject was laid bare. One could argue that the Schrödinger equation has had more to do with the evolution of twentieth-century science and technology than any other discovery in physics. It explains, among other things, chemical bonding, the structure of nuclei, the workings of the transistor, and the generation of stellar energy. Its importance was evident immediately. Einstein called it a discovery of "genius." Schrödinger's six papers were in such demand that before the year was out he was obliged to collect them in a small book. He supplied a foreword, which Moore quotes:

> With reference to the six papers, whose present republication was caused solely by the strong demand for reprints, a young friend of mine recently said to the author: "Hey, you never even thought when you began that so much sensible stuff would come out of it." This expression, with which I fully agree after suitable discounting of the complimentary adjective, may recall the fact that the works united here in one volume emerged one after the

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other. The knowledge of later sections was often still unknown to the writer of the earlier ones.

The young friend was a fourteen-year-old girl named Itha Junger, from Salzburg. Three years later, she became Schrödinger's mistress.

A certain number of second thoughts soon began emerging about the Schrödinger equation. For one thing, in 1925 Werner Heisenberg had discovered what appeared to be an entirely different quantum formulation, which became known as matrix mechanics. This, too, reproduced the Bohr results, but from Einstein's and Schrödinger's point of view it had the disadvantage of using a mathematics that described a state of affairs impossible to visualize. "Magic," Einstein called it. Heisenberg's attitude, however, was that visualization in physics was superfluous and misleading—a view that Bohr agreed with and took up as a cause. There were some acrimonious exchanges among the various principals, until Schrödinger and, independently, Dirac showed that the two theories were in essence identical. Whether one uses the Schrödinger or the Heisenberg representation of quantum mechanics is purely a matter of convenience. Secondly, there was the issue of what the Schrödinger waves really *were*. Were they the particle itself or were they somehow attached to the particle, or what? De Broglie, Einstein, and Schrödinger certainly had the idea, at least in the beginning, that these waves were real waves propagating in space. Einstein referred to them as "pilot waves." But it soon became evident that any such simple interpretation was impossible. To see the sort of thing that goes amiss, one can take as an example a free electron—an electron that is not confined to an atom. We know that we can determine its position as accurately as we like—in other words, the electron can be located, by our measurement in as small a region of space as we want. In terms of the wave picture, this would mean squashing the wave down into this small region. Fine, but hen we can ask what happens to the quashed wave after the measurement. This question is answered by means of he Schrödinger equation. The results re dramatic. Suppose, for the sake of rgument, we confine the electron to a egion the size of an average atom; the chrödinger equation implies that, nce the measurement is over, the elec-

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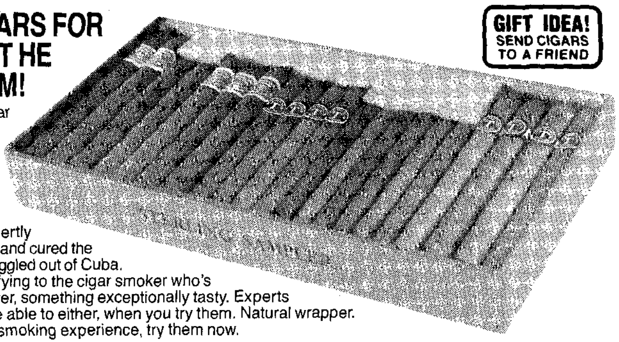

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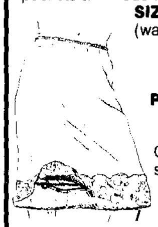

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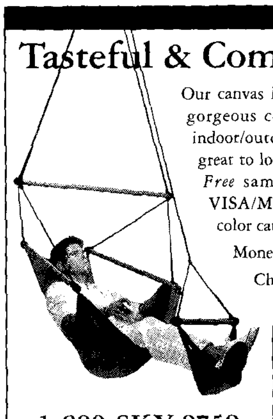

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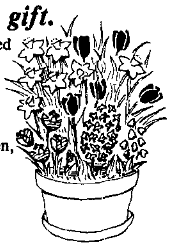

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tron wave will spread out again very rapidly—indeed, it will spread out over the entire solar system in about four days. If the electron were really a wave, this would mean that it had now become as big as the solar system. Clearly, something was wrong.

A way out was suggested in a brief paper, published in late 1926 by the German physicist Max Born. Born argued that the solutions to the Schrödinger equation, which are called wave functions, should be thought of not as describing real waves but, rather, as mathematical artifacts, to be used—to take the example I have discussed—for computing the *probability* of finding the electron in a certain region of space. In his interpretation, the rapid expansion of the electron is taken to mean that if we measure the electron's position accurately by confining it to a minute region, then at any given later time there is a certain probability of finding that electron at a given distant place. According to Born, the wave function does not tell us where the electron is but only where it is likely to be. Born's paper was a watershed for the founders of the quantum theory. Bohr, Dirac, Heisenberg, and Pauli accepted the Born interpretation of the wave nature of particles as fundamental and definitive, while de Broglie, Einstein, and Schrödinger did not.

Schrödinger's six papers transformed him from a respectable working physicist into a scientific superstar. In the fall of 1927, he succeeded Max Planck as the professor of theoretical physics at the University of Berlin, where Einstein was also teaching. "Schrödinger lectured four times a week, two-hour sessions on two afternoons," Moore writes. "He was also responsible for a one-hour problem session (usually taken by an assistant), a proseminar for undergraduates, and a two-hour meeting each week on Recent Advances in Theoretical Physics." Today, this would be regarded as an incredibly heavy schedule for a research scientist of Schrödinger's stature. Still, none of it affected his *vie sentimentale;* that took a new turn in 1929, when, on a visit to Innsbruck to lecture, he met Hildegunde March, the recent bride of a junior colleague. Four years later, she became—with the apparent acquiescence of her husband, whom she never divorced—a kind of second wife to Schrödinger, and in 1934 they had a daughter, Ruth, who joined the Schrödinger household.

SCHRÖDINGER always maintained that he was above politics. Unfortunately, he lived at a time when and in a place where that was a luxury no one could afford. Largely because of an anecdote that my teacher Philipp Frank told me and which is repeated with some skepticism in Moore's book, I had thought (until I read the book) that despite his apolitical posture, Schrödinger's conduct vis-à-vis the Nazis bordered on the heroic—something like Max von Laue's, which *was* heroic. Laue simply refused to compromise with respect to what became known as "Aryan physics." The anecdote goes as follows: March 31, 1933, was declared in Germany a day of "national boycott" of the Jews. Mobs of Germans descended on Jewish stores—or what they perceived to be Jewish stores—and prevented people from entering them, and beat up anyone they took to be Jewish. The police stood by and did nothing. Schrödinger, it is said, happened to be in downtown Berlin in front of a Jewish-owned department store named Wertheim's. He was outraged by what he saw and began berating the storm troopers. As they were about to attack him, a young Nazi physicist recognized Schrödinger and saved him from what would surely have been a severe beating. I would like to believe this anecdote, but it is belied by the rest of Schrödinger's behavior during this period.

First, there was the matter of Einstein, with whom Schrödinger had become close friends. In 1933, Einstein went to the United States, where he remained for the rest of his life. One of the first things he did after leaving Germany was to resign from the Prussian Academy of Sciences. This did not satisfy Bernhard Rust, the Minister of Science, Education, and Popular Culture, who was responsible for the Academy. He pressured the members of the Academy into issuing a statement to the effect that they were pleased to see Einstein gone. At this point, Laue called a special meeting of the Academy to try to get the statement withdrawn. Only fourteen members out of a total of seventy attended, and of the fourteen only two supported Laue. Schrödinger was among the absentees, and he never made any public protest about the treatment of Einstein, though he did make

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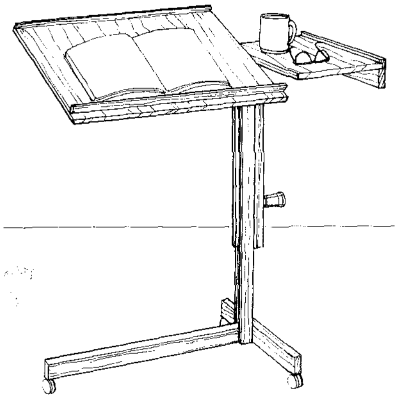

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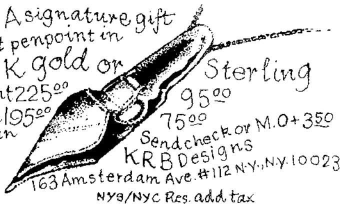

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many private remarks about his disgust with the Nazis. One of the people he made such remarks to was an Oxford physics professor named Alexander Lindemann, later Lord Cherwell, who was to become Churchill's wartime scientific adviser. Lindemann was not Jewish—in fact, he shared the fashionable anti-Semitism of the British upper classes—but he set out on a one-man campaign to rescue all the Jewish scientists he could from Germany, and dragged along in that net was the non-Jewish Schrödinger. Lindemann was influential in getting Schrödinger elected to Magdalen College. In November of 1933, the Schrödingers arrived in Oxford, along with Hilde March, then pregnant, whose husband had remained in Innsbruck. No sooner had they all settled in than Schrödinger received the news that he would be sharing the 1933 Nobel Prize in Physics with Dirac. (Heisenberg was also awarded the Nobel Prize that year, but, technically, for the year 1932. This arcane arrangement was presumably related to a struggle that had been going on within the Nobel committee since 1927 over whether the quantum theory had conferred sufficient "benefit on mankind"—the term used in Nobel's will—to merit a prize. It took six years of campaigning—with Einstein, skeptical though he was of the theory, playing a leading role—before the committee found the resolve to recognize the achievement.)

Schrödinger was not happy at Oxford. He did not like its male-oriented society, and, curiously, he felt that he had been given too little teaching to do. His relations with Lindemann became strained when Lindemann discovered his unconventional marital arrangement. In 1936, Schrödinger was offered a professorship in Graz, conjoined with an honorary professorship in Vienna, and he decided to return to Austria. One factor in his decision, apparently, was the academic pension he was promised at Graz. Considering what was about to happen to Austria, such a consideration seems absurd. (I. I. Rabi, who joined the Physics Department at Columbia in 1929, told me that he offered Werner Heisenberg a job there before the war and that Heisenberg turned it down. By that time, it was clear to all that there would be a war, but Heisenberg was worried about losing his status in the German academic system. The still waters of

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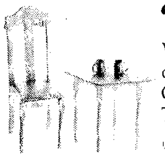

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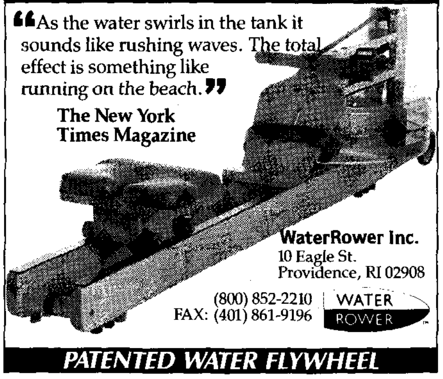

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university life run incredibly deep.) After the Anschluss, Nazis blossomed everywhere in Austria. There was a new Nazi rector in Graz, and he advised Schrödinger to write a letter to the academic senate of the university to show that he had been "cleansed" of any doubts about the new regime. Not only did Schrödinger do this but the letter, which was published in all the German and Austrian papers under the heading "CONFESSION TO THE FÜHRER," makes one cringe with embarrassment. It reads:

> *In the midst of the exultant joy which is pervading our country, there also stand today those who indeed partake fully of this joy, but not without deep shame, because until the end they had not understood the right course. Thankfully we hear the true German word of peace: the hand to everyone willing, you wish to gladly clasp the generously outstretched hand while you pledge that you will be very happy, if in true coöperation and in accord with the will of the Führer you may be allowed to support the decision of his now united people with all your strength.*
>
> It really goes without saying, that for an old Austrian who loves his homeland, no other standpoint can come into question; that—to express it quite crudely—every "no" in the ballot box is equivalent to a national suicide.
>
> There ought no longer—we ask all to agree—to be as before in this land victors and vanquished, but a united *Volk*, that puts forth its entire undivided strength for the common goal of all Germans.
>
> Well-meaning friends, who overestimate the importance of my person, consider it right that the repentant confession I made to them should be made public: I also belong to those who grasp the outstretched hand of peace, because, at my writing-desk, I had misjudged up to the last the true will and the true destiny of my country. I make this confession willingly and joyfully. I believe it is spoken from the hearts of many, and I hope thereby to serve my homeland.

The only redeeming feature of this sad and craven document is that it did not conclude with *"Heil Hitler!"* Schrödinger offered an explanation of sorts in a letter he wrote to Einstein the following year, in which he said, "I hope you have not seriously taken amiss my certainly quite cowardly statement afterwards. I *wanted* to remain free—and could not do so without great duplicity." What Schrödinger meant by "free" in this context is not clear. When his friends in England heard of the statement, they assumed that he had written it with a gun at his head, and that his life was in danger. It therefore came as something of a surprise when one of them—W. J. M. Mackenzie, of Magdalen—encountered the Schrödingers a short time later enjoying a pleasant ski holiday in the Tyrol. One of Schrödinger's concerns, which he mentioned to Mackenzie, was whether he would get promoted to the post at the University of Vienna's Physics Institute from which his schoolboy friend Hans Thirring had just been dismissed. By late April, Schrödinger, too—despite the letter—had been summarily dismissed from his honorary professorship in Vienna, and his professorship in Graz was threatened.

Before turning to the steps that led Schrödinger from Graz to Dublin, and to his life there, I want to note one reaction to his letter which has arisen since the publication of Professor Moore's book. Schrödinger himself did not seem to think that the matter had much importance. When he returned to England, in the fall of 1938, he was asked about it by the physicist Franz Simon. According to Moore, Schrödinger replied, "What letter?" Then he became very agitated and said, "What I have written, I have written. Nobody forced me to do anything. This is supposed to be a land of freedom, and what I do is nobody's concern." Recently, in a letter to the British journal *Nature*, Maurice Goldhaber, the former director of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, tried to put another spin on it. He wrote:

> May I add some background information to P. W. Atkins' review of W. Moore's biography of Schrödinger. . . . In the spring of 1933, while I was a student at the University of Berlin taking the course in theoretical physics given by Schrödinger, I visited him to discuss a possible topic for a thesis. During that conversation, or soon thereafter, we both decided to leave Germany; he because he was disgusted with the political situation and I for even weightier reasons. [Goldhaber is Jewish, and he, like Schrödinger, escaped to England.] During our meeting, Schrödinger recounted an anecdote that David Hilbert, the great Göttingen mathematician, had told him. During the First World War, in the winter of 1916, the rector of the university invited the professors to gather for an important announcement. Hilbert thought, aha, he will tell us that we will get a goose for Christmas; but no, the rector announced that unrestricted U-boat warfare had been declared. Hilbert concluded: "I realized then that they were quite mad," adding, "One has to imitate them in every detail." (*"Man muss sie nachahmen bis ins kleinste."*)
>
> After Austria was annexed by Germany in 1938 and Schrödinger felt trapped in Graz, he probably remembered Hilbert' advice when he wrote to the senate of the university. In this letter he appears to me to be clearly imitating the "joyous" Naz style.

Maybe—but I do not find any evidence that this is what Schrödinger thought he was doing. Moreover, this is not what Hilbert himself did when he was confronted by the Nazis. In 1933, Jewish professors were dismissed from the German universities, and shortly afterward the University of Göttingen was visited by the aforementioned Nazi science minister, Bernhard Rust. At a banquet, he sat next to Hilbert and asked, "And how is mathematics in Göttingen, now that it has been freed of Jewish influence?"

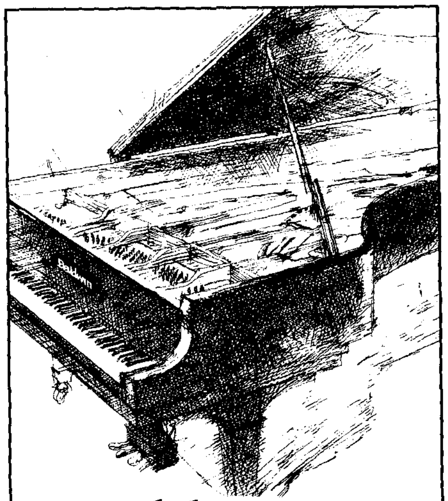
"Mathematics in Göttingen?" Hilbert replied. "There is really none anymore." What answer would Schrödinger have made?

That Schrödinger got to Dublin, where he remained for seventeen years, was due to the efforts of Eamon De Valera, the Prime Minister of Ireland. De Valera, if he had not gone into politics, might well have become either a mathematician or a scholar of the Irish language; both subjects fascinated him. As things were, he began, soon after the Institute for Advanced Study was founded in Princeton, in 1930, to think of founding a comparable institute in Ireland. In July of 1939, he introduced a bill in the Irish parliament to establish his institute. It would consist of two branches—a school of Celtic studies and a school of mathematical physics. However, De Valera did not wait until the formal founding of the institute to begin his attempts to get Schrödinger to come to Ireland. The minute he heard that Schrödinger had been dismissed from his honorary position in Vienna, he made approaches. By the late summer of 1938, Schrödinger had also been dismissed from his post in Graz, and it was clear to him that remaining in Austria in any capacity had become exceedingly dangerous. On September 14th, he and Anny left Graz with a total of ten marks in their pockets. Their first stop was Rome. Schrödinger had been elected to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences, and he sought refuge there. Enrico Fermi, who was still in Rome, lent the Schrödingers enough money to get along. De Valera was then in Geneva, and the Irish consul in Rome gave the Schrödingers first-class rail tickets to Geneva, where they completed arrangements to go to Dublin. By the time they arrived, on October 7, 1939, Hilde March and Ruth had joined hem, and the four again shared a household. The attitude that this curious ménage inspired in Schrödinger's Dublin colleagues was delicately expressed by one of them, Sir William McCrea, in an essay in a book entitled "Schrödinger: Centenary Celebration of a Polymath," published in 1987. McCrea writes:

> Outside the Institute and Trinity College, academic colleagues saw little of the Schrödingers in a social way. Most of these lived on the south side of the city, but the Schrödingers settled at Clontarf, to the north. There they enjoyed the society of artists, literary people, and people connected with the theatre. They were members of the Dublin Arts Club. Inevitably it was concluded that they had found something like the life they had known in Vienna; it was tolerant and easy-going. As seen from the other end of Dublin, Schrödinger's domestic establishment was somewhat irregular—although it was said to be entirely amicable. But he and his household were apparently made to feel accepted in Clontarf.

One wonders what the south-siders thought of the two "extramarital" love affairs that Schrödinger carried on almost contiguously a few years after coming to Dublin, each of which produced a daughter.

SCHRÖDINGER continued to do research after the wonder year of 1926, but it was never of the same quality. It is curious to me how closely, in many ways, his post-1926 scientific career parallels Einstein's. Both men became disenchanted with the theory they had done so much to create. Both men invented what they took to be paradoxes intended to show that the theory was defective. These paradoxes generated a great deal of discussion—it still goes on—but little in the way of new physics; the quantum theory continues to pass every experimental test it is offered. Both men spent years in apparently fruitless attempts to find non-quantum unified-field theories. This work led to one of the oddest contretemps with Einstein that I have ever come across. By January of 1947, both men had independently arrived at more or less the same version of yet another unified-field theory. For some reason, Schrödinger decided that his version was an epiphany, and he announced it to the press. After his initial lecture on the subject, an item appeared in the *Irish Press* beginning, "Twenty persons heard and saw history being made in the world of physics yesterday as they sat in the lecture hall of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and



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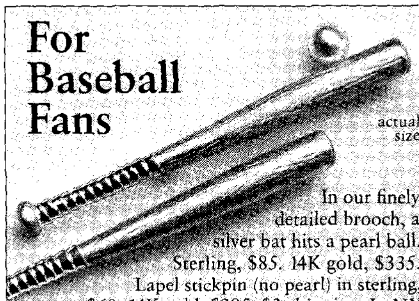

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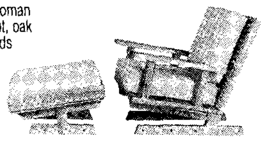

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heard Dr. Erwin Schrödinger . . .” This news story was picked up by William L. Laurence, of the New York *Times*, who confronted Einstein with it. Instead of laughing it off as a joke, which one can well imagine the young Einstein doing, the sixty-seven-year-old Einstein was furious. He prepared a statement for the *Times* in which he said, “It seems undesirable to me to present such preliminary attempts to the public in any form. It is even worse when the impression is created that one is dealing with definite discoveries concerning physical reality. Such communiqués given in sensational terms give the lay public misleading ideas about the character of research. The reader gets the impression that every five minutes there is a revolution in science, somewhat like the *coup d'état* in some of the smaller unstable republics.” Schrödinger must have sensed, even before he saw Einstein's remarks, that he had gone too far, because soon after his lecture he sent Einstein a letter explaining that the reason he had done it was to improve his salary and his pension prospects. The effect of all this was that Einstein cut off communication with Schrödinger for the next three years.

What Schrödinger did do in his Dublin period was to produce magnificent sets of lectures, which later became books. Two of them—“Statistical Thermodynamics” and “Space-Time Structure”—are technical gems, as fresh and elegant today as when they were written. Another, “Nature and the Greeks,” is a masterful distillation of everything that Schrödinger had learned about Greek philosophy and science, beginning in his days at the Akademisches Gymnasium. And yet another, “What Is Life?,” is—except for the six papers he wrote about wave mechanics—the most influential scientific work he ever published. In many ways, it is a very strange book. It is superbly written, fascinating to read, and largely wrong. Some of it was known to be wrong at the time Schrödinger wrote it, and some of it has been proved wrong since. Max Perutz, a Nobel Prize-winning biochemist, was inspired to write, in the centenary volume I quoted from above, “Sadly . . . a close study of his book and of the related literature has shown me that what was true in his book was not original, and most of what was original was known not to be true even when the book was written.” Nevertheless, it was this book that inspired a whole generation of young physicists—for example, Francis Crick—to go into what became molecular biology. “What Is Life?” is proof that a brilliant but partly wrong idea in science can often have more of an impact than a dull but correct one.

In 1956, Schrödinger returned to Vienna to take up a professorship there. The ménage had by now been reduced to just Schrödinger and Anny, neither of them in very good health. In due course, they moved into a five-room third-floor apartment on the Pasteurgasse, about half a mile from the Physics Institute, where Schrödinger gave lectures. In 1959, its directorship passed to Hans Thirring's son, Walter. As it happened, I had come to know Walter Thirring well when he spent some time at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology while I was a graduate student at Harvard. I had helped him translate and revise a book he had written on quantum electrodynamics, and I spent part of the spring of 1960 in Vienna, at the Institute. After I had been there a few days, Thirring told me that he had lunch once a week or so with the Schrödingers in their apartment, and that Mrs. Schrödinger had told him that her husband would enjoy meeting some of the young people at the Institute. He asked me if I would like to go with him and another young colleague to the Schrödingers' for lunch.

I recall a number of things about that lunch. The apartment, which you reached by taking one of those ornate, rickety European apartment-house elevators, could have belonged only to a university professor. Books and manuscripts in various languages were piled everywhere. Mrs. Schrödinger—Anny—reminded me of my grandmothers; the Central European food we ha[illegible] was the food of grandmothers (or, anyway, of *my* grandmothers). Schrödinger seemed very frail to me, but he had extraordinary blue eyes, made more luminous by thick eyeglasses. After lunch, he showed us the 1925 manuscript that was to form the first part of “My World View.” I recall his putting the pages down and saying, in lightly accented English, “There is one thing the Greeks knew, and that we have forgotten.” Then, pausing and looking

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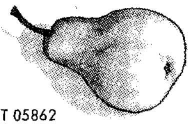

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at us with those remarkable eyes, he added, "Modesty!" I think what he meant by this sibylline remark—the theme is taken up in his preface to the book—is that science is necessary, but not sufficient, in establishing one's view of the world. On that note, the lunch ended.

Later that spring, Schrödinger's health deteriorated to the point where he was advised to go to the mountains for a complete rest. While he was there, he completed the second part of his book, a sixty-page essay, which he titled "What Is Real?" On January 4, 1961, after being taken back, at his request, from the hospital to his apartment, Schrödinger died. Anny was at his side. His last words to her were "*Annichen, Du bleibst bei mir—auf das ich nicht hinunter stürze.*" ("Anniken, stay by me—so that I don't fall down there.") —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

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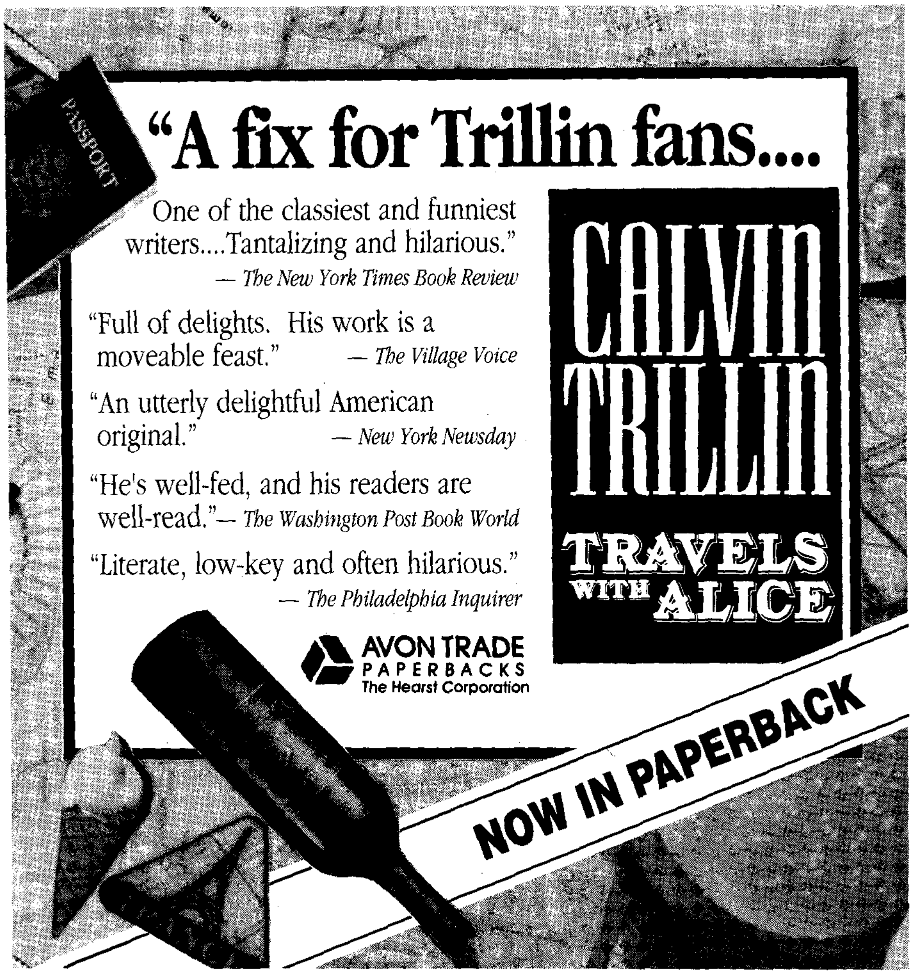
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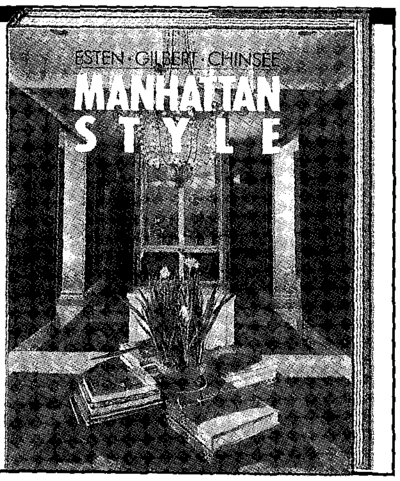

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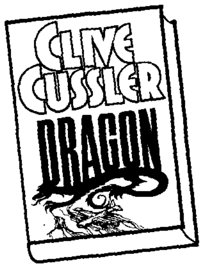

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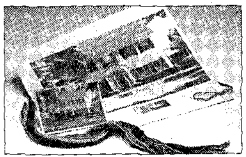

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WILLIAM KNAPP

William Knapp, who died on October 12th, at seventy, was a member of our editorial staff for thirty years and then some. He first came to work here after the Second World War, and from 1947 to 1949—as a fact checker, an assistant editor, and a contributor of book notes—tried us out. Bill was never a man to make snap judgments. He seemed to like us, and those of us who were on the scene then certainly liked him, but he withdrew, and waited until 1958—meanwhile sharpening his skills at *The Reporter* and *Life*—to come back where he belonged.

As a rule, good editors like Bill aren't widely known in the outside world, partly because they don't write much—at least, not for publication. A lot of Bill's finest prose was to be found in the margins of manuscripts or proofs or between the lines of others' handiwork, but he did not seem to mind such self-effacement. A gentle man and in every sense a gentleman, he was by nature low-key. Though he rose from private to major in the war, for instance, ending as an Intelligence officer with the Eighth Air Force, he hardly ever mentioned what he probably thought of as simply a call to duty.

Such reticence may have been what inspired a recommendation Bill once made to writers: "The more brilliant a person is in his or her field, the less vocal self-advertisement he or she indulges in." That saw print in one of his rare published appearances—a foreword to a friend's book. As for the generally unheralded business of editing, he allowed himself to reveal there that to some writers he had dealt with "the process seems to come as more or less a total surprise each time it takes place," and he added that he had had to cope with a few writers who were "given to hiding essential facts, like Easter eggs, in obscure corners, or to the creation of impenetrable grammatical thickets." He became singularly adept at rescuing meaning from the densest copses without scraping or bruising it.

Bill Knapp, a 1940 graduate of Harvard, lived in Westport, and he shouldered two civic responsibilities there—becoming a member of the Zoning Board of Appeals and a Justice of the Peace—that were not dissimilar to his role at the magazine: they entailed functioning as intermediary, conciliator, and adjudicator, much as an editor does in transferring a writer's fresh, warm words to hard, cold print. It was not easy for Bill to commute, because, unlike a banker, he could never be sure of catching his regular train home. Many nights, at a time when only the milk trains were still running, he would be at his desk pondering some nuance of grammar or logic, or awaiting the arrival of last-minute copy from abroad.

For all the millions of sentences he polished, only twice did William Knapp's byline appear in our pages—once, in 1980, on a short poem, and once, in 1979, on a long article about windmills. Bill was a windmill buff, and that seems logical, for Block Island, where he and his family spent summer holidays for more than twenty years, is notoriously a place of more storm than calm. In time, Bill became a bona-fide molinologist. The word means "mill scholar," and he introduced it to our columns. We had been hoping to see it there again, because over the last couple of years he had been absorbed in research for a molinological sequel.

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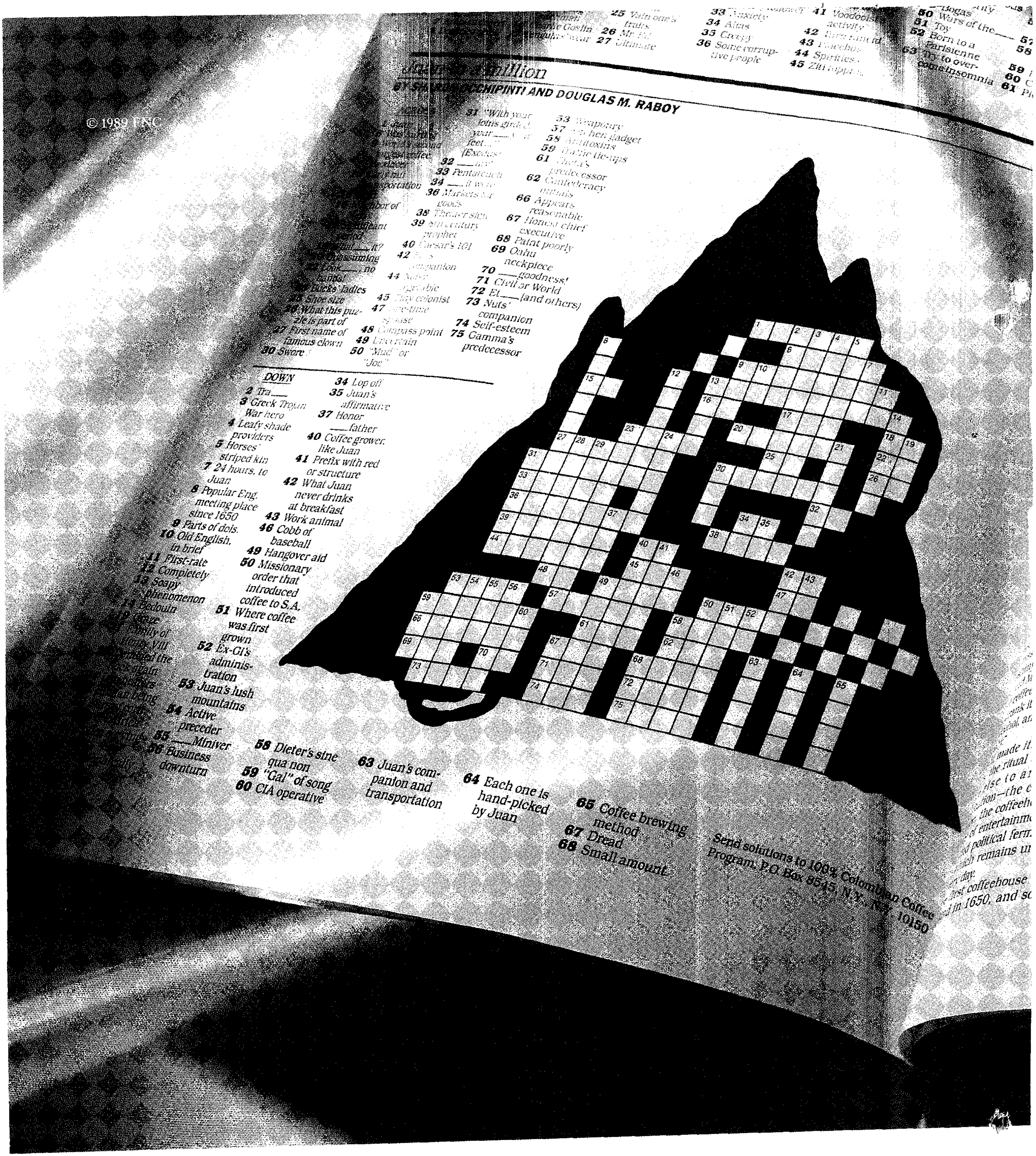

BY SHARON COCCHIPINTI AND DOUGLAS M. RABOY

31 "With your loins girded, your ___ on your feet…" (Exodus)

32 ___ air

33 Pentateuch

34 ___ it were

36 Markets for goods

38 Theater sign

39 8th century prophet

40 Caesar's 101

42 companion

45 colonist

48 Compass point

49 Uncertain

50 "Mud" or "Joe"

53 Weaponry

57 hen gadget

58 Antitoxins

59 Cattle tie-ups

61 Theta's predecessor

62 Confederacy initials

66 Appears reasonable

67 Honest chief executive

68 Paint poorly

69 Oahu neckpiece

70 ___ goodness!

71 Civil or World

72 Et ___ (and others)

73 Nuts' companion

74 Self-esteem

75 Gamma's predecessor

Bucks' ladies

Shoe size

What this puzzle is part of

27 First name of famous clown

30 Swore

DOWN

2 Tra___

3 Greek Trojan War hero

4 Leafy shade providers

5 Horses' striped kin

7 24 hours, to Juan

8 Popular Eng. meeting place since 1650

9 Parts of dols.

10 Old English, in brief

11 First-rate

12 Completely

13 Soapy phenomenon

14 Bedouin

34 Lop off

35 Juan's affirmative

37 Honor ___father

40 Coffee grower, like Juan

41 Prefix with red or structure

42 What Juan never drinks at breakfast

43 Work animal

46 Cobb of baseball

49 Hangover aid

50 Missionary order that introduced coffee to S.A.

51 Where coffee was first grown

52 Ex-GI's administration

53 Juan's lush mountains

54 Active preceder

55 ___Miniver

56 Business downturn

58 Dieter's sine qua non

59 "Gal" of song

60 CIA operative

63 Juan's companion and transportation

64 Each one is hand-picked by Juan

65 Coffee brewing method

67 Dread

68 Small amount

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